SHAKESPEARE'S TRAGEDY OF OTHELLO.

EDITED BY

WILLIAM J. ROLFE.

Philip M. Washburn
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Cambridge
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SHAKESPEARE'S

TRAGEDY OF

OTHELLO, THE MOOR OF VENICE.

EDITED, WITH NOTES,

BY

WILLIAM J. ROLFE, A.M.,

FORMERLY HEAD MASTER OF THE HIGH SCHOOL, CAMBRIDGE, MASS.

WITH ENGRAVINGS.

NEW YORK:

HARPER & BROTHERS, PUBLISHERS,

FRANKLIN SQUARE.

1879.

ENGLISH CLASSICS.

EDITED BY WM. J. ROLFE, A.M.

Illustrated. 16mo, Cloth, 70 cents per volume; Paper, 50 cents per volume.

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PREFACE.

THE text of this edition of *Othello* is the result of a careful collation of the quarto of 1622 and the folio of 1623 with the other leading editions, early and modern. For the readings of editions which I have not been able to examine I have depended on the collation in the "Cambridge" edition.

In the Notes, as a rule, the authorities to which I have been indebted are specified. The quotations credited to "Clarke" are from "Cassell's Illustrated Shakespeare," edited by Charles and Mary Cowden Clarke.

The illustrations of scenery in Cyprus are from Mr. Arundale's sketches, engraved for Knight's "Pictorial Shakspere." The view of Venice on page 9 is from one of Turner's paintings; and the border on page 36 is copied from the central balcony of the canal front of the Ducal Palace.

VENICE, *March* 31, 1879.

THE PORCH OF STRATFORD CHURCH.

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" She lov'd me for the dangers I had pass'd,
And I lov'd her that she did pity them.
This only is the witchcraft I have us'd.—
Here comes the lady; let her witness it."
(i. 3. 167-170.)

VENICE.

INTRODUCTION

TO

OTHELLO, THE MOOR OF VENICE.

I. THE HISTORY OF THE PLAY.

The first edition of *Othello* was a quarto, published in 1622 with the following title-page:

THE | Tragœdy of Othello, | The Moore of Venice. | *As it hath beene diuerse times acted at the* | Globe, and at the Black-Friers, by | *his Maiesties Seruants.* | *Written by* VVilliam Shakespeare. | *LONDON*, | Printed by *N. O.* for *Thomas Walkley*, and are to be sold at his | shop, at the Eagle and Child, in Brittans Bursse. | 1622.

This edition had the following preface:

The Stationer to the Reader.

To set forth a booke without an Epistle, were like to the old English prouerbe, A blew coat without a badge, *& the Author being dead, I thought good to take that piece of worke vpon mee: To commend it, I will not, for that which is good, I hope euery man will commend, without intreaty: and I am the bolder, because the Authors name is sufficient to vent his worke. Thus leauing euery one to the liberty of iudgement: I haue ventered to print this Play, and leaue it to the generall censure.*

Yours,

Thomas VValkley.

The next year it appeared in the first folio, where it occupies pages 310–339 inclusive, in the division of "Tragedies." The folio text varies materially from that of the quarto, and was evidently printed from a different MS. of the play.

How the publishers of the two editions arranged the question of copyright, it is impossible to say.* The copyright of the quarto remained the property of Walkley until March 1st, 1627–8, when it was assigned unto Richard Hawkins, who brought out an edition of it in 1630. In May, 1638, Ursula, widow of Richard Hawkins, assigned the copyright to Messrs. Mead and Meredith, who in January, 1638–9, disposed of it to William Leak, who issued what he termed "the fourth edition" of the play in 1655. Other quarto editions appeared in 1681, 1687, and 1695 (Halliwell).

Othello was formerly placed among the latest of Shakespeare's works; Warburton and Malone (except in his last edition) dating it 1611, Chalmers 1614, and Drake 1612. After the publication in 1842 of the Shakespearian entries

* Collier says that the publishers of the folio probably purchased Walkley's interest in *Othello*, and thus became entitled to include it in their edition; but the facts given by Halliwell show that it remained the property of Walkley long after the publication of the folio.

in the Accounts of the Master of the Revels, according to which "The Moor of Venis" was performed "in the Banketinge house att Whithall" on "Hallamas Day being the first of Novembar," 1604, an earlier date was accepted by the majority of the editors.* In 1868 these entries were proved to be forgeries,† leaving the question to be decided by internal evidence. This, however, is generally considered to place the composition of the play in or near 1604. Delius, Furnivall, Fleay, and Stokes agree in this opinion. Stokes‡ proves that it was written before the year 1606 by the following minute detail: in i. 1. 4 in the quarto of 1622, we have the expression "'Sblood," while this oath is omitted in the folio. This shows that the quarto was printed from a copy made before the act of Parliament issued in 1606 against the abuse of the name of God in plays, etc.§

This date is confirmed by certain metrical and æsthetic tests. The comparative absence of rhyme, the proportion of "double endings" and "weak endings," and the absence of classical allusions, all combine to group this play with *Lear* and *Macbeth*. Dowden points to the fact that the general character and spirit of the play lead to the same conclusion as these metrical tests, marking it as "one of the group of tragedies of passion which includes *Macbeth* and *Lear*."

* Verplanck expressed the opinion that the play was substantially rewritten at a later date. White suggested that *The Moor of Venice* of 1604 was by another playwright, and, being the property of Shakespeare's company, was afterwards entirely rewritten by him as late as 1611, if not later.

Certain allusions to contemporaneous history and literature which the critics have found in the play will be considered in the *Notes*.

† See our ed. of *Merchant of Venice*, p. 19.

‡ *Chronological Order of Shakespeare's Plays*, by the Rev. H. P. Stokes (London, 1878), p. 116.

§ So "Zounds" and "by the mass" in ii. 3 are found in the quarto but not in the folio. The Camb. editors also remark that this shows that the MS. from which the former ed. was printed had not recently been used as an acting copy.

These dramas all end in confusion and sorrow, as those of a later period—*The Tempest*, *Cymbeline*, and *The Winter's Tale*—close with reconciliation and peace.*

It must, however, be borne in mind that at the date assumed for the production of *Othello* Shakespeare was in the full maturity of his powers. He had already written *Hamlet*, and *Macbeth* and *Lear* were soon to follow. It seems fitting that these "four great tragedies" should be associated in their time of composition as in the pre-eminent rank they hold among the poet's works. There is no other such group in the literature of any country or any age.†

It may be added that the earliest known reference to the play is found in the MS. diary of Hans Jacob Wurmsser von Vendenhagen, who accompanied Louis Frederick, Duke of Wurtemberg-Mumpelgard in his diplomatic mission to England in 1610 on behalf of the Protestant German princes.

* Dowden adds: "It is not, as in the earlier comedies—*The Two Gentlemen of Verona*, *Much Ado About Nothing*, *As You Like It*, etc.—a mere *dénouement;* the resolution of the discords in these latest plays is not a mere stage necessity, or a necessity of composition resorted to by the dramatist to effect an ending of his play, and little interesting his imagination or his heart; its significance here is ethical and spiritual, it is a moral necessity."

Compare Furnivall's classification of the plays, given in our ed. of *As You Like It*, p. 25.

† As to the position which *Othello* is to hold among the four, the best critics do not agree; but there have not been wanting those who assigned it the foremost place. Macaulay expresses the opinion that it "is perhaps the greatest work in the world." Wordsworth says: "The tragedy of *Othello*, Plato's records of the last scenes in the career of Socrates, and Izaak Walton's *Life of George Herbert* are the most pathetic of human compositions;" and again, in one of his Sonnets, referring to books, he says:

> "There find I personal themes, a plenteous store,
> Matter wherein right voluble I am,
> To which I listen with a ready ear;
> Two shall be named, pre-eminently dear,—
> The gentle lady married to the Moor,
> And heavenly Una with her milk-white lamb."

In this little volume, preserved in the British Museum, we read under date of April 30, 1610: "S. E. alla au Globe, lieu ordinaire ou l'on joue les commedies ; y fut representé l'histoire du More de Venise." There can be little doubt that this refers to Shakespeare's play.

II. THE SOURCES OF THE PLOT.

The story of *Othello* appears to have been taken from the *Heccatommithi* of Giraldi Cinthio, an Italian novelist, first published at Monte-Regale, in Sicily, in 1565. Of the tale and the use that Shakespeare has made of it, Verplanck remarks:

"The following is the outline of the original story ; sufficient to enable the reader to judge of the extent of the English dramatist's obligations to the Italian novelist ; which are much less than is commonly supposed by those who take their ideas of the Italian story from some of the critics, and suppose it to be a novel, filled with dialogue and sentiment, instead of a meagre tale, not longer than one act of *Othello.*

"There lived at Venice a valiant Moor, held in great esteem for his military talent and services. Desdemona, a lady of marvellous beauty, attracted not by female fancy (*appetito donnesco*), but by his high virtues, became enamoured of the Moor, who returned her love ; and, in spite of the opposition of her relations, married her. They lived in great happiness in Venice until the Moor (he has no other name in the story) was chosen to the military command of Cyprus, whither his wife insisted on accompanying him. He took with him a favourite ensign, a man of great personal beauty, but of the most depraved heart—a boaster and a coward. His wife is the friend of Desdemona. The ensign falls passionately in love with Desdemona, who, wrapped up in love of her husband, pays no regard to him. His love then turns to bitter hate, and he resolves to charge her with infidelity, and to fix the Moor's suspicions upon a favourite captain of his.

Soon after, that officer strikes and wounds a soldier on guard, for which the Moor cashiers him. Desdemona endeavours to obtain his pardon; and this gives the ensign an opportunity of insinuating accusations against her, and rousing the Moor's jealousy. These suspicions he confirms by stealing from her a favourite worked handkerchief, and leaving it on the captain's bed. Then the Moor and his ensign plot together to kill Desdemona and her supposed lover. The latter is waylaid and wounded in the dark by the ensign. Desdemona is beaten to death by him also 'with a stocking filled with sand;' and then the Moor and he attempt to conceal their murder by pulling down the ceiling, and giving out that she was killed by the fall of a beam. The Moor becomes almost frantic with his loss—turns upon the ensign, whom he degrades and drives from him. The ensign revenges himself by disclosing the murder to the captain, upon whose accusation to the senate the Moor is arrested, tried, tortured, and then banished, and afterwards killed by Desdemona's relations.

"The tale has little beauty of style, power of narration, or vivid delineation of character. Indeed, none of the personages, except Desdemona, have any name, nor any distinctly and naturally drawn character; nor has the narrative any of that charm of expression and sentiment which has made others of the Italian stories, through 'old Boccaccio's lore or Dryden's lay,' a portion of the popular literature of every civilized nation. Its merit consists in the air of reality and apparent truth of the story; which, I can scarcely doubt, was in substance drawn from real events preserved in the traditionary or judicial history of Venice.

Shakespeare owes to it the general plan of his plot, and the suggestion of the first passion and the character of Desdemona, which, however, he has softened and elevated as well as expanded. The peculiarities and minuter incidents of the story give to the drama a character of reality such as

pure invention can seldom attain. He has also some obligation to Cinthio for the artful and dark insinuations by which Iago first rouses the Moor's suspicions. But all else that is essentially poetic or dramatic is the poet's own. Cinthio's savage Moor and cunning ensign have scarcely any thing in common with the heroic, the gentle, the terrible Othello, or with Iago's proud, contemptuous intellect, bitter wit, cool malignity, and 'learned spirit.' Cassio and Emilia owe to Shakespeare all their individuality: Roderigo, Brabantio, and the rest, are entirely his creation."

III. CRITICAL COMMENTS ON THE PLAY.

[*From Mrs. Jameson's "Characteristics of Women."**]

The love of Desdemona for Othello appears at first such a violation of all probabilities that her father at once imputes it to magic, "to spells and mixtures powerful o'er the blood."

> "She, in spite of nature,
> Of years, of country, credit, every thing,
> To fall in love with what she fear'd to look on!"

And the devilish malignity of Iago, whose coarse mind cannot conceive an affection founded purely in sentiment, derives from her love itself a strong argument against her.

> "Ay, there 's the point, as to be bold with you,
> Not to affect any proposed matches
> Of her own clime, complexion, and degree,
> Whereto, we see, in all things nature tends," etc.

Notwithstanding this disparity of age, character, country, complexion, we, who are admitted into the secret, see her love rise naturally and necessarily out of the leading propensities of her nature.

At the period of the story a spirit of wild adventure had seized all Europe. The discovery of both Indies was yet recent; over the shores of the western hemisphere still fable

* American ed. (Boston, 1857), p. 241 fol.

and mystery hung, with all their dim enchantments, visionary terrors, and golden promises! perilous expeditions and distant voyages were every day undertaken from hope of plunder, or mere love of enterprise; and from these the adventurers returned with tales of "antres vast and desarts wild—of cannibals that did each other eat—of Anthropophagi, and men whose heads did grow beneath their shoulders." With just such stories did Raleigh and Clifford, and their followers, return from the New World: and thus by their splendid or fearful exaggerations, which the imperfect knowledge of those times could not refute, was the passion for the romantic and marvellous nourished at home, particularly among the women. A cavalier of those days had no nearer, no surer way to his mistress's heart than by entertaining her with these wondrous narratives. What was a general feature of his time, Shakspeare seized and adapted to his purpose with the most exquisite felicity of effect. Desdemona, leaving her household cares in haste, to hang breathless on Othello's tales, was doubtless a picture from the life; and her inexperience and her quick imagination lend it an added propriety: then her compassionate disposition is interested by all the disastrous chances, hair-breadth 'scapes, and moving accidents by flood and field, of which he has to tell; and her exceeding gentleness and timidity, and her domestic turn of mind, render her more easily captivated by the military renown, the valour, and lofty bearing of the noble Moor—

> "And to his honours and his valiant parts
> Does she her soul and fortunes consecrate."

The confession and the excuse for her love are well placed in the mouth of Desdemona, while the history of the rise of that love, and of his course of wooing, is, with the most graceful propriety, as far as she is concerned, spoken by Othello, and in her absence. The last two lines summing up the whole—

"She lov'd me for the dangers I had pass'd,
And I lov'd her that she did pity them"—

comprise whole volumes of sentiment and metaphysics.

Desdemona displays at times a transient energy, arising from the power of affection, but gentleness gives the prevailing tone to the character — gentleness in its excess — gentleness verging on passiveness — gentleness, which not only cannot resent, but cannot resist.

"*Othello.* And then, of so gentle a condition!
"*Iago.* Ay, too gentle.
"*Othello.* Nay, that 's certain."

Here the exceeding softness of Desdemona's temper is turned against her by Iago, so that it suddenly strikes Othello in a new point of view, as the inability to resist temptation; but to us who perceive the character as a whole, this extreme gentleness of nature is yet delineated with such exceeding refinement that the effect never approaches to feebleness. It is true that *once* her extreme timidity leads her in a moment of confusion and terror to prevaricate about the fatal handkerchief. This handkerchief, in the original story of Cinthio, is merely one of those embroidered handkerchiefs which were as fashionable in Shakspeare's time as in our own; but the minute description of it as "lavorato alla moresca sottilissimamente,"* suggested to the poetical fancy of Shakspeare one of the most exquisite and characteristic passages in the whole play. Othello makes poor Desdemona believe that the handkerchief was a talisman:

"There 's magic in the web of it.
A sibyl, that had number'd in the world
The sun to make two hundred compasses,
In her prophetic fury sew'd the work;
The worms were hallow'd that did breed the silk;
And it was dyed in mummy, which the skilful
Conserv'd of maidens' hearts."

* Which, being interpreted into modern English, means, I believe, nothing more than that the pattern was what we now call *arabesque*.

Desdemona, whose soft credulity, whose turn for the marvellous, whose susceptible imagination, had first directed her thoughts and affections to Othello, is precisely the woman to be frightened out of her senses by such a tale as this, and betrayed by her fears into a momentary tergiversation. It is most natural in such a being, and shows us that even in the sweetest natures there can be no completeness and consistency without moral energy.* . . .

When Othello first outrages her in a manner which appears inexplicable, she seeks and finds excuses for him. She is so innocent that not only she cannot believe herself suspected, but she cannot conceive the existence of guilt in others.

> "Something, sure, of state,
> Either from Venice, or some unhatch'd practice
> Made demonstrable here in Cyprus to him,
> Hath puddled his clear spirit.
> 'T is even so—
> Nay, we must think, men are not gods,
> Nor of them look for such observances
> As fit the bridal."

And when the direct accusation of crime is flung on her in the vilest terms, it does not anger but stun her, as if it transfixed her whole being; she attempts no reply, no defence; and reproach or resistance never enters her thought.

*There is an incident in the original tale, *Il Moro di Venezia*, which could not well be transferred to the drama, but which is very effective, and adds, I think, to the circumstantial horrors of the story. Desdemona does not accidentally drop the handkerchief; it is stolen from her by Iago's little child, an infant of three years old, whom he trains and bribes to the theft. The love of Desdemona for this child, her little playfellow —the pretty description of her taking it in her arms and caressing it, while it profits by its situation to steal the handkerchief from her bosom, are well imagined and beautifully told; and the circumstance of Iago employing his own innocent child as the instrument of his infernal villany adds a deeper, and, in truth, an unnecessary touch of the fiend to his fiendish character.

"Good friend, go to him—for by this light of heaven
I know not how I lost him: here I kneel:—
If e'er my will did trespass 'gainst his love,
Either in discourse of thought or actual deed;
Or that mine eyes, mine ears, or any sense,
Delighted them in any other form;
Or that I do not yet, and ever did,
And ever will, though he do shake me off
To beggarly divorcement, love him dearly,
Comfort forswear me! Unkindness may do much,
And his unkindness may defeat my life,
But never taint my love."

And there is one stroke of consummate delicacy, surprising, when we remember the latitude of expression prevailing in Shakspeare's time, and which he allowed to his other women generally: she says, on recovering from her stupefaction—

"Am I that name, Iago?
"*Iago.* What name, sweet lady?
"*Desdemona.* That which she says my lord did say I was."

So completely did Shakspeare enter into the angelic refinement of the character.

Endued with that temper which is the origin of superstition in love as in religion—which, in fact, makes love itself a religion—she not only does not utter an upbraiding, but nothing that Othello does or says, no outrage, no injustice, can tear away the charm with which her imagination had invested him, or impair her faith in his honour; "Would you had never seen him!" exclaims Emilia.

"*Desdemona.* So would not I!—my love doth so approve him,
That even his stubbornness, his checks and frowns
Have grace and favour in them."

There is another peculiarity, which, in reading the play of *Othello*, we rather feel than perceive: through the whole of the dialogue appropriated to Desdemona there is not one general observation. Words are with her the vehicle of sen-

timent, and never of reflection; so that I cannot find throughout a sentence of general application. The same remark applies to Miranda; and to no other female character of any importance or interest—not even to Ophelia.

The rest of what I wished to say of Desdemona has been anticipated by an anonymous critic, and so beautifully, so justly, so eloquently expressed, that I with pleasure erase my own page, to make room for his.

"*Othello*," observes this writer, "is no love story; all that is below tragedy in the passion of love is taken away at once, by the awful character of Othello; for such he seems to us to be designed to be. He appears never as a lover, but at once as a husband; and the relation of his love made dignified, as it is a husband's justification of his marriage, is also dignified, as it is a soldier's relation of his stern and perilous life. His love itself, as long as it is happy, is perfectly calm and serene —the protecting tenderness of a husband. It is not till it is disordered that it appears as a passion: then is shown a power in contention with itself—a mighty being struck with death, and bringing up from all the depths of life convulsions and agonies. It is no exhibition of the power of the passion of love, but of the passion of life, vitally wounded, and self-overmastering. If Desdemona had been really guilty, the greatness would have been destroyed, because his love would have been unworthy, false. But she is good, and his love is most perfect, just, and good. That a man should place his perfect love on a wretched thing is miserably debasing, and shocking to thought; but that loving perfectly and well, he should by hellish human circumvention be brought to distrust and dread, and abjure his own perfect love, is most mournful indeed—it is the infirmity of our good nature wrestling in vain with the strong powers of evil. Moreover, he would, had Desdemona been false, have been the mere victim of fate; whereas he is now in a manner his own victim. His happy love was heroic tenderness; his injured love is terri-

ble passion; and disordered power, engendered within itself to its own destruction, is the height of all tragedy.

"The character of Othello is perhaps the most greatly drawn, the most heroic of any of Shakspeare's actors; but it is, perhaps, that one also of which his reader last acquires the intelligence. The intellectual and warlike energy of his mind — his tenderness of affection — his loftiness of spirit — his frank, generous magnanimity — impetuosity like a thunderbolt — and that dark, fierce flood of boiling passion, polluting even his imagination — compose a character entirely original, most difficult to delineate, but perfectly delineated."

Emilia in this play is a perfect portrait from common life, a masterpiece in the Flemish style; and though not necessary as a contrast, it cannot be but that the thorough vulgarity, the loose principles of this plebeian woman, united to a high degree of spirit, energetic feeling, strong sense, and low cunning, serve to place in brighter relief the exquisite refinement, the moral grace, the unblemished truth, and the soft submission of Desdemona.

[*From Verplanck's "Shakespeare."**]

Within a few years, a new view of Othello's character has been maintained by Schlegel, which has found favour with several English critics, who have repeated it in various forms. It is that in Othello the poet has painted not general nature, but the half-civilized African prince. Schlegel recognizes in him "the wild nature of that glowing zone which generates the most furious beasts of prey, and the most deadly poisons, tamed only in appearance by the desire of fame, by foreign laws of honour, and by gentler manners. His jealousy," says the German critic, "is not of the heart, which is compatible with the tenderest feeling and

* *The Illustrated Shakespeare*, edited by G. C. Verplanck (New York, 1847), vol. iii. p. 61 of *Othello*.

adoration of the beloved object; it is of that sensual sort which in torrid climes gives birth to the imprisonment of wives and other barbarous usages. A drop of this poison flows in the Moor's veins, and all his blood is inflamed. He seems, and *is*, noble, frank, confiding, grateful, a hero, a worthy general, a faithful servant of the State; but the physical force of passion puts to flight at once all his acquired and accustomed virtues, and gives the savage within him the rule over the moral man. The tyranny of the blood over the will betrays itself in his desire of revenge against Cassio. In his repentant sorrow, a genuine tenderness for his murdered wife bursts forth, with the painful sentiment of annihilated reputation, and he assails himself with the rage which a despot displays in punishing a runaway slave. He suffers as a double man; at once in the higher and the lower sphere into which his being is divided."

All this is ingenious, original, and eloquent; yet to my mind widely different from the poet's intention, and the actual character he has so vividly portrayed.

So far as the passions of love and jealousy are the results of our common nature, their manifestations must be alike in the Moor and the European; differing only as modified by the more quickly excited and inflammable temperament of the children of the sun, or the slower and steadier temperament of the men of the North. But the critic confounds with this difference another one—that resulting from the degraded and enslaved state of woman in the half-civilized nations of the East. There the jealous revenge of the master-husband, for real or imagined evil, is but the angry chastisement of an offending slave, not the terrible sacrifice of his own happiness involved in the victim's punishment. When woman is a slave, a property, a thing, all that jealousy may prompt is done, to use Othello's own distinction, "in hate" and "not in love." But Othello is portrayed with no single trait in common with the tyrant of the Eastern or

African seraglio. His early love is not one of wild passion, but of esteem for Desdemona's gentle virtue, of gratitude for her unlooked-for interest in himself and his history, and of pride in her strong attachment. The poet has laboured to show that his is the calm and steady affection of "a constant, noble nature;" it is respectful, confiding, "wrapt up in measureless content," and manifesting a tender and protecting superiority which has in it something almost parental. In his jealousy and revenge, he resembles not the Mahometan so much as the proud and sensitive Castilian. He is characterized by all the higher qualities of European chivalry, and especially by that quick sense of personal reputation "which feels a stain like a wound," and makes his own life and that of others alike cheap in his eyes compared with his honour. It is this, together with the other habits and characteristics of one trained in an adventurous military life, by which he is individualized. He is made a Moor, not because that is at all necessary to the story, but because the poet found it in the tale from which he derived the outline of his plot; and it was adopted as an incident plastic to his purpose, and by its peculiarity giving that air of reality to the story which accidental and unessential circumstances, such as pure imagination would not have indicated, can alone confer. It is on this account indeed that the original tale itself, to my mind, has not the appearance of a product of fancy, but seems, like many of our traditionary romantic narratives, founded upon some occurrence in real life.

Othello's Moorish blood is thus (to use a logical phrase) an accident, distinguishing the individual character, and adding to it the effect of life and reality; but it is not in any sense essential to its sentiment or passion. The tone of chivalrous honour and military bearing is much more so, and yet that serves only to modify and colour the exhibition of passions common to civilized man. The history and domestic traditions and legal records of Spain and Italy—and

even of Germany, England, and America—can exhibit many an instance, in coarser and unpoetical forms, of jealous revenge as fatal as that of the Moor. Even while this edition is passing through the press, the newspapers relate two such bloody stories as having recently occurred in private life within the United States; and the jealous murderer was in one instance an Englishman, and in the other a Frenchman.

Were Othello but the spirited portrait of a half-tamed barbarian, we should view him as a bold and happy poetical conception, and, as such, the poet's work might satisfy our critical judgment; but it is because it depicts a noble mind, wrought by deep passion and dark devices to agonies such as every one might feel, that it awakens our strongest sympathies. We see in this drama a grand and true moral picture; we read in it a profound ethical lesson; for (to borrow the just image of the classical Lowth) while the matchless work is built up to the noblest height of poetry, it rests upon the deepest foundations of true philosophy.

These notes upon *Othello* cannot be more appropriately closed than by the remarkable criticism of Bishop Lowth (just alluded to) contained in his Lectures on Hebrew Poetry, which, often before quoted in its original exquisite Latinity, deserves to be more familiarly known to the English reader:

"He whose genius has unfolded to him the knowledge of man's nature and the force of his passions; has taught him the causes by which the soul is moved to strong emotions, or calmed to rest; has enabled him not only to explain in words those emotions, but to exhibit them vividly to other eyes; thus ruling, exciting, distracting, soothing our feelings —this man, however little aided by the discipline of learning, is, in my judgment, a philosopher of the highest rank. In this manner, in a single dramatic fable of our own Shakspeare, the passion of jealousy, its causes, progress, incidents,

and effects, have been more truly, more acutely, more copiously, and more impressively delineated than has been done by all the disquisitions of all the philosophers who have treated on this dark argument."

[*From Ulrici's "Shakspeare's Dramatic Art."**]

It is a singular mistake when Schlegel, and with him most critics, wish us to see in Othello only the Moor, who, because a Moor, has unavoidably fallen into the blind passionateness, the jealousy, and the thirst for revenge peculiar to his race; it is also a singular mistake that they make the brutal ferocity of the common negro the essence of Othello's character, and degrade his virtues into mere artificial habits, mere empty appearances. . . .

It is not only untrue that Othello's bloody deeds are supposed to be the bursting forth of his common nature, of his innate brutal ferocity, but even the accusation of the blind jealousy and vindictiveness laid to his charge is a thoroughly false imputation. . . . That jealousy is not actually part of his nature, not one of the *fundamental* features of his character, that in truth he possesses only as much of it as all men, is attested not only by Iago's praise of his "free and open nature"—which plainly absolves him from any tendency to suspicion, the presupposition of jealousy—it is corroborated not only by his own testimony (iii. 3), not only by the words spoken in face of his voluntary death and attested by it ("Speak of me as I am; nothing extenuate," etc.), but is above all proved by his own conduct. If Shakspeare had wished to make jealousy the centre of his character, why does Othello nowhere give utterance to it before he is excited and spurred on to it by Iago? Not a word of anxiety, of uneasiness, or of suspicion passes his lips, not a thought of the possibility of Desdemona's infidelity is in his heart.

* *Shakspeare's Dramatic Art*, by Dr. Hermann Ulrici; translated from the third German ed. by L. D. Schmitz (London, 1876), vol. i. p. 404 fol.

Even Iago's assertions are by no means trusted at once; Othello demands proofs, striking, irresistible proofs. It is only when he thinks that he has the evidence clearly in his hands that there first springs forth that jealousy which had hitherto existed but as a germ; being, however, matured by his hot blood, by his excitable feelings, and the glowing power of his imagination, it spreads like wild-fire. . . . But the man who has reasons for being jealous is himself not actually jealous. The nature of the passion consists rather in the fact that it invariably seeks for something where nothing is to be found. The passion of pain and anger about actual infidelity is as justifiable as that excited by any other moral offence committed by the one we love. Nevertheless Othello's pain and rage have externally the appearance of jealousy, partly on account of the vehemence with which he expresses himself, partly because the proofs are as yet proofs only for *him*, in reality no proofs, or because it is his misfortune to be inexpressibly belied and deceived. . . .

It is much the same as regards Othello's vindictiveness. In the first place, it is again Iago who testifies to his being of a "loving, noble nature." Now a noble loving person cannot possibly be revengeful; the spirit of revenge, like all other weaknesses, may indeed be in his nature as a germ, but it cannot be one of the fundamental features and motives of his character. . . . In the second place, how forbearing and conciliatory Othello is to Brabantio! Although the latter heaps upon him the severest and most unjust abuse, yet Othello answers him with gentleness and respect. In like manner he bears the mortification of his recall from Cyprus with calmness and resignation. In both cases, we rather perceive a manly pride, a noble dignity such as is usually coupled with true greatness, which, being conscious of its own worth, overlooks unjust abuse. . . . The seed of revenge shoots forth in his breast only after he is completely estranged from himself. Love and honour are the very founda-

tions of his life. In Desdemona he has found his own inmost self; in believing her lost, he loses himself, her infidelity makes him untrue to himself. . . .

It is only when he supposes that love is lost to him, when he supposes himself betrayed by his wife and his friend, when he is desolate and unable to love any other being, it is then only that, with the blind despair of a shipwrecked man, he clutches hold of the last possession he has kept afloat, his sole remaining property—*honour;* this, at least, he intends to save for himself. His honour, as he thinks, demands the sacrifice of the lives of Desdemona and Cassio. The ideas of honour in those days, especially in Italy, inevitably required the death of the faithless wife as well as that of the adulterer. Othello therefore regards it as his duty to comply with this requirement, and accordingly it is no lie when he calls himself "an honourable murderer," doing "naught in hate, but all in honour." . . . Common thirst for revenge would have thought only of increasing the sufferings of its victim, of adding to its own satisfaction. But how touching, on the other hand, is Othello's appeal to Desdemona to pray and to confess her sins to Heaven, that he may not kill her soul with her body! Here, at the moment of the most intense excitement, in the desperate mood of a murderer, his *love* still breaks forth, and we again see the indestructible nobility of his soul.

[*From Dowden's "Shakspere."**]

The tragedy of *Othello* is the tragedy of a free and lordly creature taken in the toils, and writhing to death. In one of his sonnets Shakspere has spoken of

> "Some fierce thing replete with too much rage,
> Whose strength's abundance weakens his own heart."

Such a fierce thing, made weak by his very strength, is Othello.

* *Shakspere: a Critical Study of his Mind and Art*, by Edward Dowden (2d ed. London, 1876), p. 230 fol.

There is a barbaresque grandeur and simplicity about the movements of his soul. He sees things with a large and generous eye, not prying into the curious or the occult. He is a liberal accepter of life, and with a careless magnificence wears about him the ornament of strange experience: memories of

> "antres vast, and desarts idle,
> Rough quarries, rocks, and hills whose heads touch heaven,"

memories of "disastrous chances, of moving accidents by flood and field." There is something of grand innocence in his loyalty to Venice, by which Mr. Browning was not unaffected when he conceived his Moorish commander, Luria. Othello, a stranger, with tawny skin and fierce traditions in his blood, is fascinated by the grave senate, the nobly ordered life (possessing a certain rich colouring of its own), and the astute intelligence of the City of the Sea....

With this loyalty to Venice, there is also an instinctive turning towards the barbaric glory which he has surrendered. He is the child of royal ancestry: "I fetch my life and being from men of royal siege." All the more joyous on this account it is to devote himself to the service of the State....

The nature of Othello is free and open; he looks on men with a gaze too large and royal to suspect them of malignity and fraud; he is a man "not easily jealous:"

> "My noble Moor
> Is true of mind, and made of no such baseness
> As jealous creatures are."

He has, however, a sense of his own inefficiency in dealing with the complex and subtle conditions of life in his adopted country. Where all is plain and broad, he relies upon his own judgment and energy. He is a master of simple, commanding action. When, upon the night of Desdemona's departure from her father's house, Brabantio and the officers with torches and weapons meet him, and a tumult seems in-

evitable, Othello subdues it with the untroubled, large validity of his will:

"Keep up your bright swords, for the dew will rust them."

But for curious inquiry into complex facts he has no faculty; he loses his bearings; "being wrought upon," he is "perplexed in the extreme." Then, too, his hot Mauritanian blood mounts quickly to the point of boiling. If he be infected, the poison hurries through his veins, and he rages in his agony.

Here upon the one side is material for a future catastrophe. And on the other there is Desdemona's timidity. When she could stand by Othello's side, Desdemona was able to confront her father, and, in presence of the Duke and magnificoes, declare that she would not return to the home she had abandoned. But during Othello's courtship Desdemona had shrunk from any speech upon this matter with Brabantio, and by innocent reserves and little dissemblings had kept him in ignorance of this great event in her history.* The Moor had moved her imagination by his strange nobility, his exotic grandeur. But how if afterwards her imagination be excited by some strange terror about her husband? . . . The handkerchief she has lost becomes terrible to her, when Othello, with Oriental rapture into the marvellous, describes its virtues:

"there 's magic in the web of it.
A sibyl, that had number'd in the world
The sun to course two hundred compasses,
In her prophetic fury sew'd the work;
The worms were hallow'd that did breed the silk;
And it was dyed in mummy which the skilful
Conserv'd of maidens' hearts."

* A circumstance which Iago afterwards turns to account against the peace of Othello's mind:

"She did deceive her father marrying you;
And when she seem'd to shake and fear your looks,
She lov'd them most.
"*Othello.* And so she did."

For Desdemona, with her smooth, intelligible girl's life in Venice, having at its largest its little pathetic romance of her maid Barbara, with her song of "Willow," here flowed in romance too stupendous, too torrid and alien, to be other than dreadful. Shall we wonder that in her disturbance of mind she trembles to declare to her husband that this talisman could not be found? Underneath the momentary, superficial falsehood remains the constancy and fidelity of her heart; through alarm and shock and surprise and awful alteration of the world her heart never swerves from loyalty to her husband. If she had deceived Brabantio, as in his anger he declares, and if in this matter of the handkerchief she had faltered from the truth, Desdemona atones for these unveracities; not by acquisition of a confident candour—such courageous dealing was impossible for Desdemona—but by one more falsehood, the sacred lie which is murmured by her lips as they grow forever silent:

> "*Emilia.* O, who hath done this deed?
> "*Desdemona.* Nobody; I myself; farewell;
> Commend me to my kind lord; O, farewell!"

If the same unknowable force which manifests itself through man manifests itself likewise through the animal world, we might suppose that there were some special affinities between the soul of Othello and the lion of his ancestral desert. Assuredly the same malignant power that lurks in the eye and that fills with venom the fang of the serpent would seem to have brought into existence Iago. "It is the strength of the base element that is so dreadful in the serpent; it is the very omnipotence of the earth. . . . It scarcely breathes with its one lung (the other shrivelled and abortive); it is passive to the sun and shade, and is cold or hot like a stone; yet 'it can outclimb the monkey, outswim the fish, outleap the zebra, outwrestle the athlete, and crush the tiger.' It is a divine hieroglyph of the de-

moniac power of the earth—of the entire earthly nature."* Such is the serpent Iago.

In the last scene of the play Othello calls on Cassio (for he cannot himself approach the horror) to interrogate Iago respecting the motives of his malignant crime:

> "Will you, I pray, demand that demi-devil
> Why he hath thus ensnar'd my soul and body?"

And Iago forecloses all inquiry with the words—they are the last words that he utters:

> "Demand me nothing; what you know you know;
> From this time forth I never will speak word."

Shakspere would have us believe that as there is a passion of goodness with no motive but goodness itself, so there is also a dreadful capacity in the soul for devotion to evil independently of motives, or out of all proportion to such motives as may exist. Iago is the absolute infidel; for he is devoid of all faith in beauty and in virtue. Timon disbelieves, but he becomes desperate and abandons life. Iago finds it right and natural to live in a world in which all men are knaves or fools, and all women are that which Desdemona is unable to name.

Together with every thing beautiful, every thing noble, there inevitably exists a gross element of the earth. It is upon this gross element alone that Iago battens, and he can discover it everywhere by denying and dismissing all that transforms, purifies, and ennobles it. Othello, with his heroic simplicity and royalty of soul,

> "Will as tenderly be led by the nose
> As asses are."

Cassio, who is full of chivalric enthusiasm for his great leader and the beautiful bride whom he has won, is to Iago "a knave very voluble; no further conscionable than in putting

* Ruskin, *The Queen of the Air*. The words quoted by Mr. Ruskin are those of Mr. Richard Owen.

on the mere form of civil and humane feeling, for the better compassing of his salt and most hidden loose affection." Desdemona, exclaims Roderigo, is "full of most blessed condition."

"*Iago.* Blessed fig's end! the wine she drinks is made of grapes: if she had been blessed she would never have loved the Moor. Blessed pudding! Didst thou not see her paddle with the palm of his hand? Didst not mark that?"

The Moor has inflamed her imagination with "bragging and telling her fantastical lies." Love "is merely a lust of the blood and a permission of the will." Virtue is "a fig! 't is in ourselves that we are thus and thus." "O, I have lost my reputation!" Cassio cries, "I have lost the immortal part of myself, and what remains is bestial. My reputation, Iago, my reputation!"

"*Iago.* As I am an honest man, I thought you had received some bodily wound."

All this is the earthiness of the serpent; the dull eye which quickens only to fascinate and to strike; the muddy skin, discoloured with foul blotches; and the dust, which is the serpent's meat. This cold, malignant power, passionless and intellectually sensual—the soul itself having become more animal than the body can ever be—is incarnated in the person of a man still young. Iago has reached the age of twenty-eight. And he is a merry knave. While enticing Cassio to his ruin he entertains the company with clattering song:

"And let me the canakin clink, clink!
And let me the canakin clink!"

It is the grin of a death's head, the mirth of a ghoul. . . .

Since Coleridge made the remark, all critics of Othello are constrained to repeat after him that the passion of the Moor is not altogether jealousy—it is rather the agony of being compelled to hate that which he supremely loved:

> "Excellent wretch! Perdition catch my soul
> But I do love thee, and when I love thee not
> Chaos is come again."

It is with an agonized sense of justice that he destroys the creature who is dearest to him in the world, knowing certainly that with hers his own true life must cease. Nay, it is not with the cessation of Desdemona's breath that the life of Othello ends; he is unable to survive the loss of faith in her perfect purity. All that had been glorious becomes remote and impossible for him if Desdemona be false. We hear the great childlike sob of Othello's soul:

> "O now for ever
> Farewell the tranquil mind! farewell content!
> Farewell the plumed troop, and the big wars
> That make ambition virtue!"

From the first suggestion of suspicion by his ensnarer, Othello is impatient for assurance, and finds suspense intolerable. Why? Not surely because he is eager to convict his wife of infidelity; but rather because he will not allow his passionate desire to believe her pure to abuse him, and retain him in a fool's paradise, while a great agony may possibly remain before him.

Of the tragic story what is the final issue? The central point of its spiritual import lies in the contrast between Iago and his victim. Iago, with keen intellectual faculties and manifold culture in Italian vice, lives and thrives after his fashion in a world from which all virtue and all beauty are absent. Othello, with his barbaric innocence and regal magnificence of soul, must cease to live the moment he ceases to retain faith in the purity and goodness which were to him the highest and most real things upon earth. Or if he live, life must become to him a cruel agony. Shakspere compels us to acknowledge that self-slaughter is a rapturous energy—that such prolonged agony is joy in comparison with the earthy life-in-death of such a soul as that of Iago. The

noble nature is taken in the toils because it is noble. Iago suspects his wife of every baseness, but the suspicion has no other effect than to intensify his malignity. Iago could not be captured and constrained to heroic suffering and rage. The shame of every being who bears the name of woman is credible to Iago, and yet he can grate from his throat the jarring music:

> "And let me the canakin clink, clink!
> And let me the canakin clink!"

There is, therefore, Shakspere would have us understand, something more inimical to humanity than suffering—namely, an incapacity for noble pain. To die as Othello dies is indeed grievous. But to live as Iago lives, devouring the dust and stinging—this is more appalling.

Such is the spiritual motive that controls the tragedy. And the validity of this truth is demonstrable to every sound conscience. No supernatural authority needs to be summoned to bear witness to this reality of human life. No pallid flame of hell, no splendour of dawning heaven, needs show itself beyond the verge of earth to illumine this truth. It is a portion of the ascertained fact of human nature, and of this our mortal existence. We look upon "the tragic loading of the bed," and we see Iago in presence of the ruin he has wrought. We are not compelled to seek for any resolution of these apparent discords in any alleged life to come. That may also be; we shall accept it, if it be. But looking sternly and strictly at what is now actual and present to our sight, we yet rise above despair. Desdemona's adhesion to her husband and to love survived the ultimate trial. Othello dies "upon a kiss." He perceives his own calamitous error, and he recognizes Desdemona pure and loyal as she was. Goodness is justified of her child. It is evil which suffers defeat. It is Iago whose whole existence has been most blind, purposeless, and miserable — a struggle against the virtuous powers of the world, by which at last he stands convicted and condemned.

OTHELLO
THE
MOOR
of
VENICE

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

DUKE OF VENICE.
BRABANTIO, a senator.
Other Senators.
GRATIANO, brother to Brabantio.
LODOVICO, kinsman to Brabantio.
OTHELLO, the Moor.
CASSIO, his lieutenant.
IAGO, his ancient.
RODERIGO, a Venetian gentleman.
MONTANO, Othello's predecessor in the government of Cyprus.
Clown, servant to Othello.

DESDEMONA, daughter to Brabantio and wife to Othello.
EMILIA, wife to Iago.
BIANCA, mistress to Cassio.

Sailor, Messenger, Herald, Officers, Gentlemen, Musicians, and Attendants.

SCENE: *Venice; a seaport in Cyprus.*

ST. MARK'S AND THE DUCAL PALACE, VENICE.

ACT I.

SCENE I. *Venice. A Street.*

Enter RODERIGO *and* IAGO.

Roderigo. Tush! never tell me; I take it much unkindly
That thou, Iago, who hast had my purse
As if the strings were thine, shouldst know of this.
Iago. 'Sblood, but you will not hear me; If ever I did dream of such a matter,
Abhor me.
Roderigo. Thou told'st me thou didst hold him in thy hate.
Iago. Despise me, if I do not. Three great ones of the city,

In personal suit to make me his lieutenant,
Off-capp'd to him; and, by the faith of man,
I know my price, I am worth no worse a place:
But he, as loving his own pride and purposes,
Evades them, with a bombast circumstance
Horribly stuff'd with epithets of war;
And, in conclusion,
Nonsuits my mediators; for, 'Certes,' says he,
'I have already chose my officer.'
And what was he?
Forsooth, a great arithmetician,
One Michael Cassio, a Florentine,
A fellow almost damn'd in a fair wife;
That never set a squadron in the field,
Nor the division of a battle knows
More than a spinster; unless the bookish theoric,
Wherein the toged consuls can propose
As masterly as he: mere prattle, without practice,
Is all his soldiership. But he, sir, had the election;
And I, of whom his eyes had seen the proof
At Rhodes, at Cyprus, and on other grounds
Christian and heathen, must be be-lee'd and calm'd
By debitor and creditor, this counter-caster:
He, in good time, must his lieutenant be,
And I—God bless the mark!—his Moorship's ancient.

Roderigo. By heaven, I rather would have been his hangman.

Iago. Why, there 's no remedy; 't is the curse of service,
Preferment goes by letter and affection,
And not by old gradation, where each second
Stood heir to the first. Now, sir, be judge yourself,
Whether I in any just term am affin'd
To love the Moor.

Roderigo. I would not follow him then.

Iago. O, sir, content you;

I follow him to serve my turn upon him:
We cannot all be masters, nor all masters
Cannot be truly follow'd. You shall mark
Many a duteous and knee-crooking knave,
That, doting on his own obsequious bondage,
Wears out his time, much like his master's ass,
For nought but provender, and when he 's old, cashier'd;
Whip me such honest knaves. Others there are
Who, trimm'd in forms and visages of duty,
Keep yet their hearts attending on themselves,
And, throwing but shows of service on their lords,
Do well thrive by them, and when they have lin'd their coats
Do themselves homage: these fellows have some soul;
And such a one do I profess myself. For, sir,
It is as sure as you are Roderigo,
Were I the Moor, I would not be Iago.
In following him, I follow but myself;
Heaven is my judge, not I for love and duty,
But seeming so, for my peculiar end:
For when my outward action doth demonstrate
The native act and figure of my heart
In compliment extern, 't is not long after
But I will wear my heart upon my sleeve
For daws to peck at; I am not what I am.

Roderigo. What a full fortune does the thick-lips owe,
If he can carry 't thus!

Iago. Call up her father,
Rouse him; make after him, poison his delight,
Proclaim him in the streets; incense her kinsmen,
And, though he in a fertile climate dwell,
Plague him with flies: though that his joy be joy,
Yet throw such changes of vexation on 't,
As it may lose some colour.

Roderigo. Here is her father's house; I 'll call aloud.

Iago. Do, with like timorous accent and dire yell

As when, by night and negligence, the fire
Is spied in populous cities.
Roderigo. What, ho, Brabantio! Signior Brabantio, ho!
Iago. Awake! what, ho, Brabantio! thieves! thieves! thieves!
Look to your house, your daughter, and your bags!
Thieves! thieves!

BRABANTIO *appears above, at a window.*

Brabantio. What is the reason of this terrible summons?
What is the matter there?
Roderigo. Signior, is all your family within?
Iago. Are your doors lock'd?
Brabantio. Why, wherefore ask you this?
Iago. Zounds, sir, you 're robb'd; for shame, put on your gown;
Your heart is burst, you have lost half your soul:
Awake the snorting citizens with the bell,
Or else the devil will make a grandsire of you.
Arise, I say.
Brabantio. What, have you lost your wits?
Roderigo. Most reverend signior, do you know my voice?
Brabantio. Not I; what are you?
Roderigo. My name is Roderigo.
Brabantio. The worser welcome;
I have charg'd thee not to haunt about my doors.
In honest plainness thou hast heard me say
My daughter is not for thee; and now, in madness,
Being full of supper and distempering draughts,
Upon malicious bravery dost thou come
To start my quiet.
Roderigo. Sir, sir, sir,—
Brabantio. But thou must needs be sure
My spirit and my place have in them power
To make this bitter to thee.

Roderigo. Patience, good sir.

Brabantio. What tell'st thou me of robbing? this is Venice;
My house is not a grange.

Roderigo. Most grave Brabantio,
In simple and pure soul I come to you.

Iago. Zounds, sir, you are one of those that will not serve God, if the devil bid you.

Brabantio. Thou art a villain.

Iago. You are—a senator.

Brabantio. This thou shalt answer; I know thee, Roderigo.

Roderigo. Sir, I will answer any thing. But, I beseech you,
If 't be your pleasure and most wise consent,
As partly I find it is, that your fair daughter,
At this odd-even and dull watch o' the night,
Transported, with no worse nor better guard
But with a knave of common hire, a gondolier,
To the gross clasps of a lascivious Moor,—
If this be known to you and your allowance,
We then have done you bold and saucy wrongs;
But if you know not this, my manners tell me
We have your wrong rebuke. Do not believe
That, from the sense of all civility,
I thus would play and trifle with your reverence:
Your daughter, if you have not given her leave,
I say again, hath made a gross revolt;
Tying her duty, beauty, wit, and fortunes
In an extravagant and wheeling stranger
Of here and every where. Straight satisfy yourself;
If she be in her chamber or your house,
Let loose on me the justice of the state
For thus deluding you.

Brabantio. Strike on the tinder, ho!
Give me a taper! call up all my people!—

This accident is not unlike my dream ;
Belief of it oppresses me already.—
Light, I say ! light ! [*Exit above.*

Iago. Farewell ; for I must leave you.
It seems not meet, nor wholesome to my place,
To be produc'd—as, if I stay, I shall—
Against the Moor : for, I do know, the state,
However this may gall him with some check,
Cannot with safety cast him, for he 's embark'd
With such loud reason to the Cyprus wars,
Which even now stand in act, that, for their souls,
Another of his fathom they have none,
To lead their business : in which regard,
Though I do hate him as I do hell-pains,
Yet, for necessity of present life,
I must show out a flag and sign of love,
Which is indeed but sign. That you shall surely find him,
Lead to the Sagittary the raised search ;
And there will I be with him. So, farewell. [*Exit.*

Enter, below, BRABANTIO, *and* Servants *with torches.*

Brabantio. It is too true an evil : gone she is ;
And what 's to come of my despised time
Is nought but bitterness.—Now, Roderigo,
Where didst thou see her ?—O unhappy girl !
With the Moor, say'st thou ?—Who would be a father !—
How didst thou know 't was she ?—O, she deceives me
Past thought !—What said she to you ?—Get more tapers !
Raise all my kindred !—Are they married, think you ?

Roderigo. Truly, I think they are.

Brabantio. O heaven !—How got she out ?—O treason of the blood !—
Fathers, from hence trust not your daughters' minds
By what you see them act.—Is there not charms
By which the property of youth and maidhood

May be abus'd? Have you not read, Roderigo,
Of some such thing?

Roderigo. Yes, sir, I have indeed.

Brabantio. Call up my brother.—O, would you had had her!—
Some one way, some another.—Do you know
Where we may apprehend her and the Moor?

Roderigo. I think I can discover him, if you please
To get good guard and go along with me.

Brabantio. Pray you, lead on. At every house I 'll call;
I may command at most.—Get weapons, ho! 171
And raise some special officers of night.—
On, good Roderigo; I 'll deserve your pains. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II. *Another Street.*

Enter OTHELLO, IAGO, *and* Attendants *with torches.*

Iago. Though in the trade of war I have slain men,
Yet do I hold it very stuff o' the conscience
To do no contriv'd murther; I lack iniquity
Sometimes to do me service. Nine or ten times
I had thought to have yerk'd him here under the ribs.

Othello. 'T is better as it is.

Iago. Nay, but he prated,
And spoke such scurvy and provoking terms
Against your honour
That, with the little godliness I have,
I did full hard forbear him. But, I pray you, sir, 10
Are you fast married? Be assur'd of this,
That the magnifico is much belov'd,
And hath in his effect a voice potential
As double as the duke's; he will divorce you,
Or put upon you what restraint and grievance
The law, with all his might to enforce it on,
Will give him cable.

Othello. Let him do his spite;
My services which I have done the signiory
Shall out-tongue his complaints. 'T is yet to know,—
Which, when I know that boasting is an honour,
I shall promulgate—I fetch my life and being
From men of royal siege, and my demerits
May speak unbonneted to as proud a fortune
As this that I have reach'd; for know, Iago,
But that I love the gentle Desdemona,
I would not my unhoused free condition
Put into circumscription and confine
For the sea's worth. But, look! what lights come yond?
Iago. Those are the raised father and his friends;
You were best go in.
Othello. Not I; I must be found:
My parts, my title, and my perfect soul
Shall manifest me rightly. Is it they?
Iago. By Janus, I think no.

Enter CASSIO, *and certain* Officers *with torches.*

Othello. The servants of the duke, and my lieutenant.—
The goodness of the night upon you, friends!
What is the news?
Cassio. The duke does greet you, general,
And he requires your haste-post-haste appearance,
Even on the instant.
Othello. What is the matter, think you?
Cassio. Something from Cyprus, as I may divine.
It is a business of some heat; the galleys
Have sent a dozen sequent messengers
This very night at one another's heels,
And many of the consuls, rais'd and met,
Are at the duke's already: you have been hotly call'd for;
When, being not at your lodging to be found,

The senate hath sent about three several quests
To search you out.
Othello. 'T is well I am found by you.
I will but spend a word here in the house,
And go with you. [*Exit.*
Cassio. Ancient, what makes he here?
Iago. Faith, he to-night hath boarded a land carack;
If it prove lawful prize, he 's made for ever.
Cassio. I do not understand.
Iago. He 's married.
Cassio. To who?

Re-enter OTHELLO.

Iago. Marry, to—Come, captain, will you go?
Othello. Have with you.
Cassio. Here comes another troop to seek for you.
Iago. It is Brabantio.—General, be advis'd;
He comes to bad intent.

Enter BRABANTIO, RODERIGO, *and* Officers *with torches and weapons.*

Othello. Holla! stand there!
Roderigo. Signior, it is the Moor.
Brabantio. Down with him, thief!
[*They draw on both sides.*
Iago. You, Roderigo! come, sir, I am for you.
Othello. Keep up your bright swords, for the dew will rust them.—
Good signior, you shall more command with years
Than with your weapons.
Brabantio. O thou foul thief, where hast thou stow'd my daughter?
Damn'd as thou art, thou hast enchanted her;
For I 'll refer me to all things of sense,
If she in chains of magic were not bound,

Whether a maid so tender, fair, and happy,
So opposite to marriage that she shunn'd
The wealthy curled darlings of our nation,
Would ever have, to incur a general mock,
Run from her guardage to the sooty bosom
Of such a thing as thou,—to fear, not to delight.
Judge me the world, if 't is not gross in sense
That thou hast practis'd on her with foul charms,
Abus'd her delicate youth with drugs or minerals
That weaken motion. I 'll have 't disputed on;
'T is probable and palpable to thinking.
I therefore apprehend and do attach thee
For an abuser of the world, a practiser
Of arts inhibited and out of warrant.—
Lay hold upon him; if he do resist,
Subdue him at his peril.

Othello. Hold your hands,
Both you of my inclining, and the rest;
Were it my cue to fight, I should have known it
Without a prompter.—Where will you that I go
To answer this your charge?

Brabantio. To prison, till fit time
Of law and course of direct session
Call thee to answer.

Othello. What if I do obey?
How may the duke be therewith satisfied,
Whose messengers are here about my side,
Upon some present business of the state,
To bring me to him?

1 *Officer.* 'T is true, most worthy signior;
The duke 's in council, and your noble self,
I am sure, is sent for.

Brabantio. How! the duke in council!
In this time of the night!—Bring him away;
Mine 's not an idle cause: the duke himself,

Or any of my brothers of the state,
Cannot but feel this wrong as 't were their own;
For if such actions may have passage free,
Bond-slaves and pagans shall our statesmen be. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III. *A Council-chamber.*

The DUKE *and* Senators *sitting at a table;* Officers *attending.*

Duke. There is no composition in these news
That gives them credit.
1 *Senator.* Indeed, they are disproportion'd;
My letters say a hundred and seven galleys.
Duke. And mine, a hundred and forty.
2 *Senator.* And mine, two hundred;
But though they jump not on a just account,—
As in these cases, where the aim reports,
'T is oft with difference—yet do they all confirm
A Turkish fleet, and bearing up to Cyprus.
Duke. Nay, it is possible enough to judgment;
I do not so secure me in the error,
But the main article I do approve
In fearful sense.
Sailor. [*Within*] What, ho! what, ho! what, ho!
1 *Officer.* A messenger from the galleys.

Enter a Sailor.

Duke. Now, what 's the business?
Sailor. The Turkish preparation makes for Rhodes;
So was I bid report here to the state
By Signior Angelo.
Duke. How say you by this change?
1 *Senator.* This cannot be,
By no assay of reason; 't is a pageant,
To keep us in false gaze. When we consider
The importancy of Cyprus to the Turk,

And let ourselves again but understand,
That as it more concerns the Turk than Rhodes,
So may he with more facile question bear it,
For that it stands not in such warlike brace,
But altogether lacks the abilities
That Rhodes is dress'd in,—if we make thought of this,
We must not think the Turk is so unskilful
To leave that latest which concerns him first,
Neglecting an attempt of ease and gain,
To wake and wage a danger profitless.
Duke. Nay, in all confidence, he 's not for Rhodes.
1 *Officer.* Here is more news.

Enter a Messenger.

Messenger. The Ottomites, reverend and gracious,
Steering with due course towards the isle of Rhodes,
Have there injointed them with an after fleet.
1 *Senator.* Ay, so I thought.—How many, as you guess?
Messenger. Of thirty sail; and now they do re-stem
Their backward course, bearing with frank appearance
Their purposes toward Cyprus.—Signior Montano,
Your trusty and most valiant servitor,
With his free duty recommends you thus,
And prays you to believe him.
Duke. 'T is certain, then, for Cyprus.
Marcus Luccicos, is not he in town?
1 *Senator.* He 's now in Florence.
Duke. Write from us to him; post-post-haste dispatch.
1 *Senator.* Here comes Brabantio and the valiant Moor.

Enter Brabantio, Othello, Iago, Roderigo, *and* Officers.

Duke. Valiant Othello, we must straight employ you
Against the general enemy Ottoman.—
[*To Brabantio*] I did not see you; welcome, gentle signior;
We lack'd your counsel and your help to-night.

Brabantio. So did I yours. Good your grace, pardon me;
Neither my place nor aught I heard of business
Hath rais'd me from my bed, nor doth the general care
Take hold on me, for my particular grief
Is of so flood-gate and o'erbearing nature
That it engluts and swallows other sorrows
And it is still itself.
Duke. Why, what 's the matter?
Brabantio. My daughter! O, my daughter!
Duke and Senators. Dead?
Brabantio. Ay, to me;
She is abus'd, stol'n from me, and corrupted
By spells and medicines bought of mountebanks;
For nature so preposterously to err,
Being not deficient, blind, or lame of sense,
Sans witchcraft could not.
Duke. Whoe'er he be that in this foul proceeding
Hath thus beguil'd your daughter of herself
And you of her, the bloody book of law
You shall yourself read in the bitter letter
After your own sense; yea, though our proper son
Stood in your action.
Brabantio. Humbly I thank your grace.
Here is the man, this Moor, whom now, it seems,
Your special mandate for the state affairs
Hath hither brought.
Duke and Senators. We are very sorry for 't.
Duke. [*To Othello*] What, in your own part, can you say to this?
Brabantio. Nothing, but this is so.
Othello. Most potent, grave, and reverend signiors,
My very noble and approv'd good masters,
That I have ta'en away this old man's daughter,
It is most true; true, I have married her:

The very head and front of my offending
Hath this extent, no more. Rude am I in my speech,
And little blest with the soft phrase of peace:
For since these arms of mine had seven years' pith,
Till now some nine moons wasted, they have us'd
Their dearest action in the tented field;
And little of this great world can I speak,
More than pertains to feats of broil and battle,
And therefore little shall I grace my cause
In speaking for myself. Yet, by your gracious patience,
I will a round unvarnish'd tale deliver
Of my whole course of love; what drugs, what charms,
What conjuration, and what mighty magic,—
For such proceeding I am charg'd withal,—
I won his daughter.

Brabantio. A maiden never bold;
Of spirit so still and quiet, that her motion
Blush'd at herself; and she, in spite of nature,
Of years, of country, credit, every thing,
To fall in love with what she fear'd to look on!
It is a judgment maim'd and most imperfect
That will confess perfection so could err
Against all rules of nature, and must be driven
To find out practices of cunning hell,
Why this should be. I therefore vouch again
That with some mixtures powerful o'er the blood,
Or with some dram conjur'd to this effect,
He wrought upon her.

Duke. To vouch this, is no proof,
Without more wider and more overt test
Than these thin habits and poor likelihoods
Of modern seeming do prefer against him.

1 *Senator.* But, Othello, speak:
Did you by indirect and forced courses
Subdue and poison this young maid's affections?

Or came it by request, and such fair question
As soul to soul affordeth?

Othello. I do beseech you,
Send for the lady to the Sagittary,
And let her speak of me before her father.
If you do find me foul in her report,
The trust, the office I do hold of you,
Not only take away, but let your sentence
Even fall upon my life.

Duke. Fetch Desdemona hither.

Othello. Ancient, conduct them; you best know the place.—
[*Exeunt Iago and attendants.*

And, till she come, as truly as to heaven
I do confess the vices of my blood,
So justly to your grave ears I 'll present
How I did thrive in this fair lady's love,
And she in mine.

Duke. Say it, Othello.

Othello. Her father lov'd me, oft invited me,
Still question'd me the story of my life
From year to year,—the battles, sieges, fortunes,
That I have pass'd.
I ran it through, even from my boyish days
To the very moment that he bade me tell it;
Wherein I spake of most disastrous chances,
Of moving accidents by flood and field,
Of hair-breadth scapes i' the imminent deadly breach,
Of being taken by the insolent foe
And sold to slavery, of my redemption thence,
And portance in my travel's history;
Wherein of antres vast and deserts idle,
Rough quarries, rocks, and hills whose heads touch heaven,
It was my hint to speak,—such was the process:
And of the Cannibals that each other eat,
The Anthropophagi, and men whose heads

Do grow beneath their shoulders. This to hear
Would Desdemona seriously incline:
But still the house affairs would draw her thence;
Which ever as she could with haste dispatch,
She 'd come again, and with a greedy ear
Devour up my discourse: which I observing,
Took once a pliant hour, and found good means
To draw from her a prayer of earnest heart
That I would all my pilgrimage dilate,
Whereof by parcels she had something heard,
But not intentively. I did consent,
And often did beguile her of her tears,
When I did speak of some distressful stroke
That my youth suffer'd. My story being done,
She gave me for my pains a world of sighs:
She swore, in faith, 't was strange, 't was passing strange,
'T was pitiful, 't was wondrous pitiful;
She wish'd she had not heard it, yet she wish'd
That heaven had made her such a man; she thank'd me,
And bade me, if I had a friend that lov'd her,
I should but teach him how to tell my story,
And that would woo her. Upon this hint I spake;
She lov'd me for the dangers I had pass'd,
And I lov'd her that she did pity them.
This only is the witchcraft I have us'd.—
Here comes the lady; let her witness it.

Enter DESDEMONA, IAGO, *and* Attendants.

Duke. I think this tale would win my daughter too.—
Good Brabantio,
Take up this mangled matter at the best;
Men do their broken weapons rather use
Than their bare hands.

Brabantio. I pray you, hear her speak;
If she confess that she was half the wooer,

Destruction on my head, if my bad blame
Light on the man!—Come hither, gentle mistress;
Do you perceive in all this noble company
Where most you owe obedience?

Desdemona. My noble father,
I do perceive here a divided duty:
To you I am bound for life and education;
My life and education both do learn me
How to respect you; you are the lord of duty;
I am hitherto your daughter; but here 's my husband,
And so much duty as my mother show'd
To you, preferring you before her father,
So much I challenge that I may profess
Due to the Moor my lord.

Brabantio. God be with you!—I have done.—
Please it your grace, on to the state affairs;
I had rather to adopt a child than get it.—
Come hither, Moor;
I here do give thee that with all my heart
Which, but thou hast already, with all my heart
I would keep from thee.—For your sake, jewel,
I am glad at soul I have no other child;
For thy escape would teach me tyranny,
To hang clogs on them.—I have done, my lord.

Duke. Let me speak like yourself, and lay a sentence,
Which, as a grise or step, may help these lovers
Into your favour.
When remedies are past, the griefs are ended
By seeing the worst, which late on hopes depended.
To mourn a mischief that is past and gone
Is the next way to draw new mischief on.
What cannot be preserv'd when fortune takes,
Patience her injury a mockery makes.
The robb'd that smiles steals something from the thief;
He robs himself that spends a bootless grief.

Brabantio. So let the Turk of Cyprus us beguile;
We lose it not, so long as we can smile.
He bears the sentence well that nothing bears
But the free comfort which from thence he hears,
But he bears both the sentence and the sorrow
That, to pay grief, must of poor patience borrow.
These sentences, to sugar or to gall,
Being strong on both sides, are equivocal:
But words are words; I never yet did hear
That the bruis'd heart was pierced through the ear.—
Beseech you, now to the affairs of state.

Duke. The Turk with a most mighty preparation makes for Cyprus.—Othello, the fortitude of the place is best known to you; and though we have there a substitute of most allowed sufficiency, yet opinion, a sovereign mistress of effects, throws a more safer voice on you: you must therefore be content to slubber the gloss of your new fortunes with this more stubborn and boisterous expedition.

Othello. The tyrant custom, most grave senators,
Hath made the flinty and steel couch of war
My thrice-driven bed of down; I do agnize
A natural and prompt alacrity
I find in hardness, and do undertake
These present wars against the Ottomites.
Most humbly therefore bending to your state,
I crave fit disposition for my wife,
Due reference of place and exhibition,
With such accommodation and besort
As levels with her breeding.

Duke. If you please,
Be 't at her father's.

Brabantio. I 'll not have it so.

Othello. Nor I.

Desdemona. Nor I; I would not there reside,
To put my father in impatient thoughts

By being in his eye. Most gracious duke,
To my unfolding lend your prosperous ear;
And let me find a charter in your voice,
To assist my simpleness.

Duke. What would you, Desdemona?

Desdemona. That I did love the Moor to live with him,
My downright violence and storm of fortunes
May trumpet to the world: my heart's subdued
Even to the very quality of my lord:
I saw Othello's visage in his mind,
And to his honours and his valiant parts
Did I my soul and fortunes consecrate.
So that, dear lords, if I be left behind,
A moth of peace, and he go to the war,
The rites for which I love him are bereft me,
And I a heavy interim shall support
By his dear absence. Let me go with him.

Othello. Let her have your voices.
Vouch with me, heaven, I therefore beg it not,
To please the palate of my appetite,
Nor to comply with heat—the young affects
In me defunct—and proper satisfaction,
But to be free and bounteous to her mind:
And heaven defend your good souls, that you think
I will your serious and great business scant
For she is with me. No, when light-wing'd toys
Of feather'd Cupid seel with wanton dulness
My speculative and offic'd instruments,
That my disports corrupt and taint my business,
Let housewives make a skillet of my helm,
And all indign and base adversities
Make head against my estimation!

Duke. Be it as you shall privately determine,
Either for her stay or going. The affair cries haste,
And speed must answer it.

* pastimes

1 *Senator.* You must away to-night.

Othello. With all my heart.

Duke. At nine i' the morning here we 'll meet again.—
Othello, leave some officer behind,
And he shall our commission bring to you,
With such things else of quality and respect
As doth import you.

Othello. So please your grace, my ancient;
A man he is of honesty and trust:
To his conveyance I assign my wife,
With what else needful your good grace shall think
To be sent after me.

Duke. Let it be so.—
Good night to every one.—And, noble signior,
If virtue no delighted beauty lack,
Your son-in-law is far more fair than black.

1 *Senator.* Adieu, brave Moor! use Desdemona well.

Brabantio. Look to her, Moor, if thou hast eyes to see;
She has deceiv'd her father, and may thee.

[*Exeunt Duke, Senators, Officers, etc.*

Othello. My life upon her faith!—Honest Iago,
My Desdemona must I leave to thee;
I prithee, let thy wife attend on her,
And bring them after in the best advantage.—
Come, Desdemona; I have but an hour
Of love, of worldly matters and direction,
To spend with thee: we must obey the time.

[*Exeunt Othello and Desdemona.*

Roderigo. Iago—

Iago. What say'st thou, noble heart?

Roderigo. What will I do, thinkest thou?

Iago. Why, go to bed, and sleep.

Roderigo. I will incontinently drown myself.

Iago. If thou dost, I shall never love thee after. Why, thou silly gentleman!

Roderigo. It is silliness to live when to live is torment; and then have we a prescription to die when death is our physician.

Iago. O villanous! I have looked upon the world for four times seven years; and since I could distinguish betwixt a benefit and an injury, I never found man that knew how to love himself. Ere I would say, I would drown myself for the love of a guinea-hen, I would change my humanity with a baboon.

Roderigo. What should I do? I confess it is my shame to be so fond; but it is not in my virtue to amend it.

Iago. Virtue! a fig! 't is in ourselves that we are thus or thus. Our bodies are our gardens, to the which our wills are gardeners; so that if we will plant nettles, or sow lettuce, set hyssop and weed up thyme, supply it with one gender of herbs or distract it with many, either to have it sterile with idleness or manured with industry, why, the power and corrigible authority of this lies in our wills. If the balance of our lives had not one scale of reason to poise another of sensuality, the blood and baseness of our natures would conduct us to most preposterous conclusions; but we have reason to cool our raging motions, our carnal stings, our unbitted lusts, whereof I take this that you call love to be a sect or scion.

Roderigo. It cannot be.

Iago. It is merely a lust of the blood and a permission of the will. Come, be a man. Drown thyself! drown cats and blind puppies. I have professed me thy friend, and I confess me knit to thy deserving with cables of perdurable toughness; I could never better stead thee than now. Put money in thy purse; follow these wars; defeat thy favour with an usurped beard; I say, put money in thy purse. It cannot be that Desdemona should long continue her love to the Moor,—put money in thy purse,—nor he his to her: it was a violent commencement, and thou shalt see an answer-

able sequestration;—put but money in thy purse. These Moors are changeable in their wills;—fill thy purse with money:—the food that to him now is as luscious as locusts, shall be to him shortly as bitter as coloquintida. She must change for youth: when she is sated with his body, she will find the error of her choice; she must have change, she must: therefore put money in thy purse. If thou wilt needs damn thyself, do it a more delicate way than drowning. Make all the money thou canst: if sanctimony and a frail vow betwixt an erring barbarian and a supersubtle Venetian be not too hard for my wits and all the tribe of hell, thou shalt enjoy her; therefore make money. A pox of drowning thyself! it is clean out of the way; seek thou rather to be hanged in compassing thy joy than to be drowned and go without her.

Roderigo. Wilt thou be fast to my hopes, if I depend on the issue? 358

Iago. Thou art sure of me.—Go, make money.—I have told thee often, and I re-tell thee again and again, I hate the Moor: my cause is hearted; thine hath no less reason. Let us be conjunctive in our revenge against him; if thou canst cuckold him, thou dost thyself a pleasure, me a sport. There are many events in the womb of time which will be delivered. Traverse! go, provide thy money. We will have more of this to-morrow. Adieu.

Roderigo. Where shall we meet i' the morning?

Iago. At my lodging.

Roderigo. I 'll be with thee betimes.

Iago. Go to; farewell. Do you hear, Roderigo? 370

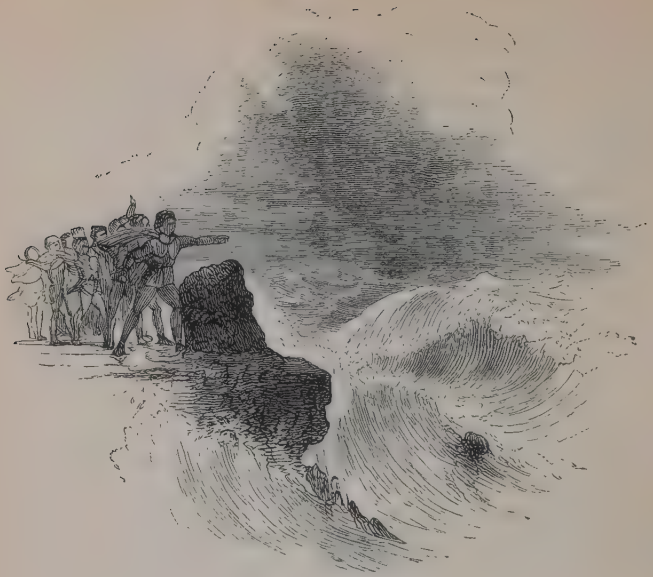
Roderigo. What say you?

Iago. No more of drowning, do you hear?

Roderigo. I am changed; I 'll sell all my land. [*Exit.*

Iago. Thus do I ever make my fool my purse;
For I mine own gain'd knowledge should profane,
If I would time expend with such a snipe,

But for my sport and profit. I hate the Moor;
And it is thought abroad, that 'twixt my sheets
He has done my office: I know not if 't be true;
But I, for mere suspicion in that kind,
Will do as if for surety. He holds me well;
The better shall my purpose work on him.
Cassio 's a proper man: let me see now;
To get his place and to plume up my will
In double knavery—How, how?—Let 's see:
After some time, to abuse Othello's ear
That he is too familiar with his wife.
He hath a person and a smooth dispose
To be suspected, fram'd to make women false.
The Moor is of a free and open nature,
That thinks men honest that but seem to be so,
And will as tenderly be led by the nose
As asses are.
I have 't. It is engender'd. Hell and night
Must bring this monstrous birth to the world's light. [*Exit.*



ACT II.

SCENE I. *A Seaport in Cyprus. A Platform.*

Enter MONTANO *and two* Gentlemen.

Montano. What from the cape can you discern at sea?

1 *Gentleman.* Nothing at all: it is a high-wrought flood;
I cannot, 'twixt the heaven and the main,
Descry a sail.

Montano. Methinks the wind hath spoke aloud at land;
A fuller blast ne'er shook our battlements.
If it hath ruffian'd so upon the sea,
What ribs of oak, when mountains melt on them,
Can hold the mortise? What shall we hear of this?

2 *Gentleman.* A segregation of the Turkish fleet:
For do but stand upon the foaming shore,

The chidden billow seems to pelt the clouds;
The wind-shak'd surge, with high and monstrous mane,
Seems to cast water on the burning Bear,
And quench the guards of the ever-fixed pole.
I never did like molestation view
On the enchafed flood.

Montano. If that the Turkish fleet
Be not enshelter'd and embay'd, they are drown'd;
It is impossible they bear it out.

Enter a third Gentleman.

3 *Gentleman.* News, lads! our wars are done.
The desperate tempest hath so bang'd the Turks,
That their designment halts; a noble ship of Venice
Hath seen a grievous wreck and sufferance
On most part of their fleet.

Montano. How! is this true?

3 *Gentleman.* The ship is here put in;
A Veronese, Michael Cassio,
Lieutenant to the warlike Moor Othello,
Is come on shore: the Moor himself at sea,
And is in full commission here for Cyprus.

Montano. I am glad on 't; 't is a worthy governor.

3 *Gentleman.* But this same Cassio, though he speak of comfort
Touching the Turkish loss, yet he looks sadly,
And prays the Moor be safe; for they were parted
With foul and violent tempest.

Montano. Pray heavens he be;
For I have serv'd him, and the man commands
Like a full soldier. Let 's to the seaside, ho!
As well to see the vessel that 's come in
As to throw out our eyes for brave Othello,
Even till we make the main and the aerial blue
An indistinct regard.

3 *Gentleman.* Come, let 's do so:
For every minute is expectancy
Of more arrivance.

Enter CASSIO.

Cassio. Thanks, you the valiant of this warlike isle,
That so approve the Moor! O, let the heavens
Give him defence against the elements,
For I have lost him on a dangerous sea.
Montano. Is he well shipp'd?
Cassio. His bark is stoutly timber'd, and his pilot
Of very expert and approv'd allowance;
Therefore my hopes, not surfeited to death,
Stand in bold cure. [*A cry within,* 'A sail, a sail, a sail!'

Enter a fourth Gentleman.

Cassio. What noise?
4 *Gentleman.* The town is empty; on the brow o' the sea
Stand ranks of people, and they cry 'A sail!'
Cassio. My hopes do shape him for the governor.
[*Guns heard.*
2 *Gentleman.* They do discharge their shot of courtesy;
Our friends at least.
Cassio. I pray you, sir, go forth,
And give us truth who 't is that is arriv'd.
2 *Gentleman.* I shall. [*Exit.*
Montano. But, good lieutenant, is your general wiv'd?
Cassio. Most fortunately: he hath achiev'd a maid
That paragons description and wild fame;
One that excels the quirks of blazoning pens,
And in the essential vesture of creation
Does tire the engineer.

Re-enter second Gentleman.

How now! who has put in?

2 *Gentleman.* 'T is one Iago, ancient to the general.
Cassio. He 's had most favourable and happy speed.
Tempests themselves, high seas, and howling winds,
The gutter'd rocks, and congregated sands,—
Traitors ensteep'd to clog the guiltless keel,
As having sense of beauty, do omit
Their mortal natures, letting go safely by
The divine Desdemona.
Montano. What is she?
Cassio. She that I spake of, our great captain's captain,
Left in the conduct of the bold Iago,
Whose footing here anticipates our thoughts
A se'nnight's speed. Great Jove, Othello guard,
And swell his sail with thine own powerful breath,
That he may bless this bay with his tall ship,
Give renew'd fire to our extincted spirits,
And bring all Cyprus comfort!

Enter DESDEMONA, EMILIA, IAGO, RODERIGO, *and* Attendants.

O, behold,
The riches of the ship is come on shore!
Ye men of Cyprus, let her have your knees.—
Hail to thee, lady! and the grace of heaven,
Before, behind thee, and on every hand,
Enwheel thee round!
Desdemona. I thank you, valiant Cassio.
What tidings can you tell me of my lord?
Cassio. He is not yet arriv'd; nor know I aught
But that he 's well and will be shortly here.
Desdemona. O, but I fear— How lost you company?
Cassio. The great contention of the sea and skies
Parted our fellowship— But, hark! a sail.
[*Within* 'A sail, a sail!' *Guns heard.*
2 *Gentleman.* They give their greeting to the citadel;
This likewise is a friend.

Cassio. See for the news.—[*Exit Gentleman.*
Good ancient, you are welcome.—[*To Emilia*] Welcome,
mistress.—
Let it not gall your patience, good Iago,
That I extend my manners; 't is my breeding
That gives me this bold show of courtesy. [*Kissing her.*
Iago. Sir, would she give you so much of her lips
As of her tongue she oft bestows on me,
You 'd have enough.
Desdemona. Alas, she has no speech.
Iago. In faith, too much;
I find it still, when I have list to sleep:
Marry, before your ladyship, I grant,
She puts her tongue a little in her heart,
And chides with thinking.
Emilia. You have little cause to say so.
Iago. Come on, come on; you are pictures out of doors,
Bells in your parlours, wild-cats in your kitchens,
Saints in your injuries, devils being offended,
Players in your housewifery, and housewives in your beds.
Desdemona. O, fie upon thee, slanderer!
Iago. Nay, it is true, or else I am a Turk;
You rise to play, and go to bed to work.
Emilia. You shall not write my praise.
Iago. No, let me not.
Desdemona. What wouldst thou write of me, if thou
shouldst praise me?
Iago. O gentle lady, do not put me to 't;
For I am nothing, if not critical.
Desdemona. Come on, assay.—There 's one gone to the
harbour?
Iago. Ay, madam.
Desdemona. I am not merry; but I do beguile
The thing I am by seeming otherwise.—
Come, how wouldst thou praise me?

Iago. I am about it; but indeed my invention
Comes from my pate as birdlime does from frize;
It plucks out brains and all: but my Muse labours,
And thus she is deliver'd.
If she be fair and wise, fairness and wit,
The one 's for use, the other useth it.

Desdemona. Well prais'd! How if she be black and witty?

Iago. If she be black, and thereto have a wit,
She 'll find a white that shall her blackness fit.

Desdemona. Worse and worse.

Emilia. How if fair and foolish?

Iago. She never yet was foolish that was fair;
For even her folly help'd her to an heir.

Desdemona. These are old fond paradoxes to make fools laugh i' the alehouse. What miserable praise hast thou for her that 's foul and foolish?

Iago. There 's none so foul and foolish thereunto,
But does foul pranks which fair and wise ones do.

Desdemona. O heavy ignorance! thou praisest the worst best. But what praise couldst thou bestow on a deserving woman indeed, one that in the authority of her merit did justly put on the vouch of very malice itself?

Iago. She that was ever fair and never proud,
Had tongue at will and yet was never loud,
Never lack'd gold and yet went never gay,
Fled from her wish and yet said 'Now I may,'
She that being anger'd, her revenge being nigh,
Bade her wrong stay and her displeasure fly,
She that in wisdom never was so frail
To change the cod's head for the salmon's tail,
She that could think and ne'er disclose her mind,
See suitors following and not look behind,
She was a wight, if ever such wight were,—

Desdemona. To do what?

Iago. To suckle fools and chronicle small beer.

Desdemona. O most lame and impotent conclusion!—Do not learn of him, Emilia, though he be thy husband.—How say you, Cassio? is he not a most profane and liberal counsellor?

Cassio. He speaks home, madam; you may relish him more in the soldier than in the scholar.

Iago. [*Aside*] He takes her by the palm: ay, well said, whisper; with as little a web as this will I ensnare as great a fly as Cassio. Ay, smile upon her, do; I will gyve thee in thine own courtship. You say true; 't is so, indeed: if such tricks as these strip you out of your lieutenantry, it had been better you had not kissed your three fingers so oft, which now again you are most apt to play the sir in. Very good; well kissed! an excellent courtesy! 't is so, indeed. Yet again your fingers to your lips?—[*Trumpet within.*] The Moor! I know his trumpet.

Cassio. 'T is truly so.

Desdemona. Let 's meet him and receive him.

Cassio. Lo, where he comes!

Enter OTHELLO *and* Attendants.

Othello. O my fair warrior!

Desdemona. My dear Othello!

Othello. It gives me wonder great as my content
To see you here before me. O my soul's joy!
If after every tempest come such calms,
May the winds blow till they have waken'd death!
And let the labouring bark climb hills of seas
Olympus-high, and duck again as low
As hell 's from heaven! If it were now to die,
'T were now to be most happy; for, I fear,
My soul hath her content so absolute
That not another comfort like to this
Succeeds in unknown fate.

Desdemona. The heavens forbid
But that our loves and comforts should increase,
Even as our days do grow!
Othello. Amen to that, sweet powers!
I cannot speak enough of this content;
It stops me here; it is too much of joy:
And this, and this, the greatest discords be [*Kissing her.*
That e'er our hearts shall make!
Iago. [*Aside*] O, you are well tun'd now!
But I 'll set down the pegs that make this music,
As honest as I am.
Othello. Come, let us to the castle.
News, friends; our wars are done, the Turks are drown'd.
How does my old acquaintance of this isle?—
Honey, you shall be well desir'd in Cyprus;
I have found great love amongst them. O my sweet,
I prattle out of fashion, and I dote
In mine own comforts.—I prithee, good Iago,
Go to the bay and disembark my coffers;
Bring thou the master to the citadel;
He is a good one, and his worthiness
Does challenge much respect.—Come, Desdemona,
Once more, well met at Cyprus.

[*Exeunt Othello, Desdemona, and Attendants.*

Iago. Do thou meet me presently at the harbour.—Come hither.—If thou be'st valiant,—as, they say, base men being in love have then a nobility in their natures more than is native to them,—list me. The lieutenant to-night watches on the court of guard. First, I must tell thee this—Desdemona is directly in love with him.

Roderigo. With him! why, 't is not possible.

Iago. Lay thy finger thus, and let thy soul be instructed. Mark me with what violence she first loved the Moor, but for bragging and telling her fantastical lies; and will she love him still for prating? let not thy discreet heart think it.

Her eye must be fed; and what delight shall she have to look on the devil? When the blood is made dull, there should be, again to inflame it and to give satiety a fresh appetite, loveliness in favour, sympathy in years, manners, and beauties; all which the Moor is defective in. Now, for want of these required conveniences, her delicate tenderness will find itself abused, begin to heave the gorge, disrelish and abhor the Moor; very nature will instruct her in it, and compel her to some second choice. Now, sir, this granted,—as it is a most pregnant and unforced position—who stands so eminent in the degree of this fortune as Cassio does? a knave very voluble; no further conscionable than in putting on the mere form of civil and humane seeming, for the better compassing of his salt and most hidden loose affection? why, none; why, none: a slipper and subtle knave, a finder of occasions, that has an eye can stamp and counterfeit advantages, though true advantage never present itself; a devilish knave! Besides, the knave is handsome, young, and hath all those requisites in him that folly and green minds look after: a pestilent complete knave; and the woman hath found him already.

Roderigo. I cannot believe that in her; she 's full of most blessed condition.

Iago. Blessed fig's end! the wine she drinks is made of grapes; if she had been blessed, she would never have loved the Moor. Blessed pudding! Didst thou not see her paddle with the palm of his hand? didst not mark that?

Roderigo. Yes, that I did; but that was but courtesy.

Iago. Lechery, by this hand; an index and obscure prologue to the history of lust and foul thoughts. They met so near with their lips that their breaths embraced together. Villanous thoughts, Roderigo!—But, sir, be you ruled by me; I have brought you from Venice. Watch you to-night; for the command I 'll lay 't upon you. Cassio knows you not. I 'll not be far from you; do you find some occasion to an-

ger Cassio, either by speaking too loud, or tainting his discipline, or from what other course you please, which the time shall more favourably minister.

Roderigo. Well.

Iago. Sir, he is rash and very sudden in choler, and haply may strike at you: provoke him that he may; for even out of that will I cause these of Cyprus to mutiny, whose qualification shall come into no true taste again but by the displanting of Cassio. So shall you have a shorter journey to your desires by the means I shall then have to prefer them; and the impediment most profitably removed, without the which there were no expectation of our prosperity.

Roderigo. I will do this, if I can bring it to any opportunity.

Iago. I warrant thee. Meet me by and by at the citadel; I must fetch his necessaries ashore. Farewell.

Roderigo. Adieu. [*Exit.*

Iago. That Cassio loves her, I do well believe it;
That she loves him, 't is apt and of great credit:
The Moor, howbeit that I endure him not,
Is of a constant, loving, noble nature,
And I dare think he 'll prove to Desdemona
A most dear husband. Now, I do love her too;
Not out of absolute lust, though peradventure
I stand accountant for as great a sin,
But partly led to diet my revenge,
For that I do suspect the lusty Moor
Hath leap'd into my seat: the thought whereof
Doth like a poisonous mineral gnaw my inwards;
And nothing can or shall content my soul
Till I am even'd with him, wife for wife,
Or failing so, yet that I put the Moor
At least into a jealousy so strong
That judgment cannot cure. Which thing to do,
If this poor trash of Venice, whom I trash

For his quick hunting, stand the putting on,
I 'll have our Michael Cassio on the hip,
Abuse him to the Moor in the rank garb—
For I fear Cassio with my nightcap too—
Make the Moor thank me, love me, and reward me,
For making him egregiously an ass
And practising upon his peace and quiet
Even to madness. 'T is here, but yet confus'd; 298
Knavery's plain face is never seen till us'd. [*Exit.*

SCENE II. *A Street.*

Enter a Herald *with a proclamation;* People *following.*

Herald. It is Othello's pleasure, our noble and valiant general, that, upon certain tidings now arrived, importing the mere perdition of the Turkish fleet, every man put himself into triumph; some to dance, some to make bonfires, each man to what sport and revels his addiction leads him: for, besides these beneficial news, it is the celebration of his nuptial. So much was his pleasure should be proclaimed. All offices are open, and there is full liberty of feasting from this present hour of five till the bell have told eleven. Heaven bless the isle of Cyprus and our noble general Othello!

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE III. *A Hall in the Castle.*

Enter OTHELLO, DESDEMONA, CASSIO, *and* Attendants.

Othello. Good Michael, look you to the guard to-night;
Let 's teach ourselves that honourable stop,
Not to outsport discretion.

Cassio. Iago hath direction what to do;
But, notwithstanding, with my personal eye
Will I look to 't.

Othello. Iago is most honest.
Michael, good night; to-morrow with your earliest

Let me have speech with you.—[*To Desdemona*] Come, my dear love.—
Good night. [*Exeunt Othello, Desdemona, and Attendants.*

Enter IAGO.

Cassio. Welcome, Iago; we must to the watch.

Iago. Not this hour, lieutenant; 't is not yet ten o' the clock. Our general cast us thus early for the love of his Desdemona, who let us not therefore blame.

Cassio. She 's a most exquisite lady.

Iago. What an eye she has! methinks it sounds a parley of provocation.

Cassio. An inviting eye; and yet methinks right modest.

Iago. And when she speaks, is it not an alarum to love?

Cassio. She is indeed perfection.

Iago. Well, happiness to their sheets! Come, lieutenant, I have a stoup of wine; and here without are a brace of Cyprus gallants that would fain have a measure to the health of black Othello.

Cassio. Not to-night, good Iago. I have very poor and unhappy brains for drinking; I could well wish courtesy would invent some other custom of entertainment.

Iago. O, they are our friends; but one cup: I 'll drink for you.

Cassio. I have drunk but one cup to-night, and that was craftily qualified too, and behold what innovation it makes here. I am unfortunate in the infirmity, and dare not task my weakness with any more.

Iago. What, man! 't is a night of revels; the gallants desire it.

Cassio. Where are they?

Iago. Here at the door; I pray you, call them in.

Cassio. I 'll do 't; but it dislikes me. [*Exit.*

Iago. If I can fasten but one cup upon him,
With that which he hath drunk to-night already,

He 'll be as full of quarrel and offence
As my young mistress' dog. Now, my sick fool Roderigo,
Whom love hath turn'd almost the wrong side out,
To Desdemona hath to-night carous'd
Potations pottle-deep; and he 's to watch.
Three lads of Cyprus,—noble swelling spirits,
That hold their honours in a wary distance,
The very elements of this warlike isle,—
Have I to-night fluster'd with flowing cups,
And they watch too. Now, 'mongst this flock of drunkards,
Am I to put our Cassio in some action
That may offend the isle.—But here they come:
If consequence do but approve my dream,
My boat sails freely, both with wind and stream.

Re-enter CASSIO; *with him* MONTANO *and* Gentlemen; *Servants following with wine.*

Cassio. Fore God, they have given me a rouse already.

Montano. Good faith, a little one; not past a pint, as I am a soldier.

Iago. Some wine, ho!

[Sings] *And let me the canakin clink, clink!*
And let me the canakin clink!
A soldier 's a man;
A life 's but a span;
Why, then, let a soldier drink!

Some wine, boys!

Cassio. Fore God, an excellent song.

Iago. I learned it in England, where, indeed, they are most potent in potting; your Dane, your German, and your swag-bellied Hollander—Drink, ho!—are nothing to your English.

Cassio. Is your Englishman so exquisite in his drinking?

Iago. Why, he drinks you with facility your Dane dead drunk; he sweats not to overthrow your Almain; he gives your Hollander a vomit ere the next pottle can be filled.

Cassio. To the health of our general!

Montano. I am for it, lieutenant; and I 'll do you justice.

Iago. O sweet England!

[Sings] *King Stephen was a worthy peer,*
His breeches cost him but a crown;
He held them sixpence all too dear,
With that he call'd the tailor lown.
He was a wight of high renown,
And thou art but of low degree:
'T is pride that pulls the country down;
Then take thine auld cloak about thee.

Some wine, ho!

Cassio. Why, this is a more exquisite song than the other.

Iago. Will you hear 't again?

Cassio. No; for I hold him to be unworthy of his place that does those things. Well, God 's above all; and there be souls must be saved, and there be souls must not be saved.

Iago. It 's true, good lieutenant.

Cassio. For mine own part,—no offence to the general, nor any man of quality,—I hope to be saved.

Iago. And so do I too, lieutenant.

Cassio. Ay, but, by your leave, not before me; the lieutenant is to be saved before the ancient. Let 's have no more of this; let 's to our affairs.—Forgive us our sins!—Gentlemen, let 's look to our business.—Do not think, gentlemen, I am drunk: this is my ancient; this is my right hand, and this is my left. I am not drunk now; I can stand well enough, and speak well enough.

All. Excellent well.

Cassio. Why, very well then; you must not think then that I am drunk. [*Exit.*

Montano. To the platform, masters; come, let 's set the watch.

Iago. You see this fellow that is gone before;
He is a soldier fit to stand by Cæsar
And give direction: and do but see his vice.
'T is to his virtue a just equinox,
The one as long as the other; 't is pity of him.
I fear the trust Othello puts him in,
On some odd time of his infirmity,
Will shake this island.

Montano. But is he often thus?

Iago. 'T is evermore the prologue to his sleep;
He 'll watch the horologe a double set,
If drink rock not his cradle.

Montano. It were well
The general were put in mind of it.
Perhaps he sees it not; or his good nature
Prizes the virtue that appears in Cassio,
And looks not on his evils: is not this true?

Enter RODERIGO.

Iago. [*Aside to him*] How now, Roderigo!
I pray you, after the lieutenant; go. [*Exit Roderigo.*

Montano. And 't is great pity that the noble Moor
Should hazard such a place as his own second
With one of an ingraft infirmity;
It were an honest action to say
So to the Moor.

Iago. Not I, for this fair island;
I do love Cassio well, and would do much
To cure him of this evil—But, hark! what noise?
[*Cry within:* 'Help! help!'

Enter CASSIO, *pursuing* RODERIGO.

Cassio. You rogue! you rascal!

Montano. What 's the matter, lieutenant?
Cassio. A knave teach me my duty!
I 'll beat the knave into a twiggen bottle.
Roderigo. Beat me!
Cassio. Dost thou prate, rogue? [*Striking Roderigo.*
Montano. Nay, good lieutenant; [*Staying him.*
I pray you, sir, hold your hand.
Cassio. Let me go, sir,
Or I 'll knock you o'er the mazzard.
Montano. Come, come, you 're drunk.
Cassio. Drunk! [*They fight.*
Iago. [*Aside to Roderigo*] Away, I say; go out, and cry a mutiny. [*Exit Roderigo.*
Nay, good lieutenant,—alas, gentlemen!—
Help, ho!—Lieutenant,—sir,—Montano,—sir;—
Help, masters!—Here 's a goodly watch indeed! [*Bell rings.*
Who 's that which rings the bell?—Diablo, ho!
The town will rise; God's will, lieutenant, hold!
You will be sham'd for ever.

Enter OTHELLO *and* Attendants.

Othello. What is the matter here?
Montano. Zounds, I bleed still; I am hurt to the death. [*Faints.*
Othello. Hold, for your lives!
Iago. Hold, ho! Lieutenant,—sir,—Montano,—gentlemen!—
Have you forgot all sense of place and duty?
Hold! the general speaks to you; hold, hold, for shame!
Othello. Why, how now, ho! from whence ariseth this?
Are we turn'd Turks, and to ourselves do that
Which heaven hath forbid the Ottomites?

For Christian shame, put by this barbarous brawl!
He that stirs next to carve for his own rage
Holds his soul light; he dies upon his motion.—
Silence that dreadful bell! it frights the isle
From her propriety.—What is the matter, masters?—
Honest Iago, that look'st dead with grieving,
Speak, who began this? on thy love, I charge thee.

Iago. I do not know: friends all but now, even now,
In quarter, and in terms like bride and groom
Devesting them for bed; and then, but now—
As if some planet had unwitted men—
Swords out, and tilting one at other's breast,
In opposition bloody. I cannot speak
Any beginning to this peevish odds;
And would in action glorious I had lost
Those legs that brought me to a part of it!

Othello. How comes it, Michael, you are thus forgot?

Cassio. I pray you, pardon me; I cannot speak.

Othello. Worthy Montano, you were wont be civil;
The gravity and stillness of your youth
The world hath noted, and your name is great
In mouths of wisest censure: what 's the matter,
That you unlace your reputation thus,
And spend your rich opinion for the name
Of a night-brawler? give me answer to it.

Montano. Worthy Othello, I am hurt to danger:
Your officer, Iago, can inform you,—
While I spare speech, which something now offends me,—
Of all that I do know; nor know I aught
By me that 's said or done amiss this night,
Unless self-charity be sometimes a vice,
And to defend ourselves it be a sin
When violence assails us.

Othello. Now, by heaven,
My blood begins my safer guides to rule;

And passion, having my best judgment collied,
Assays to lead the way. If I once stir,
Or do but lift this arm, the best of you
Shall sink in my rebuke. Give me to know
How this foul rout began, who set it on,
And he that is approv'd in this offence,
Though he had twinn'd with me, both at a birth,
Shall lose me.—What! in a town of war,
Yet wild, the people's hearts brimful of fear,
To manage private and domestic quarrel,
In night, and on the court and guard of safety!
'T is monstrous.—Iago, who began 't?

Montano. If partially affin'd, or leagu'd in office,
Thou dost deliver more or less than truth,
Thou art no soldier.

Iago. Touch me not so near:
I had rather have this tongue cut from my mouth
Than it should do offence to Michael Cassio;
Yet, I persuade myself, to speak the truth
Shall nothing wrong him.—Thus it is, general.
Montano and myself being in speech,
There comes a fellow crying out for help,
And Cassio following him with determin'd sword,
To execute upon him. Sir, this gentleman
Steps in to Cassio, and entreats his pause;
Myself the crying fellow did pursue,
Lest by his clamour—as it so fell out—
The town might fall in fright; he, swift of foot,
Outran my purpose, and I return'd the rather
For that I heard the clink and fall of swords,
And Cassio high in oath, which till to-night
I ne'er might say before. When I came back—
For this was brief—I found them close together,
At blow and thrust, even as again they were
When you yourself did part them.

More of this matter cannot I report:
But men are men; the best sometimes forget.
Though Cassio did some little wrong to him,
As men in rage strike those that wish them best,
Yet surely Cassio, I believe, receiv'd
From him that fled some strange indignity,
Which patience could not pass.

Othello. I know, Iago,
Thy honesty and love doth mince this matter,
Making it light to Cassio.—Cassio, I love thee;
But never more be officer of mine.—

Re-enter DESDEMONA, *attended.*

Look, if my gentle love be not rais'd up!—
I 'll make thee an example.

Desdemona. What 's the matter?

Othello. All 's well now, sweeting; come away to bed.—
Sir, for your hurts, myself will be your surgeon.—
Lead him off.— [*Montano is led off.*
Iago, look with care about the town,
And silence those whom this vile brawl distracted.—
Come, Desdemona; 't is the soldiers' life
To have their balmy slumbers wak'd with strife.

[*Exeunt all but Iago and Cassio.*

Iago. What, are you hurt, lieutenant?

Cassio. Ay, past all surgery.

Iago. Marry, heaven forbid!

Cassio. Reputation, reputation, reputation! O, I have lost my reputation! I have lost the immortal part of myself, and what remains is bestial. My reputation, Iago, my reputation!

Iago. As I am an honest man, I thought you had received some bodily wound; there is more sense in that than in reputation. Reputation is an idle and most false imposition; oft got without merit, and lost without deserving: you have lost

no reputation at all, unless you repute yourself such a loser. What, man! there are ways to recover the general again: you are but now cast in his mood, a punishment more in policy than in malice; even so as one would beat his offenceless dog to affright an imperious lion. Sue to him again, and he 's yours.

Cassio. I will rather sue to be despised than to deceive so good a commander with so slight, so drunken, and so indiscreet an officer. Drunk? and speak parrot? and squabble? swagger? swear? and discourse fustian with one's own shadow?—O thou invisible spirit of wine, if thou hast no name to be known by, let us call thee devil!

Iago. What was he that you followed with your sword? What had he done to you?

Cassio. I know not.

Iago. Is 't possible?

Cassio. I remember a mass of things, but nothing distinctly; a quarrel, but nothing wherefore.—O God, that men should put an enemy in their mouths to steal away their brains! that we should, with joy, pleasance, revel, and applause, transform ourselves into beasts!

Iago. Why, but you are now well enough; how came you thus recovered?

Cassio. It hath pleased the devil drunkenness to give place to the devil wrath; one unperfectness shows me another, to make me frankly despise myself.

Iago. Come, you are too severe a moraler. As the time, the place, and the condition of this country stands, I could heartily wish this had not befallen; but, since it is as it is, mend it for your own good.

Cassio. I will ask him for my place again; he shall tell me I am a drunkard! Had I as many mouths as Hydra, such an answer would stop them all. To be now a sensible man, by and by a fool, and presently a beast! O strange! Every inordinate cup is unblest, and the ingredient is a devil.

Iago. Come, come, good wine is a good familiar creature, if it be well used; exclaim no more against it. And, good lieutenant, I think you think I love you.

Cassio. I have well approved it, sir.—I drunk!

Iago. You or any man living may be drunk at a time, man. I 'll tell you what you shall do. Our general's wife is now the general; I may say so in this respect, for that he hath devoted and given up himself to the contemplation, mark, and denotement of her parts and graces. Confess yourself freely to her; importune her help to put you in your place again. She is of so free, so kind, so apt, so blessed a disposition, she holds it a vice in her goodness not to do more than she is requested. This broken joint between you and her husband entreat her to splinter; and, my fortunes against any lay worth naming, this crack of your love shall grow stronger than it was before.

Cassio. You advise me well.

Iago. I protest, in the sincerity of love and honest kindness.

Cassio. I think it freely; and betimes in the morning I will beseech the virtuous Desdemona to undertake for me. I am desperate of my fortunes if they check me here.

Iago. You are in the right. Good night, lieutenant; I must to the watch.

Cassio. Good night, honest Iago. [*Exit.*

Iago. And what 's he then that says I play the villain?
When this advice is free I give and honest,
Probal to thinking, and indeed the course
To win the Moor again? For 't is most easy
The inclining Desdemona to subdue
In any honest suit; she 's fram'd as fruitful
As the free elements. And then for her
To win the Moor—were 't to renounce his baptism,
All seals and symbols of redeemed sin,
His soul is so enfetter'd to her love,

That she may make, unmake, do what she list,
Even as her appetite shall play the god
With his weak function. How am I then a villain
To counsel Cassio to this parallel course,
Directly to his good? Divinity of hell!
When devils will the blackest sins put on,
They do suggest at first with heavenly shows,
As I do now: for whiles this honest fool
Plies Desdemona to repair his fortunes,
And she for him pleads strongly to the Moor,
I 'll pour this pestilence into his ear,—
That she repeals him for her body's lust;
And by how much she strives to do him good,
She shall undo her credit with the Moor.
So will I turn her virtue into pitch,
And out of her own goodness make the net
That shall enmesh them all.—

Enter RODERIGO.

How now, Roderigo!

Roderigo. I do follow here in the chase, not like a hound that hunts, but one that fills up the cry. My money is almost spent; I have been to-night exceedingly well cudgelled; and I think the issue will be, I shall have so much experience for my pains, and so, with no money at all and a little more wit, return again to Venice.

Iago. How poor are they that have not patience!
What wound did ever heal but by degrees?
Thou know'st we work by wit and not by witchcraft,
And wit depends on dilatory time.
Does 't not go well? Cassio hath beaten thee,
And thou, by that small hurt, hast cashier'd Cassio.
Though other things grow fair against the sun,
Yet fruits that blossom first will first be ripe;
Content thyself awhile.—By the mass, 't is morning;

Pleasure and action make the hours seem short.
Retire thee; go where thou art billeted.
Away, I say; thou shalt know more hereafter:
Nay, get thee gone.—[*Exit Roderigo.*] Two things are to be done:
My wife must move for Cassio to her mistress;
I 'll set her on:
Myself the while to draw the Moor apart,
And bring him jump when he may Cassio find
Soliciting his wife.—Ay, that 's the way;
Dull not device by coldness and delay. [*Exit.*

MELPOMENE, THE MUSE OF TRAGEDY.

VENETIAN REMAINS AT FAMAGUSTA, CYPRUS.

ACT III.

SCENE I. *Before the Castle.*

Enter CASSIO *and some* Musicians.

Cassio. Masters, play here ; I will content your pains ;
Something that 's brief ; and bid good morrow, general.
[*Music.*

Enter Clown.

Clown. Why, masters, have your instruments been in Naples, that they speak i' the nose thus?

1 *Musician.* How, sir, how!

Clown. Are these, I pray you, wind instruments?

1 *Musician.* Ay, marry, are they, sir.

Clown. O, thereby hangs a tale. But, masters, here 's money for you; and the general so likes your music, that he desires you, for love's sake, to make no more noise with it.

1 *Musician.* Well, sir, we will not.

Clown. If you have any music that may not be heard, to 't again; but, as they say, to hear music the general does not greatly care.

1 *Musician.* We have none such, sir.

Clown. Then put up your pipes in your bag, for I 'll away. Go; vanish into air; away! [*Exeunt Musicians.*

Cassio. Dost thou hear, my honest friend?

Clown. No, I hear not your honest friend; I hear you.

Cassio. Prithee, keep up thy quillets. There 's a poor piece of gold for thee. If the gentlewoman that attends the general's wife be stirring, tell her there 's one Cassio entreats her a little favour of speech; wilt thou do this?

Clown. She is stirring, sir; if she will stir hither, I shall seem to notify unto her.

Cassio. Do, good my friend. [*Exit Clown.*

Enter IAGO.

In happy time, Iago.

Iago. You have not been a-bed, then?

Cassio. Why, no; the day had broke
Before we parted. I have made bold, Iago,
To send in to your wife; my suit to her
Is, that she will to virtuous Desdemona
Procure me some access.

Iago. I 'll send her to you presently;
And I 'll devise a mean to draw the Moor
Out of the way, that your converse and business
May be more free.

Cassio. I humbly thank you for 't.—[*Exit Iago.*] I never knew
A Florentine more kind and honest.

Enter EMILIA.

Emilia. Good morrow, good lieutenant; I am sorry
For your displeasure, but all will sure be well.
The general and his wife are talking of it;
And she speaks for you stoutly: the Moor replies,
That he you hurt is of great fame in Cyprus
And great affinity, and that in wholesome wisdom
He might not but refuse you; but he protests he loves you,
And needs no other suitor but his likings
To take the safest occasion by the front
To bring you in again.

Cassio. Yet, I beseech you,
If you think fit, or that it may be done,
Give me advantage of some brief discourse
With Desdemona alone.

Emilia. Pray you, come in;
I will bestow you where you shall have time
To speak your bosom freely.

Cassio. I am much bound to you.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II. *A Room in the Castle.*

Enter OTHELLO, IAGO, *and* Gentlemen.

Othello. These letters give, Iago, to the pilot;
And by him do my duties to the senate.
That done, I will be walking on the works;
Repair there to me.

Iago. Well, my good lord, I 'll do 't.

Othello. This fortification, gentlemen, shall we see 't?

Gentlemen. We 'll wait upon your lordship. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III. *The Garden of the Castle.*

Enter DESDEMONA, CASSIO, *and* EMILIA.

Desdemona. Be thou assur'd, good Cassio, I will do
All my abilities in thy behalf.

Emilia. Good madam, do; I warrant it grieves my husband,
As if the case were his.

Desdemona. O, that 's an honest fellow.—Do not doubt, Cassio,
But I will have my lord and you again
As friendly as you were.

Cassio. Bounteous madam,
Whatever shall become of Michael Cassio,
He 's never any thing but your true servant.

Desdemona. I know 't; I thank you. You do love my lord:
You have known him long; and be you well assur'd
He shall in strangeness stand no further off
Than in a politic distance.

Cassio. Ay, but, lady,
That policy may either last so long,
Or feed upon such nice and waterish diet,
Or breed itself so out of circumstance,
That, I being absent and my place supplied,
My general will forget my love and service.

Desdemona. Do not doubt that; before Emilia here
I give thee warrant of thy place. Assure thee,
If I do vow a friendship, I 'll perform it
To the last article: my lord shall never rest;
I 'll watch him tame and talk him out of patience;
His bed shall seem a school, his board a shrift;
I 'll intermingle every thing he does
With Cassio's suit. Therefore be merry, Cassio;

For thy solicitor shall rather die
Than give thy cause away.
Emilia. Madam, here comes my lord.
Cassio. Madam, I 'll take my leave.
Desdemona. Why, stay, and hear me speak.
Cassio. Madam, not now ; I am very ill at ease,
Unfit for mine own purposes.
Desdemona. Well, do your discretion. [*Exit Cassio.*

Enter OTHELLO *and* IAGO.

Iago. Ha ! I like not that.
Othello. What dost thou say ?
Iago. Nothing, my lord ; or if—I know not what.
Othello. Was not that Cassio parted from my wife ?
Iago. Cassio, my lord ! No, sure, I cannot think it,
That he would steal away so guilty-like,
Seeing you coming.
Othello. I do believe 't was he.
Desdemona. How now, my lord !
I have been talking with a suitor here,
A man that languishes in your displeasure.
Othello. Who is 't you mean ?
Desdemona. Why, your lieutenant, Cassio. Good my lord,
If I have any grace or power to move you,
His present reconciliation take ;
For if he be not one that truly loves you,
That errs in ignorance and not in cunning,
I have no judgment in an honest face.
I prithee, call him back.
Othello. Went he hence now ?
Desdemona. Ay, sooth ; so humbled
That he hath left part of his grief with me,
To suffer with him. Good love, call him back.
Othello. Not now, sweet Desdemona ; some other time.
Desdemona. But shall 't be shortly ?

Othello. The sooner, sweet, for you.
Desdemona. Shall 't be to-night at supper?
Othello. No, not to-night.
Desdemona. To-morrow dinner, then?
Othello. I shall not dine at home;
I meet the captains at the citadel.
Desdemona. Why, then, to-morrow night, or Tuesday morn;
On Tuesday noon, or night; on Wednesday morn:
I prithee name the time, but let it not
Exceed three days. In faith, he 's penitent;
And yet his trespass, in our common reason—
Save that, they say, the wars must make examples
Out of their best—is not almost a fault
To incur a private check. When shall he come?
Tell me, Othello; I wonder in my soul,
What you would ask me that I should deny,
Or stand so mammering on. What! Michael Cassio,
That came a-wooing with you, and so many a time,
When I have spoke of you dispraisingly,
Hath ta'en your part,—to have so much to do
To bring him in! Trust me, I could do much—
Othello. Prithee, no more: let him come when he will;
I will deny thee nothing.
Desdemona. Why, this is not a boon;
'T is as I should entreat you wear your gloves,
Or feed on nourishing dishes, or keep you warm,
Or sue to you to do a peculiar profit
To your own person: nay, when I have a suit
Wherein I mean to touch your love indeed,
It shall be full of poise and difficult weight,
And fearful to be granted.
Othello. I will deny thee nothing;
Whereon, I do beseech thee, grant me this,
To leave me but a little to myself.
Desdemona. Shall I deny you? no; farewell, my lord.

Othello. Farewell, my Desdemona; I 'll come to thee straight.

Desdemona. Emilia, come.—Be as your fancies teach you;
Whate'er you be, I am obedient.

[*Exeunt Desdemona and Emilia.*

Othello. Excellent wretch! Perdition catch my soul,
But I do love thee! and when I love thee not,
Chaos is come again.

Iago. My noble lord,—

Othello. What dost thou say, Iago?

Iago. Did Michael Cassio, when you woo'd my lady,
Know of your love?

Othello. He did, from first to last; why dost thou ask?

Iago. But for a satisfaction of my thought;
No further harm.

Othello. Why of thy thought, Iago?

Iago. I did not think he had been acquainted with her.

Othello. O, yes; and went between us very oft.

Iago. Indeed!

Othello. Indeed! ay, indeed; discern'st thou aught in that?
Is he not honest?

Iago. Honest, my lord!

Othello. Honest! ay, honest.

Iago. My lord, for aught I know.

Othello. What dost thou think?

Iago. Think, my lord!

Othello. Think, my lord!
By heaven, he echoes me,
As if there were some monster in his thought
Too hideous to be shown.—Thou dost mean something.
I heard thee say even now, thou lik'dst not that,
When Cassio left my wife: what didst not like?
And when I told thee he was of my counsel
In my whole course of wooing, thou criedst 'Indeed!'
And didst contract and purse thy brow together,

As if thou then hadst shut up in thy brain
Some horrible conceit. If thou dost love me,
Show me thy thought.
Iago. My lord, you know I love you.
Othello. I think thou dost;
And, for I know thou 'rt full of love and honesty,
And weigh'st thy words before thou giv'st them breath,
Therefore these stops of thine fright me the more:
For such things in a false disloyal knave
Are tricks of custom, but in a man that 's just
They are close delations, working from the heart
That passion cannot rule.
Iago. For Michael Cassio,
I dare be sworn I think that he is honest.
Othello. I think so too.
Iago. Men should be what they seem;
Or those that be not, would they might seem none!
Othello. Certain, men should be what they seem.
Iago. Why, then, I think Cassio 's an honest man.
Othello. Nay, yet there 's more in this.
I prithee, speak to me as to thy thinkings,
As thou dost ruminate, and give thy worst of thoughts
The worst of words.
Iago. Good, my lord, pardon me;
Though I am bound to every act of duty,
I am not bound to that all slaves are free to.
Utter my thoughts? Why, say they are vile and false,—
As where 's that palace whereinto foul things
Sometimes intrude not? who has a breast so pure,
But some uncleanly apprehensions
Keep leets and law-days, and in session sit
With meditations lawful?
Othello. Thou dost conspire against thy friend, Iago,
If thou but think'st him wrong'd and mak'st his ear
A stranger to thy thoughts.

Iago. I do beseech you—
Though I perchance am vicious in my guess,
As, I confess, it is my nature's plague
To spy into abuses, and oft my jealousy
Shapes faults that are not—that your wisdom yet,
From one that so imperfectly conceits, a man that forms imperfect
Would take no notice, nor build yourself a trouble
Out of his scattering and unsure observance. random, observation
It were not for your quiet nor your good,
Nor for my manhood, honesty, or wisdom,
To let you know my thoughts.
Othello. What dost thou mean?
Iago. Good name in man and woman, dear my lord,
Is the immediate jewel of their souls. spontaneously held to be such.
Who steals my purse steals trash; 't is something, nothing; not held to be such though the sentence
'T was mine, 't is his, and has been slave to thousands; of the fleeting
But he that filches from me my good name
Robs me of that which not enriches him
And makes me poor indeed.
Othello. By heaven, I 'll know thy thoughts.
Iago. You cannot, if my heart were in your hand;
Nor shall not, whilst 't is in my custody.
Othello. Ha!
Iago. O, beware, my lord, of jealousy; suspicion in love
It is the green-eyed monster which doth mock decide, and despise
The meat it feeds on: that cuckold lives in bliss
Who, certain of his fate, loves not his wronger;
But, O, what damned minutes tells he o'er
Who dotes, yet doubts, suspects, yet strongly loves!
Othello. O misery!
Iago. Poor and content is rich, and rich enough;
But riches fineless is as poor as winter
To him that ever fears he shall be poor.
Good heaven, the souls of all my tribe defend
From jealousy!

Othello. Why, why is this?
Think'st thou I 'd make a life of jealousy,
To follow still the changes of the moon
With fresh suspicions? No; to be once in doubt
Is once to be resolv'd: exchange me for a goat,
When I shall turn the business of my soul
To such exsufflicate and blown surmises,
Matching thy inference. 'T is not to make me jealous
To say my wife is fair, feeds well, loves company,
Is free of speech, sings, plays, and dances well;
Where virtue is, these are more virtuous:
Nor from mine own weak merits will I draw
The smallest fear or doubt of her revolt;
For she had eyes, and chose me. No, Iago!
I 'll see before I doubt; when I doubt, prove:
And on the proof there is no more but this,—
Away at once with love or jealousy!

Iago. I am glad of it; for now I shall have reason
To show the love and duty that I bear you
With franker spirit; therefore, as I am bound,
Receive it from me. I speak not yet of proof.
Look to your wife; observe her well with Cassio;
Wear your eye thus, not jealous nor secure:
I would not have your free and noble nature
Out of self-bounty be abus'd; look to 't.
I know our country disposition well:
In Venice they do let heaven see the pranks
They dare not show their husbands; their best conscience
Is not to leave 't undone, but keep 't unknown.

Othello. Dost thou say so?

Iago. She did deceive her father, marrying you;
And when she seem'd to shake and fear your looks,
She lov'd them most.

Othello. And so she did.

Iago. Why, go to, then;

She that, so young, could give out such a seeming,
To seel her father's eyes up close as oak—
He thought 't was witchcraft—but I am much to blame;
I humbly do beseech you of your pardon
For too much loving you.
Othello. I am bound to thee for ever.
Iago. I see this hath a little dash'd your spirits.
Othello. Not a jot, not a jot.
Iago. I' faith, I fear it has.
I hope you will consider what is spoke
Comes from my love. But I do see you 're mov'd:
I am to pray you not to strain my speech
To grosser issues nor to larger reach
Than to suspicion.
Othello. I will not.
Iago. Should you do so, my lord,
My speech should fall into such vile success
As my thoughts aim not at. Cassio 's my worthy friend—
My lord, I see you 're mov'd.
Othello. No, not much mov'd;
I do not think but Desdemona 's honest.
Iago. Long live she so! and long live you to think so!
Othello. And yet, how nature erring from itself,—
Iago. Ay, there 's the point; as—to be bold with you—
Not to affect many proposed matches
Of her own clime, complexion, and degree,
Whereto we see in all things nature tends—
Foh! one may smell in such a will most rank,
Foul disproportion, thoughts unnatural.—
But pardon me; I do not in position
Distinctly speak of her, though I may fear
Her will, recoiling to her better judgment,
May fall to match you with her country forms
And happily repent.
Othello. Farewell, farewell:

If more thou dost perceive, let me know more;
Set on thy wife to observe: leave me, Iago.
Iago. [*Going*] My lord, I take my leave.
Othello. Why did I marry? This honest creature doubtless
Sees and knows more, much more, than he unfolds.
Iago. [*Returning*] My lord, I would I might entreat your honour
To scan this thing no further; leave it to time.
Though it be fit that Cassio have his place,
For, sure, he fills it up with great ability,
Yet, if you please to hold him off awhile,
You shall by that perceive him and his means.
Note if your lady strain his entertainment
With any strong or vehement importunity;
Much will be seen in that. In the mean time,
Let me be thought too busy in my fears—
As worthy cause I have to fear I am—
And hold her free, I do beseech your honour.
Othello. Fear not my government.
Iago. I once more take my leave. [*Exit.*
Othello. This fellow 's of exceeding honesty,
And knows all qualities, with a learned spirit,
Of human dealings. If I do prove her haggard,
Though that her jesses were my dear heart-strings,
I 'd whistle her off and let her down the wind,
To prey at fortune. Haply, for I am black,
And have not those soft parts of conversation
That chamberers have, or for I am declin'd
Into the vale of years,—yet that 's not much—
She 's gone. I am abus'd; and my relief
Must be to loathe her. O curse of marriage,
That we can call these delicate creatures ours,
And not their appetites! I had rather be a toad,
And live upon the vapour of a dungeon,

Than keep a corner in the thing I love
For others' uses. Yet, 't is the plague of great ones;
Prerogativ'd are they less than the base;
'T is destiny unshunnable, like death:
Even then this forked plague is fated to us
When we do quicken.—Desdemona comes.

Enter DESDEMONA *and* EMILIA.

If she be false, O, then heaven mocks itself!
I 'll not believe 't.

Desdemona. How now, my dear Othello!
Your dinner, and the generous islanders
By you invited, do attend your presence.

Othello. I am to blame.

Desdemona. Why do you speak so faintly?
Are you not well?

Othello. I have a pain upon my forehead here.

Desdemona. Faith, that 's with watching; 't will away again:
Let me but bind it hard, within this hour
It will be well.

Othello. Your napkin is too little;

[*He puts the handkerchief from him; and it drops.*

Let it alone. Come, I 'll go in with you.

Desdemona. I am very sorry that you are not well.

[*Exeunt Othello and Desdemona.*

Emilia. I am glad I have found this napkin.
This was her first remembrance from the Moor:
My wayward husband hath a hundred times
Woo'd me to steal it; but she so loves the token,
For he conjur'd her she should ever keep it,
That she reserves it evermore about her
To kiss and talk to. I 'll have the work ta'en out,
And give 't Iago: what he will do with it
Heaven knows, not I;
I nothing but to please his fantasy.

Enter IAGO.

Iago. How now! what do you here alone?

Emilia. Do not you chide; I have a thing for you.

Iago. A thing for me? it is a common thing—

Emilia. Ha!

Iago. To have a foolish wife.

Emilia. O, is that all? What will you give me now
For that same handkerchief?

Iago. What handkerchief?

Emilia. What handkerchief!
Why, that the Moor first gave to Desdemona;
That which so often you did bid me steal.

Iago. Hast stol'n it from her?

Emilia. No, faith; she let it drop by negligence,
And, to the advantage, I, being here, took 't up.
Look, here it is.

Iago. A good wench; give it me.

Emilia. What will you do with 't, that you have been so earnest
To have me filch it.

Iago. [*Snatching it*] Why, what 's that to you?

Emilia. If it be not for some purpose of import,
Give 't me again; poor lady, she 'll run mad
When she shall lack it.

Iago. Be not acknown on 't; I have use for it.
Go, leave me. [*Exit Emilia.*
I will in Cassio's lodging lose this napkin,
And let him find it. Trifles light as air
Are to the jealous confirmations strong
As proofs of holy writ; this may do something.
The Moor already changes with my poison;
Dangerous conceits are in their natures poisons,
Which at the first are scarce found to distaste,
But with a little act upon the blood

Burn like the mines of sulphur.—I did say so;
Look, where he comes!

Enter OTHELLO.

Not poppy, nor mandragora,
Nor all the drowsy syrups of the world,
Shall ever medicine thee to that sweet sleep
Which thou ow'dst yesterday.

Othello. Ha! ha! false to me?

Iago. Why, how now, general! no more of that.

Othello. Avaunt! be gone! thou hast set me on the rack.
I swear 't is better to be much abus'd
Than but to know 't a little.

Iago. How now, my lord!

Othello. What sense had I of her stol'n hours of lust?
I saw 't not, thought it not, it harm'd not me:
I slept the next night well, was free and merry;
I found not Cassio's kisses on her lips:
He that is robb'd, not wanting what is stol'n,
Let him not know 't, and he 's not robb'd at all.

Iago. I am sorry to hear this.

Othello. I had been happy, if the general camp,
Pioneers and all, had tasted her sweet body,
So I had nothing known. O, now, for ever
Farewell the tranquil mind! farewell content!
Farewell the plumed troop, and the big wars,
That make ambition virtue! O, farewell!
Farewell the neighing steed, and the shrill trump,
The spirit-stirring drum, the ear-piercing fife,
The royal banner, and all quality,
Pride, pomp, and circumstance of glorious war!
And, O you mortal engines, whose rude throats
The immortal Jove's dread clamours counterfeit,
Farewell! Othello's occupation 's gone!

Iago. Is 't possible, my lord?

Othello. Villain, be sure thou prove my love a whore,
Be sure of it: give me the ocular proof;
Or, by the worth of man's eternal soul,
Thou hadst been better have been born a dog
Than answer my wak'd wrath!
Iago. Is 't come to this?
Othello. Make me to see 't; or, at the least, so prove it,
That the probation bear no hinge nor loop
To hang a doubt on; or woe upon thy life!
Iago. My noble lord,—
Othello. If thou dost slander her and torture me,
Never pray more; abandon all remorse;
On horror's head horrors accumulate;
Do deeds to make heaven weep, all earth amaz'd:
For nothing canst thou to damnation add
Greater than that.
Iago. O grace! O heaven forgive me!
Are you a man? have you a soul or sense?
God be wi' you; take mine office. O wretched fool,
That liv'st to make thine honesty a vice!
O monstrous world! Take note, take note, O world,
To be direct and honest is not safe.
I thank you for this profit; and from hence
I 'll love no friend, sith love breeds such offence.
Othello. Nay, stay; thou shouldst be honest.
Iago. I should be wise, for honesty 's a fool,
And loses that it works for.
Othello. By the world,
I think my wife be honest, and think she is not;
I think that thou art just, and think thou art not.
I 'll have some proof. Her name, that was as fresh
As Dian's visage, is now begrim'd and black
As mine own face. If there be cords, or knives,
Poison, or fire, or suffocating streams,
I 'll not endure it. Would I were satisfied!

Iago. I see, sir, you are eaten up with passion;
I do repent me that I put it to you.
You would be satisfied?

Othello. Would! nay, I will.

Iago. And may: but, how? how satisfied, my lord?
If imputation and strong circumstances,
Which lead directly to the door of truth,
Will give you satisfaction, you may have 't.

Othello. Give me a living reason she 's disloyal.

Iago. I do not like the office;
But, sith I am enter'd in this cause so far,
Prick'd to 't by foolish honesty and love,
I will go on. I lay with Cassio lately;
And, being troubled with a raging tooth,
I could not sleep.
There are a kind of men so loose of soul,
That in their sleeps will mutter their affairs;
One of this kind is Cassio.
In sleep I heard him say 'Sweet Desdemona,
Let us be wary, let us hide our loves;'
And then, sir, would he gripe and wring my hand,
Cry 'O sweet creature!' and then kiss me hard,
As if he pluck'd up kisses by the roots
That grew upon my lips; and sigh'd, and then
Cried 'Cursed fate that gave thee to the Moor!'

Othello. O monstrous! monstrous!

Iago. Nay, this was but his dream.

Othello. But this denoted a foregone conclusion;
'T is a shrewd doubt, though it be but a dream.

Iago. And this may help to thicken other proofs
That do demonstrate thinly.

Othello. I 'll tear her all to pieces!

Iago. Nay, but be wise: yet we see nothing done;
She may be honest yet. Tell me but this,
Have you not sometimes seen a handkerchief
Spotted with strawberries in your wife's hand?

Othello. I gave her such a one; 't was my first gift.
Iago. I know not that; but such a handkerchief—
I am sure it was your wife's—did I to-day
See Cassio wipe his beard with.
Othello. If it be that,—
Iago. If it be that, or any that was hers,
It speaks against her with the other proofs.
Othello. O, that the slave had forty thousand lives!
One is too poor, too weak for my revenge.
Now do I see 't is true. Look here, Iago;
All my fond love thus do I blow to heaven.
'T is gone.
Arise, black vengeance, from the hollow hell!
Yield up, O love, thy crown and hearted throne
To tyrannous hate! Swell, bosom, with thy fraught,
For 't is of aspics' tongues!
Iago. Yet be content.
Othello. O, blood, blood, blood!
Iago. Patience, I say; your mind perhaps may change.
Othello. Never, Iago. Like to the Pontic sea,
Whose icy current and compulsive course
Ne'er feels retiring ebb, but keeps due on
To the Propontic and the Hellespont,
Even so my bloody thoughts, with violent pace,
Shall ne'er look back, ne'er ebb to humble love,
Till that a capable and wide revenge
Swallow them up. Now, by yond marble heaven,
In the due reverence of a sacred vow
I here engage my words.
Iago. Do not rise yet.—
Witness, you ever-burning lights above,
You elements that clip us round about,
Witness that here Iago doth give up
The execution of his wit, hands, heart,
To wrong'd Othello's service! Let him command,

And to obey shall be in me remorse,
What bloody business ever. [*They rise.*

Othello. I greet thy love,
Not with vain thanks, but with acceptance bounteous,
And will upon the instant put thee to 't;
Within these three days let me hear thee say
That Cassio 's not alive.

Iago. My friend is dead; 't is done at your request:
But let her live.

Othello. Damn her, lewd minx! O, damn her!
Come, go with me apart; I will withdraw,
To furnish me with some swift means of death
For the fair devil. Now art thou my lieutenant.

Iago. I am your own for ever. [*Exeunt.*

Scene IV. *Before the Castle.*

Enter Desdemona, Emilia, *and* Clown.

Desdemona. Do you know, sirrah, where Lieutenant Cassio lies?

Clown. I dare not say he lies any where.

Desdemona. Why, man?

Clown. He 's a soldier, and for one to say a soldier lies, is stabbing.

Desdemona. Go to; where lodges he?

Clown. To tell you where he lodges, is to tell you where I lie.

Desdemona. Can any thing be made of this?

Clown. I know not where he lodges; and for me to devise a lodging, and say he lies here or he lies there, were to lie in mine own throat.

Desdemona. Can you inquire him out, and be edified by report?

Clown. I will catechize the world for him; that is, make questions, and by them answer.

Desdemona. Seek him, bid him come hither; tell him I have moved my lord on his behalf, and hope all will be well.

Clown. To do this is within the compass of man's wit, and therefore I will attempt the doing. [*Exit.*

Desdemona. Where should I lose that handkerchief, Emilia?

Emilia. I know not, madam.

Desdemona. Believe me, I had rather have lost my purse Full of crusadoes; and, but my noble Moor Is true of mind and made of no such baseness As jealous creatures are, it were enough To put him to ill thinking.

Emilia. Is he not jealous?

Desdemona. Who, he? I think the sun where he was born Drew all such humours from him.

Emilia. Look, where he comes.

Desdemona. I will not leave him now till Cassio 31
Be call'd to him.

Enter OTHELLO.

How is 't with you, my lord?

Othello. Well, my good lady.—[*Aside*] O, hardness to dissemble!—
How do you, Desdemona?

Desdemona. Well, my good lord.

Othello. Give me your hand. This hand is moist, my lady.

Desdemona. It yet hath felt no age nor known no sorrow.

Othello. This argues fruitfulness and liberal heart.
Hot, hot, and moist: this hand of yours requires
A sequester from liberty, fasting and prayer,
Much castigation, exercise devout; 40
For here 's a young and sweating devil here,
That commonly rebels. 'T is a good hand,
A frank one.

Desdemona. You may, indeed, say so;
For 't was that hand that gave away my heart.

Othello. A liberal hand: the hearts of old gave hands;
But our new heraldry is hands, not hearts.
Desdemona. I cannot speak of this. Come now, your promise.
Othello. What promise, chuck?
Desdemona. I have sent to bid Cassio come speak with you.
Othello. I have a salt and sorry rheum offends me;
Lend me thy handkerchief.
Desdemona. Here, my lord.
Othello. That which I gave you.
Desdemona. I have it not about me.
Othello. Not?
Desdemona. No, indeed, my lord.
Othello. That is a fault.
That handkerchief
Did an Egyptian to my mother give;
She was a charmer, and could almost read
The thoughts of people: she told her, while she kept it,
'T would make her amiable and subdue my father
Entirely to her love, but if she lost it
Or made a gift of it, my father's eye
Should hold her loathed and his spirits should hunt
After new fancies. She dying gave it me;
And bid me, when my fate would have me wive,
To give it her. I did so: and take heed on 't;
Make it a darling like your precious eye:
To lose 't or give 't away were such perdition
As nothing else could match.
Desdemona. Is 't possible?
Othello. 'T is true; there 's magic in the web of it.
A sibyl, that had number'd in the world
The sun to course two hundred compasses,
In her prophetic fury sew'd the work;
The worms were hallow'd that did breed the silk;

And it was dyed in mummy which the skilful
Conserv'd of maidens' hearts.

Desdemona. Indeed! is 't true?

Othello. Most veritable; therefore look to 't well.

Desdemona. Then would to God that I had never seen 't!

Othello. Ha! wherefore?

Desdemona. Why do you speak so startingly and rash?

Othello. Is 't lost? is 't gone? speak, is it out o' the way?

Desdemona. Heaven bless us!

Othello. Say you?

Desdemona. It is not lost; but what an if it were?

Othello. How!

Desdemona. I say, it is not lost.

Othello. Fetch 't, let me see 't.

Desdemona. Why, so I can, sir, but I will not now.
This is a trick to put me from my suit;
Pray you, let Cassio be receiv'd again.

Othello. Fetch me the handkerchief; my mind misgives.

Desdemona. Come, come;
You 'll never meet a more sufficient man.

Othello. The handkerchief!

Desdemona. I pray, talk me of Cassio.

Othello. The handkerchief!

Desdemona. A man that all his time
Hath founded his good fortunes on your love,
Shar'd dangers with you,—

Othello. The handkerchief!

Desdemona. In sooth, you are to blame.

Othello. Away! [*Exit.*

Emilia. Is not this man jealous?

Desdemona. I ne'er saw this before.
Sure, there 's some wonder in this handkerchief;
I am most unhappy in the loss of it.

Emilia. 'T is not a year or two shows us a man:
They are all but stomachs, and we all but food;

They eat us hungerly, and when they are full
They belch us. Look you, Cassio and my husband!

Enter CASSIO *and* IAGO.

Iago. There is no other way; 't is she must do 't:
And, lo, the happiness! go, and importune her.
Desdemona. How now, good Cassio! what 's the news with you?
Cassio. Madam, my former suit: I do beseech you
That by your virtuous means I may again
Exist, and be a member of his love
Whom I with all the office of my heart
Entirely honour; I would not be delay'd.
If my offence be of such mortal kind
That nor my service past nor present sorrows
Nor purpos'd merit in futurity
Can ransom me into his love again,
But to know so must be my benefit,
So shall I clothe me in a forc'd content,
And shut myself up in some other course
To fortune's alms.
Desdemona. Alas, thrice-gentle Cassio!
My advocation is not now in tune;
My lord is not my lord, nor should I know him,
Were he in favour as in humour alter'd.
So help me every spirit sanctified,
As I have spoken for you all my best
And stood within the blank of his displeasure
For my free speech! You must awhile be patient:
What I can do I will; and more I will
Than for myself I dare: let that suffice you.
Iago. Is my lord angry?
Emilia. He went hence but now,
And certainly in strange unquietness.
Iago. Can he be angry? I have seen the cannon,

When it hath blown his ranks into the air,
And, like the devil, from his very arm
Puff'd his own brother;—and can he be angry?
Something of moment then: I will go meet him;
There 's matter in 't indeed, if he be angry.

Desdemona. I prithee, do so.— [*Exit Iago.*

Something, sure, of state,
Either from Venice or some unhatch'd practice
Made demonstrable here in Cyprus to him,
Hath puddled his clear spirit; and in such cases
Men's natures wrangle with inferior things,
Though great ones are their object. 'T is even so;
For let our finger ache, and it indues
Our other healthful members even to that sense
Of pain: nay, we must think men are not gods,
Nor of them look for such observancy
As fits the bridal. Beshrew me much, Emilia,
I was, unhandsome warrior as I am,
Arraigning his unkindness with my soul;
But now I find I had suborn'd the witness,
And he 's indicted falsely.

Emilia. Pray heaven it be state matters, as you think,
And no conception nor no jealous toy
Concerning you.

Desdemona. Alas the day! I never gave him cause.

Emilia. But jealous souls will not be answer'd so;
They are not ever jealous for the cause,
But jealous for they are jealous: 't is a monster
Begot upon itself, born on itself.

Desdemona. Heaven keep that monster from Othello's mind!

Emilia. Lady, amen.

Desdemona. I will go seek him.—Cassio, walk hereabout;
If I do find him fit, I 'll move your suit
And seek to effect it to my uttermost.

Cassio. I humbly thank your ladyship.
[*Exeunt Desdemona and Emilia.*

Enter BIANCA.

Bianca. Save you, friend Cassio!
Cassio. What make you from home?
How is it with you, my most fair Bianca?
I' faith, sweet love, I was coming to your house.
Bianca. And I was going to your lodging, Cassio.
What, keep a week away? seven days and nights?
Eight score eight hours? and lovers' absent hours,
More tedious than the dial eight score times?
O weary reckoning!
Cassio. Pardon me, Bianca;
I have this while with leaden thoughts been press'd,
But I shall in a more continuate time
Strike off this score of absence. Sweet Bianca,
[*Giving her Desdemona's handkerchief.*
Take me this work out.
Bianca. O Cassio, whence came this?
This is some token from a newer friend;
To the felt absence now I feel a cause.
Is 't come to this? Well, well.
Cassio. Go to, woman!
Throw your vile guesses in the devil's teeth,
From whence you have them. You are jealous now
That this is from some mistress, some remembrance;
No, in good troth, Bianca.
Bianca. Why, whose is it?
Cassio. I know not, sweet; I found it in my chamber.
I like the work well; ere it be demanded—
As like enough it will—I 'd have it copied:
Take it, and do 't; and leave me for this time.
Bianca. Leave you! wherefore?
Cassio. I do attend here on the general;

And think it no addition, nor my wish,
To have him see me woman'd.

Bianca. Why, I pray you?

Cassio. Not that I love you not.

Bianca. But that you do not love me.
I pray you, bring me on the way a little,
And say if I shall see you soon at night.

Cassio. 'T is but a little way that I can bring you,
For I attend here; but I 'll see you soon.

Bianca. 'T is very good; I must be circumstanc'd. 200

[*Exeunt.*

"a noble ship of Venice" (ii. 1. 22).

THE CITADEL AT FAMAGUSTA.

ACT IV.

SCENE I. *Cyprus. Before the Castle.*

Enter OTHELLO *and* IAGO.

Iago. Will you think so?

Othello. Think so, Iago!

Iago. What,
To kiss in private?

Othello. An unauthoriz'd kiss.
It is hypocrisy against the devil;
They that mean virtuously and yet do so,
The devil their virtue tempts, and they tempt heaven.

Iago. So they do nothing, 't is a venial slip;
But if I give my wife a handkerchief,—

Othello. What then?

Iago. Why, then, 't is hers, my lord; and, being hers,
She may, I think, bestow 't on any man.

Othello. She is protectress of her honour too;
May she give that?

Iago. Her honour is an essence that 's not seen;
They have it very oft that have it not:
But, for the handkerchief,—

Othello. By heaven, I would most gladly have forgot it.
Thou said'st—O, it comes o'er my memory,
As doth the raven o'er the infected house,
Boding to all—he had my handkerchief.

Iago. Ay, what of that?

Othello. That 's not so good now.

Iago. What,
If I had said I had seen him do you wrong?
Or heard him say,—as knaves be such abroad,
Who having, by their own importunate suit,
Or voluntary dotage of some mistress,
Convinced or supplied them, cannot choose
But they must blab—

Othello. Hath he said any thing?

Iago. He hath, my lord; but be you well assur'd,
No more than he 'll unswear.

Othello. What hath he said?

Iago. Faith, that he did—I know not what he did.

Othello. What? what? — Handkerchief — confessions — handkerchief!—To confess, and be hanged for his labour; —first, to be hanged, and then to confess.—I tremble at it. Nature would not invest herself in such shadowing passion without some instruction. It is not words that shake me thus. Pish! Noses, ears, and lips.—Is 't possible?—Confess—handkerchief!—O devil! [*Falls in a trance.*

Iago. Work on,
My medicine, work! Thus credulous fools are caught;
And many worthy and chaste dames even thus,
All guiltless, meet reproach.—What, ho! my lord!
My lord, I say! Othello!

Enter CASSIO.

How now, Cassio!

Cassio. What 's the matter?

Iago. My lord is fall'n into an epilepsy:
This is his second fit; he had one yesterday.

Cassio. Rub him about the temples.

Iago. No, forbear;
The lethargy must have his quiet course:
If not, he foams at mouth, and by and by
Breaks out to savage madness. Look, he stirs:
Do you withdraw yourself a little while,
He will recover straight; when he is gone,
I would on great occasion speak with you. [*Exit Cassio.*
How is it, general? have you not hurt your head?

Othello. Dost thou mock me?

Iago. I mock you! no, by heaven.
Would you would bear your fortune like a man!

Othello. A horned man 's a monster and a beast.

Iago. There 's many a beast then in a populous city,
And many a civil monster.

Othello. Did he confess it?

Iago. Good sir, be a man;
Think every bearded fellow that 's but yok'd
May draw with you. There 's millions now alive
That nightly lie in those unproper beds
Which they dare swear peculiar; your case is better.
O, 't is the spite of hell, the fiend's arch-mock,
To lip a wanton in a secure couch,
And to suppose her chaste! No, let me know;
And knowing what I am, I know what she shall be.

Othello. O, thou art wise; 't is certain.

Iago. Stand you awhile apart;
Confine yourself but in a patient list.
Whilst you were here o'erwhelmed with your grief—

A passion most unsuiting such a man—
Cassio came hither: I shifted him away,
And laid good 'scuse upon your ecstasy,
Bade him anon return and here speak with me;
The which he promis'd. Do but encave yourself,
And mark the fleers, the gibes, and notable scorns,
That dwell in every region of his face;
For I will make him tell the tale anew,
Where, how, how oft, how long ago, and when
He hath, and is again to cope your wife:
I say, but mark his gesture. Marry, patience;
Or I shall say you are all in all in spleen,
And nothing of a man.

Othello. Dost thou hear, Iago?
I will be found most cunning in my patience;
But—dost thou hear?—most bloody.

Iago. That 's not amiss;
But yet keep time in all. Will you withdraw?

[*Othello retires.*

Now will I question Cassio of Bianca,
A housewife that by selling her desires
Buys herself bread and clothes: it is a creature
That dotes on Cassio; as 't is the strumpet's plague
To beguile many and be beguil'd by one.
He, when he hears of her, cannot refrain
From the excess of laughter.—Here he comes.—

Re-enter CASSIO.

As he shall smile, Othello shall go mad;
And his unbookish jealousy must construe
Poor Cassio's smiles, gestures, and light behaviour,
Quite in the wrong.—How do you now, lieutenant?

Cassio. The worser that you give me the addition
Whose want even kills me.

Iago. Ply Desdemona well, and you are sure on 't.

Now, if this suit lay in Bianca's power,
How quickly should you speed!

Cassio. Alas, poor caitiff!

Othello. Look, how he laughs already!

Iago. I never knew woman love man so.

Cassio. Alas, poor rogue! I think, i' faith, she loves me.

Othello. Now he denies it faintly, and laughs it out.

Iago. Do you hear, Cassio?

Othello. Now he importunes him
To tell it o'er: go to; well said, well said.

Iago. She gives it out that you shall marry her;
Do you intend it?

Cassio. Ha, ha, ha!

Othello. Do you triumph, Roman? do you triumph?

Cassio. I marry her! what? a customer! Prithee, bear some charity to my wit; do not think it so unwholesome. Ha, ha, ha!

Othello. So, so, so, so; they laugh that win.

Iago. Faith, the cry goes that you shall marry her.

Cassio. Prithee, say true.

Iago. I am a very villain else.

Othello. Have you scored me? Well.

Cassio. This is the monkey's own giving out; she is persuaded I will marry her, out of her own love and flattery, not out of my promise.

Othello. Iago beckons me; now he begins the story.

Cassio. She was here even now; she haunts me in every place. I was the other day talking on the sea-bank with certain Venetians; and thither comes the bauble, and, by this hand, she falls me thus about my neck—

Othello. Crying 'O dear Cassio!' as it were; his gesture imports it.

Cassio. So hangs, and lolls, and weeps upon me; so hales and pulls me: ha, ha, ha!

Othello. Now he tells how she plucked him to my cham-

ber.—O, I see that nose of yours, but not that dog I shall throw it to.

Cassio. Well, I must leave her company.

Iago. Before me! look, where she comes.

Cassio. 'T is such another fitchew! marry, a perfumed one.

Enter BIANCA.

What do you mean by this haunting of me?

Bianca. Let the devil and his dam haunt you! What did you mean by that same handkerchief you gave me even now? I was a fine fool to take it. I must take out the work?—A likely piece of work, that you should find it in your chamber, and not know who left it there! This is some minx's token, and I must take out the work? There, give it your hobby-horse; wheresoever you had it, I 'll take out no work on 't.

Cassio. How now, my sweet Bianca! how now! how now!

Othello. By heaven, that should be my handkerchief!

Bianca. An you 'll come to supper to-night, you may; an you will not, come when you are next prepared for. [*Exit.*

Iago. After her, after her.

Cassio. Faith, I must; she 'll rail in the street else.

Iago. Will you sup there?

Cassio. Faith, I intend so.

Iago. Well, I may chance to see you; for I would very fain speak with you.

Cassio. Prithee, come; will you?

Iago. Go to; say no more. [*Exit Cassio.*

Othello. [*Advancing*] How shall I murther him, Iago?

Iago. Did you perceive how he laughed at his vice?

Othello. O Iago!

Iago. And did you see the handkerchief?

Othello. Was that mine?

Iago. Yours, by this hand; and to see how he prizes the foolish woman your wife! she gave it him, and he hath given it his whore.

Othello. I would have him nine years a-killing.—A fine woman! a fair woman! a sweet woman!

Iago. Nay, you must forget that.

Othello. Ay, let her rot, and perish, and be damned to-night; for she shall not live: no, my heart is turned to stone; I strike it, and it hurts my hand.—O, the world hath not a sweeter creature; she might lie by an emperor's side and command him tasks.

Iago. Nay, that 's not your way.

Othello. Hang her! I do but say what she is; so delicate with her needle! an admirable musician! O! she will sing the savageness out of a bear! of so high and plenteous wit and invention!—

Iago. She 's the worse for all this.

Othello. O, a thousand thousand times;—and then, of so gentle a condition!

Iago. Ay, too gentle.

Othello. Nay, that 's certain;—but yet the pity of it, Iago! O Iago, the pity of it, Iago!

Iago. If you are so fond over her iniquity, give her patent to offend; for, if it touch not you, it comes near nobody.

Othello. I will chop her into messes! cuckold me!

Iago. O, 't is foul in her.

Othello. With mine officer!

Iago. That 's fouler.

Othello. Get me some poison, Iago; this night:—I 'll not expostulate with her, lest her body and beauty unprovide my mind again:—this night, Iago.

Iago. Do it not with poison; strangle her in her bed, even the bed she hath contaminated.

Othello. Good, good! the justice of it pleases; very good!

Iago. And for Cassio, let me be his undertaker; you shall hear more by midnight.

Othello. Excellent good!—[*A trumpet within.*] What trumpet is that same.

Iago. Something from Venice, sure.—'T is Lodovico
Come from the duke; and, see, your wife is with him.

Enter LODOVICO, DESDEMONA, *and* Attendants.

Lodovico. Save you, worthy general!
Othello. With all my heart, sir.
Lodovico. The duke and senators of Venice greet you.
[*Gives him a letter.*
Othello. I kiss the instrument of their pleasures.
[*Opens the letter, and reads.*
Desdemona. And what 's the news, good cousin Lodovico?
Iago. I am very glad to see you, signior;
Welcome to Cyprus.
Lodovico. I thank you. How does Lieutenant Cassio?
Iago. Lives, sir.
Desdemona. Cousin, there 's fall'n between him and my lord
An unkind breach; but you shall make all well.
Othello. Are you sure of that?
Desdemona. My lord?
Othello. [*Reads*] 'This fail you not to do, as you will—'
Lodovico. He did not call; he 's busy in the paper.
Is there division 'twixt my lord and Cassio?
Desdemona. A most unhappy one; I would do much
To atone them, for the love I bear to Cassio.
Othello. Fire and brimstone!
Desdemona. My lord?
Othello. Are you wise?
Desdemona. What, is he angry?
Lodovico. May be the letter mov'd him;
For, as I think, they do command him home,
Deputing Cassio in his government.
Desdemona. Trust me, I am glad on 't.
Othello. Indeed!
Desdemona. My lord?

Othello. I am glad to see you mad.

Desdemona. Why, sweet Othello,—

Othello. [*Striking her*] Devil!

Desdemona. I have not deserv'd this.

Lodovico. My lord, this would not be believ'd in Venice,
Though I should swear I saw 't; 't is very much:
Make her amends; she weeps.

Othello. O devil, devil!
If that the earth could teem with woman's tears,
Each drop she falls would prove a crocodile.
Out of my sight!

Desdemona. I will not stay to offend you. [*Going.*]

Lodovico. Truly, an obedient lady;
I do beseech your lordship, call her back.

Othello. Mistress!

Desdemona. My lord?

Othello. What would you with her, sir?

Lodovico. Who, I, my lord?

Othello. Ay; you did wish that I would make her turn.
Sir, she can turn and turn, and yet go on,
And turn again; and she can weep, sir, weep;
And she 's obedient, as you say, obedient,
Very obedient.—Proceed you in your tears.—
Concerning this, sir,—O well-painted passion!—
I am commanded home.—Get you away;
I 'll send for you anon.—Sir, I obey the mandate,
And will return to Venice.—Hence, avaunt!—
[*Exit Desdemona.*
Cassio shall have my place. And, sir, to-night,
I do entreat that we may sup together;
You are welcome, sir, to Cyprus.—Goats and monkeys! [*Exit.*

Lodovico. Is this the noble Moor whom our full senate
Call all in all sufficient? Is this the nature
Whom passion could not shake? whose solid virtue

The shot of accident nor dart of chance
Could neither graze nor pierce?

Iago. He is much chang'd.

Lodovico. Are his wits safe? is he not light of brain?

Iago. He 's that he is; I may not breathe my censure.
What he might be—if what he might he is not—
I would to heaven he were!

Lodovico. What, strike his wife!

Iago. Faith, that was not so well; yet would I knew
That stroke would prove the worst!

Lodovico. Is it his use?
Or did the letters work upon his blood,
And new-create this fault?

Iago. Alas, alas!
It is not honesty in me to speak
What I have seen and known. You shall observe him,
And his own courses will denote him so
That I may save my speech; do but go after,
And mark how he continues.

Lodovico. I am sorry that I am deceiv'd in him. [*Exeunt.*

Scene II. *A Room in the Castle.*

Enter Othello *and* Emilia.

Othello. You have seen nothing then?

Emilia. Nor ever heard, nor ever did suspect.

Othello. Yes, you have seen Cassio and she together.

Emilia. But then I saw no harm, and then I heard
Each syllable that breath made up between them.

Othello. What, did they never whisper?

Emilia. Never, my lord.

Othello. Nor send you out o' the way?

Emilia. Never.

Othello. To fetch her fan, her gloves, her mask, nor nothing?

Emilia. Never, my lord.
Othello. That 's strange.
Emilia. I durst, my lord, to wager she is honest,
Lay down my soul at stake: if you think other,
Remove your thought; it doth abuse your bosom.
If any wretch have put this in your head,
Let heaven requite it with the serpent's curse!
For, if she be not honest, chaste, and true,
There 's no man happy; the purest of their wives
Is foul as slander.
Othello. Bid her come hither; go. [*Exit Emilia.*
She says enough; yet she 's a simple bawd
That cannot say as much. This is a subtle whore,
A closet lock and key of villanous secrets:
And yet she 'll kneel and pray; I have seen her do 't.

Enter DESDEMONA *with* EMILIA.

Desdemona. My lord, what is your will?
Othello. Pray, chuck, come hither.
Desdemona. What is your pleasure?
Othello. Let me see your eyes;
Look in my face.
Desdemona. What horrible fancy 's this?
Othello. [*To Emilia*] Some of your function, mistress;
shut the door;
Cough, or cry hem, if any body come.
Your mystery, your mystery; nay, dispatch. [*Exit Emilia.*
Desdemona. Upon my knees, what doth your speech import?
I understand a fury in your words,
But not the words.
Othello. Why, what art thou?
Desdemona. Your wife, my lord; your true
And loyal wife.
Othello. Come, swear it, damn thyself;

Lest, being like one of heaven, the devils themselves
Should fear to seize thee: therefore be double damn'd;
Swear thou art honest.

Desdemona. Heaven doth truly know it.

Othello. Heaven truly knows that thou art false as hell.

Desdemona. To whom, my lord? with whom? how am I false?

Othello. O Desdemona! away! away! away!

Desdemona. Alas the heavy day! Why do you weep?
Am I the motive of these tears, my lord?
If haply you my father do suspect
An instrument of this your calling back,
Lay not your blame on me; if you have lost him,
Why, I have lost him too.

Othello. Had it pleas'd heaven
To try me with affliction, had they rain'd
All kinds of sores and shames on my bare head,
Steep'd me in poverty to the very lips,
Given to captivity me and my utmost hopes,
I should have found in some place of my soul
A drop of patience; but, alas, to make me
A fixed figure for the time of scorn
To point his slow unmoving finger at!
Yet could I bear that too; well, very well:
But there, where I have garner'd up my heart,
Where either I must live or bear no life,
The fountain from the which my current runs
Or else dries up,—to be discarded thence!
Or keep it as a cistern for foul toads
To knot and gender in!—Turn thy complexion there,
Patience, thou young and rose-lipp'd cherubin,—
Ay, there, look grim as hell!

Desdemona. I hope my noble lord esteems me honest.

Othello. O, ay; as summer flies are in the shambles,
That quicken even with blowing. O thou weed,

Who art so lovely fair and smell'st so sweet
That the sense aches at thee, would thou hadst ne'er been born!

Desdemona. Alas, what ignorant sin have I committed?

Othello. Was this fair paper, this most goodly book,
Made to write whore upon? What committed!
Committed! O thou public commoner!
I should make very forges of my cheeks,
That would to cinders burn up modesty,
Did I but speak thy deeds. What committed!
Heaven stops the nose at it and the moon winks;
The bawdy wind that kisses all it meets
Is hush'd within the hollow mine of earth,
And will not hear it. What committed!
Impudent strumpet!

Desdemona. By heaven, you do me wrong.

Othello. Are not you a strumpet?

Desdemona. No, as I am a Christian;
If to preserve this vessel for my lord
From any other foul unlawful touch
Be not to be a strumpet, I am none.

Othello. What, not a whore?

Desdemona. No, as I shall be sav'd.

Othello. Is 't possible?

Desdemona. O, heaven forgive us!

Othello. I cry you mercy, then;
I took you for that cunning whore of Venice,
That married with Othello.—You, mistress,
That have the office opposite to Saint Peter,
And keep the gate of hell!

Enter EMILIA.

You, you, ay, you!
We have done our course; there 's money for your pains.
I pray you, turn the key and keep our counsel. [*Exit.*

Emilia. Alas, what does this gentleman conceive?
How do you, madam? how do you, my good lady?
Desdemona. Faith, half asleep.
Emilia. Good madam, what 's the matter with my lord?
Desdemona. With who?
Emilia. Why, with my lord, madam.
Desdemona. Who is thy lord?
Emilia. He that is yours, sweet lady.
Desdemona. I have none: do not talk to me, Emilia;
I cannot weep, nor answer have I none,
But what should go by water. Prithee, to-night
Lay on my bed my wedding sheets: remember;
And call thy husband hither.
Emilia. Here 's a change indeed! [*Exit.*
Desdemona. 'T is meet I should be us'd so, very meet.
How have I [been] behav'd, that he might stick
The small'st opinion on my least misuse?

Re-enter EMILIA *with* IAGO.

Iago. What is your pleasure, madam? How is 't with you?
Desdemona. I cannot tell. Those that do teach young babes
Do it with gentle means and easy tasks:
He might have chid me so; for, in good faith,
I am a child to chiding.
Iago. What 's the matter, lady?
Emilia. Alas, Iago, my lord hath so bewhor'd her,
Thrown such despite and heavy terms upon her,
As true hearts cannot bear.
Desdemona. Am I that name, Iago?
Iago. What name, fair lady?
Desdemona. Such as she says my lord did say I was.
Emilia. He call'd her whore; a beggar in his drink
Could not have laid such terms upon his callat.
Iago. Why did he so?

Desdemona. I do not know; I am sure I am none such.
Iago. Do not weep, do not weep. Alas the day!
Emilia. Hath she forsook so many noble matches,
Her father and her country and her friends,
To be call'd whore? would it not make one weep?
Desdemona. It is my wretched fortune.
Iago. Beshrew him for 't!
How comes this trick upon him?
Desdemona. Nay, heaven doth know.
Emilia. I will be hang'd, if some eternal villain,
Some busy and insinuating rogue,
Some cogging, cozening slave, to get some office,
Have not devis'd this slander; I 'll be hang'd else.
Iago. Fie, there is no such man; it is impossible.
Desdemona. If any such there be, heaven pardon him!
Emilia. A halter pardon him! and hell gnaw his bones!
Why should he call her whore? who keeps her company?
What place? what time? what form? what likelihood?
The Moor 's abus'd by some most villanous knave,
Some base notorious knave, some scurvy fellow.
O heaven, that such companions thou 'dst unfold,
And put in every honest hand a whip
To lash the rascals naked through the world
Even from the east to the west!
Iago. Speak within door.
Emilia. O, fie upon them! Some such squire he was
That turn'd your wit the seamy side without,
And made you to suspect me with the Moor.
Iago. You are a fool; go to.
Desdemona. O good Iago,
What shall I do to win my lord again?
Good friend, go to him; for, by this light of heaven,
I know not how I lost him. Here I kneel:
If e'er my will did trespass 'gainst his love,
Either in discourse of thought or actual deed,

Or that mine eyes, mine ears, or any sense,
Delighted them in any other form,
Or that I do not yet, and ever did,
And ever will—though he do shake me off
To beggarly divorcement—love him dearly,
Comfort forswear me! Unkindness may do much;
And his unkindness may defeat my life,
But never taint my love. I cannot say whore:
It doth abhor me now I speak the word;
To do the act that might the addition earn
Not the world's mass of vanity could make me.

Iago. I pray you, be content; 't is but his humour:
The business of the state does him offence,
And he does chide with you.

Desdemona. If 't were no other,—

Iago. 'T is but so, I warrant.

[*Trumpets within.*

Hark, how these instruments summon to supper!
The messengers of Venice stay the meat:
Go in, and weep not; all things shall be well.—

[*Exeunt Desdemona and Emilia.*

Enter RODERIGO.

How now, Roderigo!

Roderigo. I do not find that thou dealest justly with me.

Iago. What in the contrary?

Roderigo. Every day thou daffest me with some device, Iago; and rather, as it seems to me now, keepest from me all conveniency than suppliest me with the least advantage of hope. I will indeed no longer endure it, nor am I yet persuaded to put up in peace what already I have foolishly suffered.

Iago. Will you hear me, Roderigo?

Roderigo. Faith, I have heard too much, for your words and performances are no kin together.

Iago. You charge me most unjustly.

Roderigo. With nought but truth. I have wasted myself out of my means. The jewels you have had from me to deliver to Desdemona would half have corrupted a votarist; you have told me she hath received them, and returned me expectations and comforts of sudden respect and acquaintance, but I find none.

Iago. Well; go to; very well.

Roderigo. Very well! go to! I cannot go to, man; nor 't is not very well: nay, I think it is scurvy, and begin to find myself fobbed in it.

Iago. Very well.

Roderigo. I tell you 't is not very well. I will make myself known to Desdemona: if she will return me my jewels, I will give over my suit and repent my unlawful solicitation; if not, assure yourself I will seek satisfaction of you.

Iago. You have said now.

Roderigo. Ay, and said nothing but what I protest intendment of doing.

Iago. Why, now I see there 's mettle in thee, and even from this instant do build on thee a better opinion than ever before. Give me thy hand, Roderigo: thou hast taken against me a most just exception; but yet, I protest, I have dealt most directly in thy affair.

Roderigo. It hath not appeared.

Iago. I grant indeed it hath not appeared, and your suspicion is not without wit and judgment. But, Roderigo, if thou hast that in thee indeed, which I have greater reason to believe now than ever, I mean purpose, courage and valour, this night show it; if thou the next night following enjoy not Desdemona, take me from this world with treachery and devise engines for my life.

Roderigo. Well, what is it? is it within reason and compass?

Iago. Sir, there is especial commission come from Venice to depute Cassio in Othello's place.

Roderigo. Is that true? why, then Othello and Desdemona return again to Venice.

Iago. O, no: he goes into Mauritania and takes away with him the fair Desdemona, unless his abode be lingered here by some accident; wherein none can be so determinate as the removing of Cassio.

Roderigo. How do you mean, removing of him?

Iago. Why, by making him uncapable of Othello's place; knocking out his brains.

Roderigo. And that you would have me to do?

Iago. Ay, if you dare do yourself a profit and a right. He sups to-night with a harlotry, and thither will I go to him; he knows not yet of his honourable fortune. If you will watch his going thence, which I will fashion to fall out between twelve and one, you may take him at your pleasure; I will be near to second your attempt, and he shall fall between us. Come, stand not amazed at it, but go along with me; I will show you such a necessity in his death that you shall think yourself bound to put it on him. It is now high supper-time, and the night grows to waste; about it!

Roderigo. I will hear further reason for this.

Iago. And you shall be satisfied. [*Exeunt.*

Scene III. *Another Room in the Castle.*

Enter Othello, Lodovico, Desdemona, Emilia, *and* Attendants.

Lodovico. I do beseech you, sir, trouble yourself no further.

Othello. O, pardon me; 't will do me good to walk.

Lodovico. Madam, good night; I humbly thank your ladyship.

Desdemona. Your honour is most welcome.

Othello. Will you walk, sir?
O,—Desdemona,—

Desdemona. My lord?

Othello. Get you to bed on the instant; I will be returned forthwith: dismiss your attendant there; look it be done.

Desdemona. I will, my lord.

[*Exeunt Othello, Lodovico, and Attendants.*

Emilia. How goes it now? he looks gentler than he did.

Desdemona. He says he will return incontinent;
He hath commanded me to go to bed,
And bade me to dismiss you.

Emilia. Dismiss me!

Desdemona. It was his bidding; therefore, good Emilia,
Give me my nightly wearing, and adieu:
We must not now displease him.

Emilia. I would you had never seen him!

Desdemona. So would not I; my love doth so approve him,
That even his stubbornness, his checks, his frowns,—
Prithee, unpin me,—have grace and favour in them.

Emilia. I have laid those sheets you bade me on the bed.

Desdemona. All 's one.—Good faith, how foolish are our minds!—
If I do die before thee, prithee, shroud me
In one of those same sheets.

Emilia. Come, come, you talk.

Desdemona. My mother had a maid call'd Barbara;
She was in love, and he she lov'd prov'd mad
And did forsake her. She had a song of 'willow;'
An old thing 't was, but it express'd her fortune,
And she died singing it. That song to-night
Will not go from my mind; I have much to do
But to go hang my head all at one side,
And sing it like poor Barbara.—Prithee, dispatch.

Emilia. Shall I go fetch your night-gown?

Desdemona. No, unpin me here.
This Lodovico is a proper man.

Comely

Emilia. A very handsome man.

Desdemona. He speaks well.

Emilia. I know a lady in Venice would have walked barefoot to Palestine for a touch of his nether lip.

Desdemona. [Singing] *The poor soul sat sighing by a sycamore tree,*
Sing all a green willow;
Her hand on her bosom, her head on her knee,
Sing willow, willow, willow:
The fresh streams ran by her, and murmur'd her moans;
Sing willow, willow, willow;
Her salt tears fell from her, and soften'd the stones;—
Lay by these:—
[Singing] *Sing willow, willow, willow;*
Prithee, hie thee; he 'll come anon:—
[Singing] *Sing all a green willow must be my garland.*
Let nobody blame him; his scorn I approve,—
Nay, that 's not next.—Hark! who is 't that knocks?

Emilia. It 's the wind.

Desdemona. [Singing] *I call'd my love false love; but what said he then?*
Sing willow, willow, willow:
If I court moe women, you 'll couch with moe men.—
So, get thee gone; good night. Mine eyes do itch;
Doth that bode weeping?

Emilia. 'T is neither here nor there.

Desdemona. I have heard it said so.—O, these men, these men!—
Dost thou in conscience think,—tell me, Emilia,—
That there be women do abuse their husbands
In such gross kind?

Emilia. There be some such, no question.

Desdemona. Wouldst thou do such a deed for all the world?

Emilia. Why, would not you?

Desdemona. No, by this heavenly light!

Emilia. Nor I neither by this heavenly light;
I might do 't as well i' the dark.

Desdemona. Wouldst thou do such a deed for all the world?

Emilia. The world 's a huge thing; it is a great price
For a small vice.

Desdemona. In troth, I think thou wouldst not.

Emilia. In troth, I think I should; and undo 't when I had done. Marry, I would not do such a thing for a joint-ring, nor for measures of lawn, nor for gowns, petticoats, nor caps, nor any petty exhibition; but, for the whole world,— why, who would not make her husband a cuckold to make him a monarch? I should venture purgatory for 't.

Desdemona. Beshrew me, if I would do such a wrong
For the whole world.

Emilia. Why, the wrong is but a wrong i' the world; and having the world for your labour, 't is a wrong in your own world, and you might quickly make it right.

Desdemona. I do not think there is any such woman.

Emilia. Yes, a dozen; and as many to the vantage as would store the world they played for.
But I do think it is their husbands' faults
If wives do fall. Say that they slack their duties,
And pour out treasures into foreign laps,
Or else break out in peevish jealousies,
Throwing restraint upon us; or say they strike us,
Or scant our former having in despite;
Why, we have galls, and though we have some grace,
Yet have we some revenge. Let husbands know
Their wives have sense like them; they see and smell
And have their palates both for sweet and sour,
As husbands have. What is it that they do
When they change us for others? Is it sport?
I think it is; and doth affection breed it?

I think it doth; is 't frailty that thus errs?
It is so too; and have not we affections,
Desires for sport, and frailty, as men have?
Then let them use us well; else let them know,
The ills we do, their ills instruct us so.

Desdemona. Good night, good night; heaven me such uses send,
Not to pick bad from bad, but by bad mend! [*Exeunt.*

COLONNADE OF DUCAL PALACE, VENICE.

VENETIAN GENERAL.

ACT V.

SCENE I. *Cyprus. A Street.*

Enter IAGO *and* RODERIGO.

Iago. Here, stand behind this bulk; straight will he come:
Wear thy good rapier bare, and put it home.
Quick, quick; fear nothing; I 'll be at thy elbow.
It makes us, or it mars us; think on that,
And fix most firm thy resolution.

Roderigo. Be near at hand; I may miscarry in 't.

Iago. Here, at thy hand; be bold, and take thy stand.

[*Retires.*

Roderigo. I have no great devotion to the deed;
And yet he hath given me satisfying reasons:
'T is but a man gone. Forth, my sword; he dies.
Iago. I have rubb'd this young quat almost to the sense,
And he grows angry. Now, whether he kill Cassio,
Or Cassio him, or each do kill the other,
Every way makes my game. Live Roderigo,
He calls me to a restitution large
Of gold and jewels that I bobb'd from him,
As gifts to Desdemona;
It must not be. If Cassio do remain,
He hath a daily beauty in his life
That makes me ugly; and, besides, the Moor
May unfold me to him; there stand I in much peril:
No, he must die.—But so; I hear him coming.

Enter CASSIO.

Roderigo. I know his gait, 't is he.—Villain, thou diest!
[*Makes a pass at Cassio.*
Cassio. That thrust had been mine enemy indeed,
But that my coat is better than thou know'st;
I will make proof of thine. [*Draws and wounds Roderigo.*
Roderigo. O, I am slain!
[*Iago from behind wounds Cassio in the leg, and exit.*
Cassio. I am maim'd for ever. Help, ho! murther! murther! [*Falls.*

Enter OTHELLO.

Othello. The voice of Cassio; Iago keeps his word.
Roderigo. O, villain that I am!
Othello. It is even so.
Cassio. O, help, ho! light! a surgeon!
Othello. 'T is he.—O brave Iago, honest and just,
That hast such noble sense of thy friend's wrong!
Thou teachest me.—Minion, your dear lies dead,
And your unblest fate hies; strumpet, I come!

Forth of my heart those charms, thine eyes, are blotted;
Thy bed lust-stain'd shall with lust's blood be spotted.

[*Exit.*

Enter LODOVICO *and* GRATIANO.

Cassio. What, ho! no watch? no passage? murther! murther!

Gratiano. 'T is some mischance; the cry is very direful.

Cassio. O, help!

Lodovico. Hark!

Roderigo. O wretched villain!

Lodovico. Two or three groan; it is a heavy night;
These may be counterfeits; let 's think 't unsafe
To come in to the cry without more help.

Roderigo. Nobody come? then shall I bleed to death.

Lodovico. Hark!

Re-enter IAGO, *with a light.*

Gratiano. Here 's one comes in his shirt, with light and weapons.

Iago. Who 's there? whose noise is this that cries on murther?

Lodovico. We do not know.

Iago. Did not you hear a cry?

Cassio. Here, here! for heaven's sake, help me!

Iago. What 's the matter?

Gratiano. This is Othello's ancient, as I take it.

Lodovico. The same indeed; a very valiant fellow.

Iago. What are you here that cry so grievously?

Cassio. Iago? O, I am spoil'd, undone by villains!
Give me some help.

Iago. O me, lieutenant! what villains have done this?

Cassio. I think that one of them is hereabout,
And cannot make away.

Iago. O treacherous villains!—
What are you there? come in, and give some help.

[*To Lodovico and Gratiano.*

Roderigo. O, help me here!

Cassio. That 's one of them.

Iago. O murtherous slave! O villain!

[*Stabs Roderigo.*

Roderigo. O damn'd Iago! O inhuman dog!

Iago. Kill men i' the dark!—Where be these bloody thieves?—

How silent is this town!—Ho! murther! murther!—

What may you be? are you of good or evil?

Lodovico. As you shall prove us, praise us.

Iago. Signior Lodovico?

Lodovico. He, sir.

Iago. I cry you mercy. Here 's Cassio hurt by villains.

Gratiano. Cassio!

Iago. How is 't, brother?

Cassio. My leg is cut in two.

Iago. Marry, heaven forbid!

Light, gentlemen; I 'll bind it with my shirt.

Enter BIANCA.

Bianca. What is the matter, ho? who is 't that cried?

Iago. Who is 't that cried!

Bianca. O my dear Cassio! my sweet Cassio! O Cassio, Cassio, Cassio!

Iago. O notable strumpet!—Cassio, may you suspect

Who they should be that have thus mangled you?

Cassio. No.

Gratiano. I am sorry to find you thus; I have been to seek you.

Iago. Lend me a garter.—So.—O, for a chair,

To bear him easily hence!

Bianca. Alas, he faints! O Cassio, Cassio, Cassio!

Iago. Gentlemen all, I do suspect this trash

To be a party in this injury.—

Patience awhile, good Cassio.—Come, come;

Lend me a light.—Know we this face or no?
Alas, my friend and my dear countryman
Roderigo! no:—yes, sure; O heaven! Roderigo.
Gratiano. What, of Venice?
Iago. Even he, sir; did you know him?
Gratiano. Know him! ay.
Iago. Signior Gratiano? I cry you gentle pardon;
These bloody accidents must excuse my manners,
That so neglected you.
Gratiano. I am glad to see you.
Iago. How do you, Cassio?—O, a chair, a chair!
Gratiano. Roderigo!
Iago. He, he, 't is he.—[*A chair brought in.*] O, that 's well said; the chair.
Some good man bear him carefully from hence;
I 'll fetch the general's surgeon.—[*To Bianca*] For you, mistress,
Save you your labour.—He that lies slain here, Cassio,
Was my dear friend; what malice was between you?
Cassio. None in the world; nor do I know the man.
Iago. [*To Bianca*] What, look you pale?—O, bear him out o' the air.— [*Cassio and Roderigo are borne off.*
Stay you, good gentlemen.—Look you pale, mistress?—
Do you perceive the gastness of her eye?—
Nay, if you stare, we shall hear more anon.—
Behold her well; I pray you, look upon her:
Do you see, gentlemen? nay, guiltiness will speak,
Though tongues were out of use.

Enter EMILIA.

Emilia. Alas, what 's the matter? what 's the matter, husband?
Iago. Cassio hath here been set on in the dark
By Roderigo and fellows that are scap'd;
He 's almost slain, and Roderigo dead.

Emilia. Alas, good gentleman! alas, good Cassio!
Iago. This is the fruit of whoring.—Prithee, Emilia,
Go know of Cassio where he supp'd to-night.—
What, do you shake at that?
Bianca. He supp'd at my house; but I therefore shake not.
Iago. O, did he so? I charge you, go with me.
Emilia. Fie, fie upon thee, strumpet!
Bianca. I am no strumpet; but of life as honest
As you that thus abuse me.
Emilia. As I! foh! fie upon thee!
Iago. Kind gentlemen, let 's go see poor Cassio dress'd.—
Come, mistress, you must tell 's another tale.—
Emilia, run you to the citadel,
And tell my lord and lady what hath happ'd.—
Will you go on, I pray?—[*Aside*] This is the night
That either makes me or fordoes me quite. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II. *A Bedchamber in the Castle;* DESDEMONA *in bed asleep; a light burning.*

Enter OTHELLO.

Othello. It is the cause, it is the cause, my soul,—
Let me not name it to you, you chaste stars!—
It is the cause. Yet I 'll not shed her blood,
Nor scar that whiter skin of hers than snow,
And smooth as monumental alabaster.
Yet she must die, else she 'll betray more men.
Put out the light, and then—put out the light!
If I quench thee, thou flaming minister,
I can again thy former light restore,
Should I repent me; but once put out thy light,
Thou cunning'st pattern of excelling nature,
I know not where is that Promethean heat
That can thy light relume. When I have pluck'd the rose,

I cannot give it vital growth again,
It must needs wither; I 'll smell it on the tree. [*Kissing her.*
Ah, balmy breath, that dost almost persuade
Justice to break her sword? One more, one more.
Be thus when thou art dead, and I will kill thee,
And love thee after. One more, and this the last;
So sweet was ne'er so fatal. I must weep,
But they are cruel tears: this sorrow 's heavenly;
It strikes where it doth love. She wakes.

Desdemona. Who 's there? Othello?

Othello. Ay, Desdemona.

Desdemona. Will you come to bed, my lord?

Othello. Have you pray'd to-night, Desdemona?

Desdemona. Ay, my lord.

Othello. If you bethink yourself of any crime
Unreconcil'd as yet to heaven and grace,
Solicit for it straight.

Desdemona. Alas, my lord, what do you mean by that?

Othello. Well, do it, and be brief; I will walk by:
I would not kill thy unprepared spirit;
No; heaven forfend! I would not kill thy soul.

Desdemona. Talk you of killing?

Othello. Ay, I do.

Desdemona. Then heaven
Have mercy on me!

Othello. Amen, with all my heart!

Desdemona. If you say so, I hope you will not kill me.

Othello. Hum!

Desdemona. And yet I fear you; for you are fatal then
When your eyes roll so: why I should fear I know not,
Since guiltiness I know not, but yet I feel I fear.

Othello. Think on thy sins.

Desdemona. They are loves I bear to you.

Othello. Ay, and for that thou diest.

Desdemona. That death 's unnatural that kills for loving.

Alas, why gnaw you so your nether lip?
Some bloody passion shakes your very frame:
These are portents; but yet I hope, I hope,
They do not point on me.

Othello. Peace, and be still!

Desdemona. I will so. What 's the matter?

Othello. That handkerchief which I so lov'd and gave thee
Thou gav'st to Cassio.

Desdemona. No, by my life and soul!
Send for the man, and ask him.

Othello. Sweet soul, take heed,
Take heed of perjury; thou art on thy death-bed.

Desdemona. Ay, but not yet to die.

Othello. Yes, presently:
Therefore confess thee freely of thy sin;
For to deny each article with oath
Cannot remove nor choke the strong conception
That I do groan withal. Thou art to die.

Desdemona. Then Lord have mercy on me!

Othello. I say, amen.

Desdemona. And have you mercy too! I never did
Offend you in my life; never lov'd Cassio
But with such general warranty of heaven
As I might love; I never gave him token.

Othello. By heaven, I saw my handkerchief in 's hand.
O perjur'd woman! thou dost stone my heart,
And mak'st me call what I intend to do
A murther, which I thought a sacrifice.
I saw the handkerchief.

Desdemona. He found it then;
I never gave it him: send for him hither;
Let him confess a truth.

Othello. He hath confess'd.

Desdemona. What, my lord?

Othello. That he hath us'd thee.

Desdemona. How? unlawfully?
Othello. Ay.
Desdemona. He will not say so.
Othello. No, his mouth is stopp'd;
Honest Iago hath ta'en order for 't.
Desdemona. O! my fear interprets; what, is he dead?
Othello. Had all his hairs been lives, my great revenge
Had stomach for them all.
Desdemona. Alas! he is betray'd, and I undone.
Othello. Out, strumpet! weep'st thou for him to my face?
Desdemona. O, banish me, my lord, but kill me not!
Othello. Down, strumpet!
Desdemona. Kill me to-morrow; let me live to-night!
Othello. Nay, if you strive,—
Desdemona. But half an hour!
Othello. Being done, there is no pause.
Desdemona. But while I say one prayer!
Othello. It is too late.
[*He stifles her.*
Emilia. [*Within*] My lord, my lord! what, ho! my lord, my lord!
Othello. What noise is this?—Not dead? not yet quite dead?
I that am cruel am yet merciful;
I would not have thee linger in thy pain.—
So, so.
Emilia. [*Within*] What, ho! my lord, my lord!
Othello. Who 's there?
Emilia. [*Within*] O, good my lord, I would speak a word with you!
Othello. Yes;—'t is Emilia.—By and by.—She 's dead.—
'T is like she comes to speak of Cassio's death.—
The noise was here.—Ha! no more moving?
Still as the grave.—Shall she come in? were 't good?—

I think she stirs again;—nó. What 's best to do?
If she come in, she 'll sure speak to my wife.—
My wife! my wife! what wife? I have no wife.
O, insupportable! O heavy hour!
Methinks it should be now a huge eclipse
Of sun and moon, and that the affrighted globe
Should yawn at alteration.

Emilia. [*Within*] I do beseech you
That I may speak with you, O, good my lord!

Othello. I had forgot thee. O, come in, Emilia.—
Soft; by and by.—Let me the curtains draw.—
Where art thou? [*Unlocks the door.*

Enter EMILIA.

What 's the matter with thee now?

Emilia. O, my good lord, yonder 's foul murther done!

Othello. What, now?

Emilia. But now, my lord.

Othello. It is the very error of the moon;
She comes more nearer earth than she was wont,
And makes men mad.

Emilia. Cassio, my lord, hath kill'd a young Venetian
Call'd Roderigo.

Othello. Roderigo kill'd!
And Cassio kill'd!

Emilia. No, Cassio is not kill'd.

Othello. Not Cassio kill'd! then murther 's out of tune,
And sweet revenge grows harsh.

Desdemona. O, falsely, falsely murther'd!

Emilia. Alas, what cry is that?

Othello. That! what?

Emilia. Out, and alas! that was my lady's voice.—
Help! help, ho! help!—O lady, speak again!
Sweet Desdemona! O sweet mistress, speak!

Desdemona. A guiltless death I die.

Emilia. O, who hath done this deed?
Desdemona. Nobody; I myself. Farewell!
Commend me to my kind lord; O, farewell! [*Dies.*
Othello. Why, how should she be murther'd?
Emilia. Alas, who knows?
Othello. You heard her say herself, it was not I.
Emilia. She said so; I must needs report the truth.
Othello. She 's like a liar gone to burning hell;
'T was I that kill'd her.
Emilia. O, the more angel she,
And you the blacker devil!
Othello. She turn'd to folly, and she was a whore.
Emilia. Thou dost belie her, and thou art a devil.
Othello. She was false as water.
Emilia. Thou art rash as fire, to say
That she was false; O, she was heavenly true!
Othello. O, I were damn'd beneath all depth in hell,
But that I did proceed upon just grounds
To this extremity. Thy husband knew it all.
Emilia. My husband!
Othello. Thy husband.
Emilia. That she was false to wedlock?
Othello. Ay, with Cassio. Nay, had she been true,
If heaven would make me such another world
Of one entire and perfect chrysolite,
I 'd not have sold her for it.
Emilia. My husband!
Othello. Ay, 't was he that told me first;
An honest man he is, and hates the slime
That sticks on filthy deeds.
Emilia. My husband!
Othello. What needs this iterance, woman? I say thy husband.
Emilia. O mistress, villany hath made mocks with love!—
My husband say that she was false!

Othello. He, woman ;
I say thy husband : dost understand the word ?
My friend, thy husband, honest, honest Iago.
Emilia. If he say so, may his pernicious soul
Rot half a grain a day ! he lies to the heart ;
She was too fond of her most filthy bargain.
Othello. Ha !
Emilia. Do thy worst ;
This deed of thine is no more worthy heaven
Than thou wast worthy her.
Othello. Peace, you were best !
Emilia. Thou hast not half that power to do me harm
As I have to be hurt. O gull ! O dolt !
As ignorant as dirt ! thou hast done a deed—
I care not for thy sword ; I 'll make thee known,
Though I lost twenty lives.—Help ! help, ho ! help !
The Moor hath kill'd my mistress ! Murther ! murther !

Enter MONTANO, GRATIANO, IAGO, *and others.*

Montano. What is the matter ?—How now, general !
Emilia. O, are you come, Iago ? you have done well,
That men must lay their murthers on your neck.
Gratiano. What is the matter ?
Emilia. Disprove this villain, if thou be'st a man ;
He says thou told'st him that his wife was false.
I know thou didst not, thou 'rt not such a villain ;
Speak, for my heart is full.
Iago. I told him what I thought, and told no more
Than what he found himself was apt and true.
Emilia. But did you ever tell him she was false ?
Iago. I did.
Emilia. You told a lie, an odious, damned lie ;
Upon my soul, a lie, a wicked lie !
She false with Cassio !—did you say with Cassio ?
Iago. With Cassio, mistress. Go to, charm your tongue.

Emilia. I will not charm my tongue; I am bound to speak:
My mistress here lies murther'd in her bed,—
All. O heavens forfend!
Emilia. And your reports have set the murther on.
Othello. Nay, stare not, masters; it is true, indeed.
Gratiano. 'T is a strange truth.
Montano. O monstrous act!
Emilia. Villany, villany, villany!
I think upon 't, I think;—I smell 't;—O villany!—
I thought so then!—I 'll kill myself for grief.—
O villany, villany!
Iago. What, are you mad? I charge you, get you home.
Emilia. Good gentlemen, let me have leave to speak;
'T is proper I obey him, but not now.
Perchance, Iago, I will ne'er go home.
Othello. O! O! O! [*He falls on the bed.*
Emilia. Nay, lay thee down and roar;
For thou hast kill'd the sweetest innocent
That e'er did lift up eye.
Othello. [*Rising*] O, she was foul!—
I scarce did know you, uncle; there lies your niece,
Whose breath, indeed, these hands have newly stopp'd.
I know this act shows horrible and grim.
Gratiano. Poor Desdemona! I am glad thy father 's dead.
Thy match was mortal to him, and pure grief
Shore his old thread in twain; did he live now,
This sight would make him do a desperate turn,
Yea, curse his better angel from his side,
And fall to reprobance.
Othello. 'T is pitiful; but yet Iago knows
That she with Cassio hath the act of shame
A thousand times committed; Cassio confess'd it:
And she did gratify his amorous works
With that recognizance and pledge of love

Which I first gave her. I saw it in his hand;
It was a handkerchief, an antique token
My father gave my mother.

Emilia. O heaven! O heavenly powers!

Iago. Come, hold your peace.

Emilia. 'T will out, 't will out!—I peace!
No, I will speak as liberal as the north;
Let heaven and men and devils, let them all,
All, all, cry shame against me, yet I 'll speak.

Iago. Be wise, and get you home.

Emilia. I will not.

[*Iago offers to stab Emilia.*

Gratiano. Fie!
Your sword upon a woman?

Emilia. O thou dull Moor! that handkerchief thou speak'st of
I found by fortune and did give my husband;
For often, with a solemn earnestness,
More than indeed belong'd to such a trifle,
He begg'd of me to steal it.

Iago. Villanous whore!

Emilia. She give it Cassio! no, alas! I found it,
And I did give 't my husband.

Iago. Filth, thou liest!

Emilia. By heaven, I do not, I do not, gentlemen.
O murtherous coxcomb! what should such a fool
Do with so good a wife?

Othello. Are there no stones in heaven
But what serve for the thunder?—Precious villain!

[*He runs at Iago; Iago, from behind, stabs Emilia, and exit.*

Gratiano. The woman falls; sure, he hath kill'd his wife.

Emilia. Ay, ay. O, lay me by my mistress' side.

Gratiano. He 's gone, but his wife 's kill'd.

Montano. 'T is a notorious villain. Take you this weapon,

Which I have here recover'd from the Moor.
Come, guard the door without; let him not pass,
But kill him rather. I 'll after that same villain,
For 't is a damned slave. [*Exeunt Montano and Gratiano.*
Othello. I am not valiant neither,
But every puny whipster gets my sword.
But why should honour outlive honesty?
Let it go all.
Emilia. What did thy song bode, lady?
Hark, canst thou hear me? I will play the swan,
And die in music. [Singing] *Willow, willow, willow.*—
Moor, she was chaste; she loved thee, cruel Moor;
So come my soul to bliss, as I speak true;
So speaking—as I think—I die—I die. [*Dies.*
Othello. I have another weapon in this chamber;
It is a sword of Spain, the ice-brook's temper.—
O, here it is.—Uncle, I must come forth.
Gratiano. [*Within*] If thou attempt it, it will cost thee dear;
Thou hast no weapon, and perforce must suffer.
Othello. Look in upon me then, and speak with me,
Or, naked as I am, I will assault thee.

Re-enter GRATIANO.

Gratiano. What is the matter?
Othello. Behold, I have a weapon;
A better never did itself sustain
Upon a soldier's thigh: I have seen the day,
That with this little arm and this good sword
I have made my way through more impediments
Than twenty times your stop.—But, O vain boast!
Who can control his fate? 't is not so now.—
Be not afraid, though you do see me weapon'd;
Here is my journey's end, here is my butt,
And very sea-mark of my utmost sail.

Do you go back dismay'd? 't is a lost fear;
Man but a rush against Othello's breast,
And he retires.—Where should Othello go?
Now, how dost thou look now? O ill-starr'd wench!
Pale as thy smock! when we shall meet at compt,
This look of thine will hurl my soul from heaven,
And fiends will snatch at it. Cold, cold, my girl!
Even like thy chastity.—
O, cursed, cursed slave!—
Whip me, ye devils,
From the possession of this heavenly sight!
Blow me about in winds! roast me in sulphur!
Wash me in steep-down gulfs of liquid fire!
O Desdemona! Desdemona! dead!
Oh! Oh! Oh!

Enter LODOVICO, MONTANO, CASSIO *carried in a chair, and* Officers *with* IAGO, *prisoner.*

Lodovico. Where is this rash and most unfortunate man?
Othello. That 's he that was Othello; here I am.
Lodovico. Where is that viper? bring the villain forth.
Othello. I look down towards his feet; but that 's a fable.
If that thou be'st a devil, I cannot kill thee. [*Wounds Iago.*
Lodovico. Wrench his sword from him.
Iago. I bleed, sir, but not kill'd.
Othello. I am not sorry neither: I 'd have thee live;
For, in my sense, 't is happiness to die.
Lodovico. O thou Othello, that wert once so good,
Fall'n in the practice of a damned slave,
What shall be said to thee?
Othello. Why, any thing:
An honourable murtherer, if you will;
For naught I did in hate, but all in honour.
Lodovico. This wretch hath part confess'd his villany.
Did you and he consent in Cassio's death?

Othello. Ay.

Cassio. Dear general, I never gave you cause.

Othello. I do believe it, and I ask you pardon.
Will you, I pray, demand that demi-devil
Why he hath thus ensnar'd my soul and body?

Iago. Demand me nothing: what you know, you know;
From this time forth I never will speak word.

Lodovico. What, not to pray?

Gratiano. Torments will ope your lips.

Othello. Well, thou dost best.

Lodovico. Sir, you shall understand what hath befall'n,
Which, as I think, you know not. Here is a letter
Found in the pocket of the slain Roderigo,
And here another; the one of them imports
The death of Cassio to be undertook
By Roderigo.

Othello. O villain!

Cassio. Most heathenish and most gross!

Lodovico. Now here 's another discontented paper,
Found in his pocket too; and this, it seems,
Roderigo meant to have sent this damned villain,
But that, belike, Iago in the interim
Came in and satisfied him.

Othello. O the pernicious caitiff!—
How came you, Cassio, by that handkerchief
That was my wife's?

Cassio. I found it in my chamber;
And he himself confess'd but even now
That there he dropt it for a special purpose
Which wrought to his desire.

Othello. O fool! fool! fool!

Cassio. There is besides in Roderigo's letter,
How he upbraids Iago that he made him
Brave me upon the watch; whereon it came
That I was cast: and even but now he spake,

After long seeming dead, Iago hurt him,
Iago set him on.

Lodovico. You must forsake this room, and go with us;
Your power and your command is taken off,
And Cassio rules in Cyprus. For this slave,
If there be any cunning cruelty
That can torment him much and hold him long,
It shall be his. You shall close prisoner rest,
Till that the nature of your fault be known
To the Venetian state.—Come, bring him away.

Othello. Soft you; a word or two before you go.
I have done the state some service, and they know 't.
No more of that.—I pray you, in your letters,
When you shall these unlucky deeds relate,
Speak of me as I am; nothing extenuate,
Nor set down aught in malice; then must you speak
Of one that loved not wisely but too well;
Of one not easily jealous, but being wrought
Perplex'd in the extreme; of one whose hand,
Like the base Indian, threw a pearl away
Richer than all his tribe; of one whose subdued eyes,
Albeit unused to the melting mood,
Drop tears as fast as the Arabian trees
Their medicinable gum. Set you down this;
And say besides, that in Aleppo once,
Where a malignant and a turban'd Turk
Beat a Venetian and traduc'd the state,
I took by the throat the circumcised dog.
And smote him—thus. [*Stabs himself.*

Lodovico. O bloody period!

Gratiano. All that 's spoke is marr'd.

Othello. I kiss'd thee ere I kill'd thee;—no way but this,
Killing myself, to die upon a kiss. [*Falls on the bed, and dies.*

Cassio. This did I fear, but thought he had no weapon;
For he was great of heart.

Lodovico. [*To Iago*] O Spartan dog,
More fell than anguish, hunger, or the sea!
Look on the tragic loading of this bed;
This is thy work: the object poisons sight;
Let it be hid.—Gratiano, keep the house,
And seize upon the fortunes of the Moor,
For they succeed on you.—To you, lord governor,
Remains the censure of this hellish villain,
The time, the place, the torture; O, enforce it!
Myself will straight aboard, and to the state
This heavy act with heavy heart relate. [*Exeunt.*

VIEW OF CERINI, CYPRUS.

NOTES.

ABBREVIATIONS USED IN THE NOTES.

Abbott (or Gr.), Abbott's *Shakespearian Grammar* (third edition).
A. S., Anglo-Saxon.
A. V., Authorized Version of the Bible (1611).
B. and F., Beaumont and Fletcher.
B. J., Ben Jonson.
Camb. ed., "Cambridge edition" of *Shakespeare*, edited by Clark and Wright.
Cf. (*confer*), compare.
Clarke, "Cassell's Illustrated Shakespeare," edited by Charles and Mary Cowden Clarke (London, n. d.).
Coll., Collier (second edition).
Coll. MS., Manuscript Corrections of Second Folio, edited by Collier.
D., Dyce (second edition).
H., Hudson (first edition).
Id. (*idem*), the same.
K., Knight (second edition).
Nares, *Glossary*, edited by Halliwell and Wright (London, 1859).
Prol., Prologue.
S., Shakespeare.
Schmidt, A. Schmidt's *Shakespeare-Lexicon* (Berlin, 1874).
Sr., Singer.
St., Staunton.
Theo., Theobald.
W., White.
Walker, Wm. Sidney Walker's *Critical Examination of the Text of Shakespeare* (London, 1860).
Warb., Warburton.
Wb., Webster's Dictionary (revised quarto edition of 1864).
Worc., Worcester's Dictionary (quarto edition).

The abbreviations of the names of Shakespeare's Plays will be readily understood; as *T. N.* for *Twelfth Night*, *Cor.* for *Coriolanus*, 3 *Hen. VI.* for *The Third Part of King Henry the Sixth*, etc. *P. P.* refers to *The Passionate Pilgrim*; *V. and A.* to *Venus and Adonis*; *L. C.* to *Lover's Complaint*; and *Sonn.* to the *Sonnets*.

When the abbreviation of the name of a play is followed by a reference to *page*, Rolfe's edition of the play is meant.

The numbers of the lines (except for *Othello*) are those of the "Globe" ed. or of Crowell's reprint of that ed.

NOTES.

GENERAL OF VENICE, IN TIME OF WAR.

ACT I.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.—Nothing of the kind is given in the quarto; but at the end of the play in the 1st folio we find the following :*

* The only other plays in the folio to which similar lists are appended are *Temp.*, *T. G. of V.*, *M. for M.*, *W. T.*, 2 *Hen. IV.*, and *T. of A.*

The Names of the Actors.	
Othello, *the Moore.*	Montano, *Gouernour of Cyprus.*
Brabantio, *Father to Desdemona.*	*Gentlemen of Cyprus.*
Cassio, *an Honourable Lieutenant.*	Lodouico, *and* Gratiano, *two noble Venetians.*
Iago, *a Villaine.*	*Saylors.*
Rodorigo, *a gull'd Gentleman.*	*Clowne.*
Duke of Venice.	Desdemona, *Wife to Othello.*
Senators.	Æmilia, *Wife to Iago.*
	Bianca, *a Curtezan.*

SCENE I.—"The republic of Venice became the virtual sovereigns of Cyprus in 1471; when the state assumed the guardianship of the son of Catharine Cornaro, who had married the illegitimate son of John III. of Lusignan, and, being left a widow, wanted the protection of the state to maintain the power which her husband had usurped. The island was then first garrisoned by Venetian troops. Catharine in 1489 abdicated the sovereignty in favour of the republic. Cyprus was retained by the Venetians till 1570, when it was invaded by a powerful Turkish force, and was finally subjected to the dominion of Selim II. in 1571. From that period it has formed a part of the Turkish empire. Leikosia, the inland capital of the island, was taken by storm; and Famagusta, the principal seaport, capitulated after a long and gallant defence. It is evident therefore that we must refer the action of *Othello* to a period before the subjugation of Cyprus by the Turks. The locality of the scenes after act i. must be placed at Famagusta, which was strongly fortified—a fact which Shakespeare must have known when (iii. 2. 3) he wrote 'I will be walking on the *works*'" (K.).

The cut on p. 153 is from Vecellio's *Habiti Antichi*, 1590, and represents the identical dress worn by Prince Veniero, when he was made general at the time of the Turkish war, in 1570. "The general of the Venetian forces, to whatever nation he might trace his birth (and it was always a *foreigner* who was selected for that office, 'lest,' as Paulus Jovius says, 'any one of their own countrymen might be puffed up with pride, and grow too ambitious'), assumed, on the day of his election, a peculiar habit, consisting of a full gown of crimson velvet with loose sleeves, over which was worn a mantle of cloth of gold, buttoned upon the right shoulder with massy gold buttons. The cap was of crimson velvet, and the baton of office was of silver, ensigned with the winged lion of St. Mark" (K.). Another portrait of Prince Veniero (see p. 131 above) in the *Habiti d' Huomini e Donne Venetiane*, 1609, represents him in armour, but still wearing the mantle and bearing the baton already described. Othello speaks of his "helm" (i. 3. 271), and of course in action he wore the armour of the period, which was much the same throughout Christian Europe.

1. *Tush.* Omitted in the folios.*

* We may as well say here that we do not propose to give *all* the little differences between the quartos and the folios; nor shall we in all cases state our reasons for choosing the reading of the one or the other. For a full list of the *variæ lectiones* the curious reader must go to the Camb. ed.

Coleridge remarks here: "Admirable is the preparation, so truly and peculiarly Shaksperian, in the introduction of Roderigo, as the dupe on whom Iago shall first exercise his art, and in so doing display his own character. Roderigo, without any fixed principle, but not without the moral notions and sympathies with honour which his rank and connections had hung upon him, is already well fitted and predisposed for the purpose; for very want of character and strength of passion, like wind loudest in an empty house, constitute his character. The first three lines happily state the nature and foundation of the friendship between him and Iago—the purse—as also the contrast of Roderigo's intemperance of mind with Iago's coolness—the coolness of a preconceiving experimenter."

3. *This.* That is, the elopement and marriage of Desdemona.

4. *'Sblood.* A contraction of *God's blood.* See *Ham.* pp. 208, 230. The folio suppresses the oath here. See p. 11 above.

10. *Off-capp'd.* The folio reading ("Off-capt"); the quartos have "Oft capt," which some modern editors prefer, making *cap*=salute by taking off the cap. The only instance of the verb in S. is in *Hen. V.* iii. 7. 124: "I will cap that proverb," etc. Cf. *A. and C.* ii. 7. 63: "I have ever held my cap off to thy fortunes."

13. *Circumstance.* Circumlocution. See *Ham.* p. 197.

16. *Certes.* Certainly. See *Temp.* p. 133. Some editors begin the quotation with *for.* The printing of the early eds. leaves the point doubtful.

19. *Arithmetician.* Steevens quotes *R. and J.* iii. 1. 106: "that fights by the book of arithmetic."

21. *Wife.* Probably=woman, as in *M. of V.* iii. 2. 58, *Hen. V.* iii. 3. 40, etc. The reference seems to be to his passion for Bianca. Some take the line to mean "A fellow whose ignorance of war would be condemned in a pretty woman," which is favoured by the allusion to *a spinster* which follows. Theo. would read "the Florentine 's A fellow almost damn'd in a fair wife," making it a quotation of Othello's remark concerning Iago, meaning, he says, that "Iago had so beautiful a wife that she was his *heaven on earth*, that he *idolized* her," etc. Steevens explains it as "very near being married," and quotes iv. 1. 116 below: "Faith, the cry goes that you shall marry her." Tyrwhitt conjectures "life" for *wife*, "alluding to the judgment denounced in the Gospel against those of *whom all men speak well.*" W. reads "wise." Other attempts at emendation are "phyz" (Hanmer), "face" (Capell), "guise," "strife," etc.

23. *Division.* Disposition, arrangement. Cf. *Much Ado*, v. 1. 230: "Rightly reasoned, and in his own division."

24. *Theoric.* Theory; as in *A. W.* iv. 3. 162 and *Hen. V.* i. 1. 52.

25. *Toged.* Wearing the toga, or gowned. It is the reading of the 1st quarto; the folios have "tongued," which some prefer. There seems to be a similar misprint of "tongue" for "togue" or "toge" in the 1st folio in *Cor.* ii. 3. 122, where the later folios substitute "gown." Steevens suggests that S. may have formed the word *toged* "in allusion to the Latin adage, *Cedant arma togæ.*" Cf. Cicero's use of *togati*=in the garb of peace.

Propose. Speak, talk. See *Much Ado*, p. 140.

30. *Be-lee'd.* Placed on the lee, or in a position unfavourable to the wind (Schmidt). The folio has "Christen'd," which K. prefers to *Christian.*

31. *Debitor and creditor.* The title of certain ancient treatises on book-keeping; here used as a nickname (Clarke). So *counter-caster* is contemptuous for an accountant, or one who reckons by *counters.* Cf. *Cymb.* v. 4. 174: "O the charity of a penny cord! it sums up thousands in a trice: you have no true debitor and creditor but it; of what 's past, is, and to come, the discharge; your neck, sir, is pen, book, and counters." See also *A. Y. L.* p. 164.

The folios and some modern eds. put a period after *creditor.*

33. *God bless the mark!* See *M. of V.* p. 138, or *R. and J.* p. 186. The folio omits *God.*

Ancient. Ensign. See *Hen. V.* p. 154.

36. *Letter.* "Recommendations by letter" (Schmidt). Clarke suggests that it may mean "according to the letter of his promise" or "in accordance with theoretical knowledge and pretensions" (cf. 17 or 24 above). The Coll. MS. gives "favour."

37. *Old gradation.* The established order of promotion. Cf. *M. for M.* iv. 3. 104: "By cold gradation" (that is, by deliberate steps).

39. *Affin'd.* Bound by any tie. Cf. ii. 3. 200 below. The 1st quarto has "assign'd."

41. *Content you.* Be at ease, do not worry. Cf. *Cymb.* i. 5. 26: "O, content thee!" Often it is = compose yourself, keep your temper. See *Much Ado*, p. 164, or *R. and J.* p. 160.

45. *Knee-crooking.* Cf. *Ham.* iii. 2. 66: "And crook the pregnant hinges of the knee," etc.

48. *For nought but provender*, etc. Cf. what Antony says of Lepidus in *J. C.* iv. 1. 19 fol.

49. *Honest knaves.* "Iago's sneer in using the word *knaves* for *servants*, while scoffing at their fidelity, is of kindred wit with Falstaff's calling a tradesman who applies for his justly due money a *knave*" (Clarke). See 2 *Hen. IV.* i. 2. 41. Cf. 115 below. On *me*, see Gr. 220.

50. *Trimm'd . . . visages.* The Coll. MS. has "learn'd . . . usages," and W. conjectures "train'd . . . usages;" but no change is really called for. *Trimm'd in forms and visages* = wearing the outward appearance.

63. *Compliment extern.* Outward appearance (Schmidt). H. prints "complement." See *R. and J.* p. 171, note on *Captain of compliments.* S. uses *extern* as a noun in *Sonn.* 125. 2.

65. *Daws.* The 1st quarto has "Doues" (doves), which Malone defends.

66. *Full.* The quarto reading; the folio has "fall," which K. adopts, making the passage mean "What a fall does Fortune owe him!" With our reading, *owe* = own, possess; as often. See *Macb.* p. 162 or *M. N. D.* p. 152, and cf. iii. 3. 333 below. For *full fortune*, cf. *Cymb.* v. 4. 110 and *A. and C.* iv. 15. 24.

Thick-lips has been cited in support of the notion that Othello is a

negro (see pp. 21, 25 above), but Roderigo uses the term contemptuously as = African.

Coleridge remarks: "Roderigo turns off to Othello; and here comes one, if not the only, seeming justification of our blackamoor or negro Othello. Even if we supposed this an uninterrupted tradition of the theatre, and that Shakspeare himself, from want of scenes, and the experience that nothing could be made too marked for the senses of his audience, had practically sanctioned it — would this prove aught concerning his own intention as a poet for all ages? Can we imagine him so utterly ignorant as to make a barbarous negro plead royal birth — at a time, too, when negroes were not known except as slaves? As for Iago's language to Brabantio, it implies merely that Othello was a Moor, that is, black. Though I think the rivalry of Roderigo sufficient to account for his wilful confusion of Moor and Negro — yet, even if compelled to give this up, I should think it only adapted for the acting of the day, and should complain of an enormity built on a single word. . . . Besides, if we could in good earnest believe Shakspeare ignorant of the distinction, still why should we adopt one disagreeable possibility instead of a ten times greater and more pleasing probability? It is a common error to mistake the epithets applied by the *dramatis personæ* to each other as truly descriptive of what the audience ought to see or know. No doubt Desdemona saw Othello's visage in his mind; yet, as we are constituted, and most surely as an English audience was disposed in the beginning of the seventeenth century, it would be something monstrous to conceive this beautiful Venetian girl falling in love with a veritable negro. It would argue a disproportionateness, a want of balance, in Desdemona which Shakspeare does not appear to have in the least contemplated."

68. The first *him* refers to Brabantio, the second to Othello.

71. *Though that.* For *that* as "a conjunctional affix," see Gr. 287; and for *as* = *that* in 73, Gr. 109.

75. *Like . . . as.* Cf. *Rich. III.* iv. 1. 9: "Upon the like devotion as yourselves," etc.

76. *By night and negligence.* That is, *at* night and *through* negligence.

86. *Zounds.* Omitted in the folio. See *R. and J.* p. 180.

87. *Burst.* Often used of the heart; as in *A. W.* iv. 3. 367, *J. C.* iii. 2. 190, *Lear*, v. 3. 182, 199, etc.

88. *Snorting.* Snoring; as in 1 *Hen. IV.* ii. 4. 578: "Fast asleep behind the arras, and snorting like a horse."

93. *Worser.* The folio reading; the quartos have "worse." Cf. Gr. 11.

94. *Haunt.* Usually transitive in S., but cf. *Macb.* i. 6. 9, and *L. C.* 130.

97. *Distempering.* Disordering, intoxicating. Cf. *Ham.* iii. 2. 312, 313.

98. *Upon malicious bravery.* "Urged by a malicious desire to brave me" (Clarke). The folios have "knavery." For *upon*, see Gr. 191.

104. *A grange.* That is, a lonely farm-house where a robbery could be easily committed. Cf. *M. for M.* iii. 1. 277 and *W. T.* iv. 4. 309.

113. *Odd-even*, etc. Apparently meant for the interval between twelve

at night and one in the morning, as Henley explains it. Clarke cites *Macb.* iii. 4. 127, where Macbeth asks "What is the night?" and Lady Macbeth replies "Almost at odds with morning, which is which." "Odd season" and "odd hour" have been suggested as emendations.

115. *Knave.* Menial. See on 49 above.

117. *And your allowance.* And is allowed or approved by you. The 3d quarto has "and to your allowance."

121. *From.* Away from, contrary to; as in *J. C.* i. 3. 35, ii. 1. 196, *Ham.* iii. 2. 22, etc. Gr. 158.

126. *In.* Changed by Pope to "To," and by Capell to "On." The Coll. MS. also has "On," and "Laying" for *Tying*, and "wheedling" for *wheeling*. For *in* = on, cf. i. 3. 74 below: "in your own part;" 2 *Hen. VI.* iii. 2. 257: "In pain of your dislike," etc. Gr. 160.

Extravagant. Wandering, vagabond. See *Ham.* p. 176. *Wheeling* has much the same sense. Cf. *T. and C.* v. 7. 2: "Attend me where I wheel."

138. *Check.* Rebuke; as in iii. 3. 67 and iv. 3. 19 below.

139. *Cast him.* Throw him over, dismiss him. Cf. ii. 3. 12, 254, and v. 2. 327 below.

141. *Stand in act.* Are in action, are now going on. *Stand* is often nearly = *be* (Schmidt). Cf. i. 3. 70 and ii. 1. 51 below.

142. *Fathom.* Calibre, capacity; a nautical metaphor. Cf. i. 2. 17 below: "give him cable."

Coleridge remarks here: "The forced praise of Othello followed by the bitter hatred of him in this speech! And observe how Brabantio's dream prepares for his recurrence to the notion of philters, and how both prepare for carrying on the plot of the arraignment of Othello on this ground."

148. *Sagittary.* "The residence at the arsenal of the commanding officers of the navy and army of the republic. The figure of an archer, with his drawn bow, still indicates the place" (K.). Some take it to be the name of an inn. Clarke suggests that it may be "a private house bearing one of those distinctive names, and even signs, which it was the mode formerly to give to private mansions in England." It appears from i. 2. 45 below that Othello was not at his usual lodging, and the messengers of the senate had not known where to find him. Cassio also asks "What makes he here?" which implies that he was in an unfamiliar place. Note also what Othello says in i. 3. 121. If the arsenal had been the "place," no guide to it would have been necessary.

151. *My despised time.* Cf. *R. and J.* i. 4. 110: "a despised life clos'd in my breast."

156. *More.* The folios have "moe." See *A. Y. L.* p. 176 or *Much Ado*, p. 137.

161. *Is.* The reading of quartos and 1st folio; the later folios have "Are." See Gr. 335.

162. *Maidhood.* Used again in *T. N.* iii. 1. 162. The quartos have "manhood."

163. *Abus'd.* Deluded, deceived. Cf. *Temp.* v. 1. 112, *Much Ado*, v. 2. 100, etc.

171. *At most.* That is, of the houses.
172. *Night.* From 1st quarto; the other early eds. have "might."

SCENE II.—2. *Stuff o' the conscience.* Matter of conscience. Cf. *Ham.* ii. 2. 324: "there was no such stuff in my thoughts," etc.

3. *Contriv'd.* Deliberate. Cf. *Hen. V.* iv. 1. 171: "premeditated and contrived murther;" *J. C.* ii. 3. 16: "the Fates with traitors do contrive" (that is, plot), etc.

5. *Yerk'd.* Thrust, stabbed. Cf. *Hen. V.* iv. 7. 83: "their wounded steeds . . . Yerk out their armed heels at their dead masters."

6. *'T is better*, etc. "How well these few words impress at the outset the truth of Othello's own character of himself at the end, that he was 'not easily wrought!' His self-government distinguishes him throughout from Leontes" (Coleridge).

He. Probably referring to Roderigo.

10. *Forbear.* Spare, let alone. Cf. *Ham.* v. 1. 296: "For love of God, forbear him," etc.

12. *Magnifico.* Cf. *M. of V.* iii. 2. 282: "the magnificoes Of greatest port." Tollet quotes Minsheu, *Dict.*: "The chief men of Venice are by a peculiar name called *magnifici*, i. e. *magnificoes.*"

14. *Double.* Malone quotes Thomas's *Hist. of Italy*, 1560: "Whereas many have reported, the duke in ballotyng should have two voices; it is nothinge so; for in giving his voice he hath but one ballot, as all others have." He had, however, a vote in each of the various councils of the Venetian state, a privilege which no other person enjoyed. But *double*, as Steevens suggests, may be simply = forcible. Henley understands it to refer to the power of either divorcing or punishing.

17. *Give him cable.* That is, give him cable *for.* For the ellipsis, cf. i. 3. 94 below: "I won his daughter" (with). Gr. 202.

20. *Which when I know.* Omitted in 1st quarto.

22. *Siege.* Rank; literally, seat. Cf. *Ham.* iv. 7. 77: "of the unworthiest siege." It is used in the literal sense in *M. for M.* iv. 2. 101: "upon the very siege of justice." The quartos have "height" or "hight."

Demerits. Merits; as in *Cor.* i. 1. 276: "Of his demerits rob Cominius." It was = what one *merits* or deserves, in a good as well as a bad sense. For the latter, see *Macb.* iv. 3. 226: "Not for their own demerits, but for mine." Steevens quotes Dugdale, *Warwickshire:* "Henry Conway, esq., for his singular demerits received the dignity of knighthood."

23. *Unbonneted.* As this naturally means *with the cap off* (cf. *Lear*, iii, 1. 14), Pope changed it to "unbonnetting," Theo. to "and bonneted," and Hanmer to "e'en bonneted." Schmidt remarks: "Perhaps the meaning is simply, I may say so with all courtesy and humility; and Othello's words must perhaps be accompanied by a corresponding gesture, as the 1st folio seems to imply by placing the word *unbonneted* in a parenthesis." Coleridge says: "It is not *I*, but my *demerits*, that may speak *unbonnetted*—without the symbol of a petitioning inferior."

26. *Unhoused.* "Free from domestic cares" (Johnson); "not tied to

a household and family" (Schmidt). In *T. of A.* iv. 3. 229, it is = houseless, shelterless.

27. *Circumscription.* Restraint; used by S. only here.

Confine. Accented on either syllable. See *Ham.* p. 176. Gr. 490.

28. *For the sea's worth.* Cf. *W. T.* iv. 4. 501:

"for all the sun sees,
Or the close earth wombs, or the profound sea hides
In unknown fathoms;"

and *Hen. V.* i. 2. 164:

"as rich with praise
As is the ooze and bottom of the sea
With sunken wrack and sunless treasuries."

30. *You were best.* See *J. C.* p. 166, or Gr. 230, 352.

31. *Parts.* Merits (Schmidt). Cf. i. 3. 252 below: "his valiant parts."

33. *Janus.* Cf. *M. of V.* i. 1. 50: "by two-headed Janus."

35. *The goodness*, etc. Cf. *M. for M.* iv. 2. 76:

"The best and wholesomest spirits of the night
Envelop you, good Provost!"

37. *Haste-post-haste.* An emphatic form of *post-haste.* Cf. "post-post-haste" in i. 3. 46 below.

40. *Heat.* Haste, urgency; as in 2 *Hen. IV.* iv. 3. 27, etc.

41. *Sequent.* The 1st quarto has "frequent."

43. *Consuls.* Senators, councillors; as in i. 1. 25 above. Theo. changed it to "couns'lers," and Johnson to "council."

46. *About.* The folio reading; the quartos have "aboue" or "above."

Quests. Used in a concrete sense, like *search* in i. 1. 148 (Schmidt). It is = inquest, jury, in *Sonn.* 46. 10 and *Rich. III.* i. 4. 189.

49. *Makes.* Does. See *Ham.* p. 185.

50. *Carack.* A large ship, or galleon. Cf. *C. of E.* iii. 2. 140: "whole armadoes of caracks." Steevens quotes B. and F., *Coxcomb:* "They 're made like caracks, all for strength and stowage."

52. *To who?* The later quartos and folios (3d and 4th) read "To whom?" See Gr. 274.

As Steevens remarks, it is singular that Cassio should ask this question. Cf. iii. 3. 94 fol. below. Blackstone suggests that his ignorance is affected, in order to keep his friend's secret until it should be publicly known.

53. *Have with you.* I 'll go with you. See *A. Y. L.* p. 146.

55. *Be advis'd.* Be cautious, take heed. See *M. N. D.* p. 126.

56. *To bad intent.* Cf. *T. of S.* i. 2. 199: "Why came I hither but to that intent?" Gr. 186.

59. *Keep up*, etc. See p. 29 above.

65. *If she*, etc. This line is not in the 1st quarto.

67. *Opposite.* Opposed, averse. Cf. *Lear*, ii. 1. 51:

"Seeing how loathly opposite I stood
To his unnatural purpose," etc.

68. *Curled.* Foppish, elegant. Cf. *A. and C.* v. 2. 304: "the curled Antony," etc.

70. *Guardage.* Guardianship; used by S. nowhere else.

71. *To fear, not to delight.* "To one more likely to terrify than delight her" (Malone). Steevens and Schmidt make *fear* and *delight* verbs.

72–77. *Judge . . . thee.* Omitted in 1st quarto. For *me*, see on i. 1. 49 above; and cf. *J. C.* i. 2. 270, *Ham.* ii. 2. 601, etc.

Gross in sense. "Palpable to reason" (Clarke).

74. *Minerals.* Cf. ii. 1. 284 below: "like a poisonous mineral," etc.

75. *Weaken motion.* "Subdue the impulse of affection" (Clarke). Cf. i. 3. 111:

> "Did you by indirect and forced courses
> *Subdue* and poison this young maid's *affections?*"

Or it may mean "impair the faculties," as Ritson explains it; referring to the power attributed to love potions or philters "of perverting and of course weakening or impairing both the sight and judgment, and of procuring fondness or dotage toward any unworthy object." Schmidt gives a similar explanation. Hanmer changed *weaken* to "waken," taking *motion* to have the same sense as in i. 3. 328 below.

Disputed on. Argued in court, made the subject of judicial investigation.

77. *Attach.* Arrest; a law term. Cf. *R. and J.* v. 3. 173: "whoe'er you find attach." See also *Hen. VIII.* i. 1. 217, i. 2. 210, etc.

78. *Abuser of the world.* Corrupter of the community.

83. *Cue.* For the literal and figurative use of the word in S., see *Ham.* p. 213.

86. *Course of direct session.* The regular course of legal proceedings.

SCENE III.—1. *Composition.* Consistency, agreement.

News. Both singular and plural in S. See *Much Ado*, p. 125, and cf. 32 below.

5. *Jump.* Agree. Cf. *T. N.* v. 1. 259: "till each circumstance . . . do cohere and jump." So *jump with*, as in *M. of V.* ii. 9. 32, *1 Hen. IV.* i. 2. 78, etc. *Just*=exact; as in *Much Ado*, ii. 1. 375: "a just seven-night;" *M. of V.* iv. 1. 327: "a just pound," etc.

6. *Where the aim reports.* "Where men report, not by certain knowledge, but by *aim* or *conjecture*" (Johnson). Cf. *J. C.* i. 2. 163: "What you would work me to, I have some aim," etc. The quartos have "they aim;" and the Coll. MS. "with the same reports."

10. *I do not*, etc. "I do not feel so over-confident on account of the error that may be in these reports, but that I can perceive ground for dread in the main particular" (Clarke). For *fearful*=full of fear, see *J. C.* p. 175.

16. *By Signior Angelo.* Omitted in 1st quarto.

17. *How say you by*, etc. What say you to, etc. Cf. *M. of V.* i. 2. 58: "How say you by the French lord?" and see note in our ed. p. 132.

18. *By no assay of reason.* By any test of reason. For the double negative, see Gr. 406.

Pageant. Show, pretence. The word is commonly applied to a theatrical exhibition. See *M. N. D.* p. 163.

20. *Importancy.* Used by S. nowhere else.

23. *With more facile question bear it.* "With greater facility of contest carry it" (Clarke). *Question* = "trial and decision by force of arms, as the *ultima ratio regum*" (Schmidt).

24. *For that*, etc. Because it is not in such warlike condition of defence. *Brace* literally means armour; as in *Per.* ii. 1. 133. Cf. *vantbrace* in *T. and C.* i. 3. 297.

30. *Wage.* Hazard, encounter. Cf. 1 *Hen. IV.* iv. 4. 20:

"too weak
To wage an instant trial with the king."

33. *Ottomites.* Ottomans. Cf. 235 and ii. 3. 171 below.

35. *Injointed.* Joined, allied. Cf. *insinewed* in the same sense in 2 *Hen. IV.* iv. 1. 172 (see also *K. John*, v. 2. 63).

36. *Ay*, etc. This line is not in the 1st quarto.

37. *Re-stem.* The first quarto has "resterine," the other quartos "resterne."

42. *To believe him.* That is, not to doubt the truth of this intelligence (Johnson). Sr. and Keightley read "relieve."

44. *Luccicos.* The reading of all the early eds. changed by Capell to "Lucchese" because it is not an Italian form. K. suggests that it is probably the name of "a Greek soldier of Cyprus—an Estradiot—one who from his local knowledge was enabled to give him information."

46. *Post-post-haste.* See on i. 2. 37 above.

48. *Valiant Othello*, etc. Reed quotes Thomas, *Hist. of Italye*: "By lande they are served of straungers, both for generalls, for capitaines, and for all other men of warre: because theyr lawe permitteth not any Venetian to be capitaine over an armie by lande: Fearing, I thinke, Cæsar's example." See p. 154 above.

49. *Ottoman.* Schmidt is doubtful whether this is noun or adjective. We are inclined to think it the latter. S. uses the word only here.

52. *Good your grace.* See Gr. 13.

56. *Is of so flood-gate*, etc. That is, has the impetuosity of a flood rushing through an open sluice. Cf. *Hen. V.* i. 1. 33:

"Never came reformation in a flood,
With such a heady currance, scouring faults."

57. *Engluts.* Swallows up. Cf. *Hen. V.* iv. 3. 83:

"For certainly thou art so near the gulf,
Thou needs must be englutted."

61. *Mountebanks.* Quacks. Cf. *Ham.* iv. 7. 142: "I bought an unction of a mountebank," etc. The word is used as a verb (=gull) in *Cor.* iii. 2. 132.

63. *Being*, etc. This line is not in the 1st quarto.

64. *Sans.* See *A. Y. L.* p. 163.

67. *The bloody book of law.* By the Venetian law the giving of love-potions was highly criminal (Clarke).

69. *Proper.* Own; as often. Cf. *Temp.* iii. 3. 60: "their proper selves;" *M. for M.* iii. 1. 413: "his proper tongue," etc.

70. *Stood in your action.* Were the subject of your accusation. See on i. 1. 141 above.

82. *Soft.* The folio reading; the quartos have "set." Cf. *Cor.* iii. 2. 82:

> "Thou art their soldier, and being bred in broils
> Hast not the soft way which, thou dost confess,
> Were fit for thee to use," etc.

90. *Round.* Plain, direct. See *Hen. V.* p. 175. For the adverb (=directly) see *Ham.* p. 203. For *unvarnish'd* the 2d and 3d quartos have "unravish'd." On *deliver*=relate, see *Ham.* p. 186.

94. *I won his daughter.* The later folios add "with." See on i. 2. 17 above, and cf. *T. of A.* iv. 3. 262: "more than I could frame employment" (for); *Cymb.* ii. 4. 68: "well worth watching" (for), etc.

96. *Herself.* Itself. Cf. Gr. 229.

105. *Conjur'd.* Charmed by incantations. For the accent, see *M. N. D.* p. 164.

107. *More wider.* More apparent or obvious (Schmidt). For the double comparative, see Gr. 11. The quartos have "more certaine;" and the 1st folio joins this speech to the preceding.

Overt test. "Open proofs, external evidence" (Johnson).

108. *Thin habits.* Superficial appearances.

109. *Modern.* Common, insignificant. See *Macb.* p. 243.

115. *Sagittary.* See on i. 1. 148 above.

118. *The trust*, etc. The line is not in the 1st quarto; neither is 123 just below.

124. *Justly.* Truthfully. Cf. *M. for M.* v. 1. 298: "Look you speak justly," etc.

125. *Thrive.* Prosper, succeed. Cf. *M. of V.* ii. 7. 60: "Here do I choose, and thrive I as I may," etc.

136. *Scapes.* Not "'scapes," as often printed. See *A. Y. L.* p. 171.

139. *Portance in my.* The reading of the folios and 2d and 3d quartos. The 1st quarto has "with it all my." *Portance*=conduct, deportment; as *Cor.* ii. 3. 232: "his present portance."

140. *Antres.* Caverns (Latin, *antrum*); found only here.

Idle. Barren, unproductive; the reading of the quartos and 1st folio. Wiclif has "The earth was idel and voide." The later folios read "wild." Cf. *idleness*=want of cultivation, in 323 below and in *Hen. V.* v. 2. 51.

142. *It was my hint.* I had occasion. Cf. *hint*=subject, in *Temp.* i. 2. 134, ii. 1. 3, etc.

143. *Cannibals.* Also alluded to in 3 *Hen. VI.* i. 4. 152, v. 5. 61. In 2 *Hen. IV.* ii. 4. 180 Pistol confounds the word with "Hannibals."

144. *Anthropophagi.* Man-eaters. The quartos print "Anthropophagie," and the 1st folio "Antropophague." Raleigh, in his *Discoverie of Guiana*, 1596, mentions the Amazons, the Cannibals, and the "nation of people whose heads appear not above their shoulders." So Hakluyt, in his *Voyages*, 1598, speaks of a people "whose heades appeare not above their shoulders: they are reported to have their eyes in their shoulders, and their mouthes in the middle of their breasts." In Holland's *Pliny*, 1601, we read of "Anthropophagi, or eaters of man's flesh, whom we have placed above the north pole, tenne daies journey by land above the river Borysthenes," etc., and of people "without heads stand-

ing upon their neckes who carrie eies in their shoulders." Hall, in his *Quo Vadis*, refers to "headlesse Easterne people that have their eyes in their breasts, a misconceit arising from the fashion of their attire," etc. Steevens quotes the tragedy of *Locrine*, 1595 :

> "Or where the bloody Anthropophagi
> With greedy jaws devour the wandring wights."

Cf. *Temp.* iii. 3. 46 :

> "or that there were such men
> Whose heads stood in their breasts?

147. *Still.* Ever, very often. Gr. 69.

149. *A greedy ear.* Malone cites Marlowe, *Lust's Dominion*, written before 1593 :

> "Hang both your greedy ears upon my lips ;
> Let them devour my speech ;"

and Spenser, *F. Q.* vi. 9. 26 :

> "Whylest thus he talkt, the knight with greedy eare
> Hong still upon his melting mouth attent."

153. *Dilate.* Relate at length. Cf. *C. of E.* i. 1. 123 :

> "Do me the favour to dilate at full
> What hath befall'n of them and thee till now."

So *dilated* = detailed in *A. W.* ii. 1. 59 and *Ham.* i. 2. 38.

155. *Intentively.* Attentively. The 1st folio has "instinctively," and the other folios "distinctively." Steevens cites Chapman, *Iliad*, x. : "with intentive ear ;" and *Odyssey*, viii. : "intentively retaine." Bullokar, in his *Expositor*, 1616, has "*Intentive*, which listeneth well and is earnestly bent to a thing ;" and Cockerham, in his *Dict. of Hard Words*, 1632, "*Intentive*, that listeneth."

159. *Sighs.* The quarto reading ; the folios have "kisses," which is inconsistent with the character of Desdemona (see 94 above), and with what follows.

160. *Passing.* Often used adverbially, but only before adjectives and adverbs (Schmidt).

On *swore*, cf. Whitaker's *Vindication of Mary Queen of Scots* (quoted by Steevens) : "Let not the modern reader be hurt here and in paragraph x. at a Lady, a Queen, and a Mary, *swearing*. To *aver upon faith and honour*, was then called *swearing*, equally with a solemn appeal to GOD ; and considered as the same with it."

163. *Her.* That is, *for* her ; though some take it to mean that she would fain have been such a man. The former explanation is favoured by what follows.

167. *Hint.* The folio reading ; the quartos have "heate."

173. *Take up*, etc. That is, make the best of it. Cf. *at the best* = as well as possible, in *T. of A.* iii. 6. 29, etc.

177. *On my head.* The folio reading ; the quartos have "light (or "lite") on me."

183. *Learn.* Teach. See *Much Ado*, p. 153 or *A. Y. L.* p. 141.

188. *Challenge.* Claim. Cf. *Lear*, i. 1. 54 : "Where nature doth with merit challenge," etc.

190. *Please it your grace.* See *A. Y. L.* p. 138, note on *So please you*, or *M. of V.* p. 134, note on *If it please you.*

191. *Had rather to.* See *M. of V.* p. 132, note on *I had rather to be married.*

194. *Which*, etc. This line is omitted in the 1st quarto.

195. *For your.* Hanmer reads "And for your" for the sake of the measure. Cf. Gr. 484.

197. *Escape.* Clarke thinks the word may have the sense of "sally, prank" (Fr. *escapade*) in addition to that of "flight, elopement."

199. *Like yourself.* "In a strain of resignation to that which is irretrievably past and gone, like yours when you say 'I have done'" (Clarke). Sir J. Reynolds explains it: "Let me speak as yourself would speak, were you not too much heated with passion."

200. *Grise.* Step, degree. Cf. *T. N.* iii. 1. 135:

> "*Olivia.* That 's a degree to love.
> "*Viola.* No, not a grise;"

and *T. of A.* iv. 3. 16: "every grise of fortune."

201. *Into your favour.* Omitted in the folios.

202. *When remedies*, etc. Cf. *L. L. L.* v. 2. 28: "past cure is still past care."

205. *Next.* Nearest. Cf. *W. T.* iii. 3. 129: "the next way home;" 1 *Hen. IV.* iii. 1. 264: "'T is the next way to turn tailor," etc. For *new* the quartos have "more."

213. *The free comfort*, etc. "The gratuitous sentiments of consolation which he hears delivered together with the sentence" (Clarke).

219. *Pierced.* Penetrated, reached. Cf. *M. of V.* v. 1. 67: "With sweetest touches pierce your mistress' ear," etc. Warb. would read "pieced"=cured.

220. *Beseech you*, etc. The quarto reading; the 1st and 2d folios have "I humbly beseech you, proceed to the affairs of state."

222. *Fortitude.* Strength. Cf. 1 *Hen. VI.* ii. 1. 17: "his own arm's fortitude."

224. *Allowed.* Acknowledged; as in *Hen. VIII.* ii. 4. 4: "And on all sides the authority allow'd," etc.

225. *More safer.* Cf. "more wider" in 107 above; also *Temp.* i. 2 19: "more better," etc.

226. *Slubber.* Sully, soil. S. uses the word only here and in *M. of V.* ii. 8. 39: "Slubber (=slight, slur over) not business for my sake;" but we have *beslubber* (=daub, smear) in 1 *Hen. IV.* ii. 4. 341.

For the metaphor, cf. *Much Ado*, iii. 2. 6: "that would be as great a soil in the new gloss of your marriage," etc.; and *Macb.* i. 7. 34: "Which should be worn now in their newest gloss."

229. *Couch.* The quartos have "cooch," the folios "coach."

230. *Thrice-driven.* Referring to the selection of the feathers by *driving* with a fan, to separate the light from the heavy (Johnson).

Agnize. Acknowledge, confess, avow. Malone quotes *A Summarie Report*, etc., 1586: "a repentant convert, agnising her Maiesties great mercie," etc.

232. *Hardness.* Hardship; as in *Cymb.* iii. 6. 21: "hardness ever Of hardiness is mother."

236. *Reference.* Assignment. The 1st quarto (followed by 3d and 4th folios) has "reuerence."

Exhibition. Provision, allowance; as in *T. G. of V.* i. 3. 69:

> "What maintenance he from his friends receives,
> Like exhibition thou shalt have from me."

See also iv. 3. 72 below.

273. *Besort.* "Befitting attendance" (Clarke). Schmidt defines *accommodation and besort* as "besorting or convenient accommodation." We find the verb in *Lear*, i. 4. 272: "such men as may besort (=become, befit) your age."

238. *Levels with.* Is in keeping with.

If you please, etc. The 1st folio has "Why at her Fathers?" the other folios, "Why, at her Fathers."

240. *Nor I; I would not.* The folios have "Nor would I."

243. *To my unfolding.* To what I say. Cf. *M. W.* i. 3. 105, ii. 2. 227, etc.

For *your prosperous* (that is, propitious, favouring) the quartos have "a gracious." Cf. *T. of A.* v. 1. 186: "To the protection of the prosperous gods."

244. *And let me*, etc. "Let your favour *privilege* me" (Johnson).

245. *Simpleness.* Simplicity. See *Much Ado*, p. 141.

247. *That I did love*, etc. "Here is a notable instance of the way in which S. makes his most gentle women speak out firmly and eloquently when stress of need comes. Desdemona, since her entrance, has remained silent, save when directly appealed to by her father, when seconding her husband's fiat by echoing his 'Nor I,' and now when replying to the Duke's question. Desdemona is gentle even to timidity; but, like many women whose gentleness of nature has been wrought into timidity by a too rigid strictness on the part of those who bring them up, she is capable of singularly bold action and self-assertion on rare occasions. Her independent act in leaving her father's house, and marrying the man of her choice, is precisely characteristic of the one, and her present speech is an eminent specimen of the other. Encouraged by loving treatment, she is capable of exerting moral strength; chilled by severity, she is a moral coward. Desdemona has the virtues of a gentle-natured woman; but, alas! she also has the faults of a timid woman" (Clarke).

248. *My downright violence*, etc. The bold action I have taken, and the stormy fortunes I have voluntarily encountered, in order to marry him. The 1st quarto has "scorne of Fortunes."

249. *Subdued*, etc. Made subject to the very nature of my lord. Malone makes *quality*=profession, but the next line favours the other explanation. For *very quality* the 1st quarto has "utmost pleasure."

255. *A moth.* "Figuratively, an idle eater" (Schmidt).

258. *Dear.* Deeply felt. See *Rich. II.* p. 164 or *Temp.* p. 124.

259. *Let her have your voices.* The folio has "voice." The quarto reading is

"Your voyces Lords: beseech you let her will
Have a free way."

260. *Vouch with me, heaven.* Omitted in 1st quarto.

262, 263. *Nor to comply*, etc. A much disputed passage. The quartos have "heate, the young affects, In my defunct;" the 1st folio, "heat the yong affects ("effects" in later folios) In my defunct," etc. The reading in the text is Rann's. The meaning is, "I ask it not to please appetite, or satisfy loose desires, the passions of youth which I have now outlived, or for any particular gratification of myself, but merely that I may indulge the wishes of my wife" (Johnson). Theo. reads "heat, the young affects, In my distinct," etc.; Malone changes "distinct" to "disjunct." For other attempts at emendation, see the Var. of 1821 and the Camb. ed. For *affects*=inclinations, desires, cf. *L. L. L.* i. 1. 152: "For every man with his affects is born," etc. It has been said that Othello would hardly "confess that all youthful passions were *defunct* in him;" but it may be replied that he only means, as the connection shows, that their early impetuosity is past—that he can control them, and is no longer controlled by them. In iii. 3. 265, he again alludes to the fact that he is not a young man, but "declined into the vale of years." After all, the passage is not without its difficulties; but the reading in the text is quite as satisfactory as any of the freer emendations that have been proposed.

264. *Free.* Liberal, bountiful. Cf. 1 *Hen. VI.* v. 4. 82: "liberal and free;" *T. and C.* iv. 5. 100: "His heart and hand both open and both free," etc.

265. *Defend.* Forbid. See *Much Ado*, p. 129.

266. *Scant.* Be deficient in, neglect. Cf. iv. 3. 88 below.

267. *For.* Because. See *M. of V.* p. 134, note on *For he is a Christian.*

Toys. Trifles. Cf. 1 *Hen. VI.* iv. 1. 145: "a toy, a thing of no regard." See also *M. N. D.* p. 179.

268. *Seel.* Blind; a term in falconry. See *Macb.* p. 212. The quartos have "foyles," and the Coll. MS. gives "foil."

269. *Offic'd.* The folio reading; the quartos have "active." In either case, the meaning is "my visual and active powers." So *speculation*=vision; as in *Macb.* iii. 4. 95: "no speculation in those eyes," etc.

270. *Disports.* Sports, pastimes; as in *R. of L.* arg. 11: "in several disports."

271. *Skillet.* A small kettle or boiler; still a familiar word in New England.

272. *Indign.* Unworthy, disgraceful; used by S. only here.

273. *Estimation.* The folio reading; the quartos have "reputation," which means the same.

282. *Import.* Concern. Cf. *L. L. L.* iv. 1. 57: "This letter is mistook, it importeth none here," etc.

285. *With what else*, etc. That is, whatever else your grace shall *think needful*, etc. For many similar transpositions, see Gr. 419*a*. Cf. v. 2. 4 below.

287. *And, noble signior.* Most editions insert here the stage direction, "*To Brabantio;*" but the speech itself shows to whom it is addressed.

288. *Delighted.* "Delighting" (Hanmer's reading) or delightful. Cf. *Cymb.* v. 4. 102:

"to make my gift,
The more delay'd, delighted."

Cf. *becomed*=becoming, in *R. and J.* iv. 2. 26, etc.

291. *If thou hast eyes to see.* The 1st quarto reads "have a quick eye to see."

Coleridge observes here: "In real life, how do we look back to little speeches as presentimental of, or contrasted with, an affecting event! Even so Shakespeare, as secure of being read over and over, of becoming a family friend, provides this passage for his readers, and leaves it to them."

296. *In the best advantage.* At the most favourable opportunity. Cf. ii. 1. 237 and iii. 3. 312 below.

304. *Incontinently.* Immediately. It is used by S. only here, but we have *incontinent* in the same sense in iv. 3. 11 below. See also *A. Y. L.* v. 2. 42 and *Rich. II.* v. 6. 48.

311. *Four times seven years.* "It is remarkable that S. has here taken pains to specify the exact age of Iago, as he has specified that of Hamlet. They are perhaps the two most intellectual characters that our poet has drawn; and he has made them nearly of the same age, as if at that period of life a man's intellect were at its culminating point of activity and energy. . . . That Iago should be no more than twenty-eight years old, and yet so versed in worldly ways, so decided in his opinions, so competent in stratagem, so expert in turning the worthiest as well as the weakest points of human nature to his purpose, so utterly without faith in goodness as he is, makes him the more an innate villain. His cynical contempt is not the growth of sad experience or soured feeling, his coarseness and hardness are not the result of a long course of battling with the world, the savage pertinacity of revenge is not the offspring of an old-conceived resentment; but he is a hard, cold-blooded, almost vivacious scoundrel, from inherent disposition, who uses his keen intellect with the same fierce joy in its skill and power to destroy that he uses his sharp dagger or sword" (Clarke).

314. *A guinea-hen.* A cant term for a woman of loose character.

317. *Fond.* Foolish; as often. See *M. N. D.* p. 163.

318. *Virtue! a fig*, etc. Coleridge remarks: "This speech comprises the passionless character of Iago. It is all will in intellect; and therefore he is here a bold partisan of a truth, but yet of a truth converted into a falsehood by the absence of all the necessary modifications caused by the frail nature of man. And then comes the last sentiment:

"'Our raging motions, our carnal stings, our unbitted lusts, whereof I take this that you call love to be a sect or scion!'

Here is the true Iagoism of, alas! how many! Note Iago's pride of mastery in the repetition of 'Go, make money!' to his anticipated dupe, even stronger than his love of lucre; and when Roderigo is completely won—

"'I am chang'd. I 'll go sell all my land;'

when the effect has been fully produced, the repetition of triumph—

"'Go to; farewell; put money enough in your purse!'

The remainder—Iago's soliloquy—the motive-hunting of a motiveless malignity—how awful it is! Yea, whilst he is still allowed to bear the divine image, it is too fiendish for his own steady view—for the lonely gaze of a being next to devil, and only not quite devil—and yet a character which Shakspeare has attempted and executed without disgust and without scandal!" See also p. 31 fol. above.

322. *Gender.* Kind. Cf. *The Phœnix and the Turtle*, 18: "thy sable gender."

323. *Idleness.* See on i. 3. 140 above.

325. *Balance.* The folios have "brain" or "braine," which Steevens takes to be a misprint for "beam."

328. *Motions.* Sensual impulses. For *stings*, see *A. Y. L.* p. 164, note on *The brutish sting*. *Unbitted*=unbridled.

330. *Sect.* Cutting; changed by Hanmer to "slip," and by Johnson to "set."

335. *Perdurable.* An emphatic form of *durable.* Cf. *Hen. V.* iv. 5. 7: "O perdurable shame!" So *perdurably*=lastingly, in *M. for M.* iii. 1. 115.

336. *Stead.* Help, be of use to; as in *Temp.* i. 2. 165, *M. of V.* i. 3. 7, *R. and J.* ii. 3. 54, etc.

337. *Defeat thy favour.* Disfigure or disguise thy face. For *favour*= face, see *J. C.* p. 131. Cf. *Gen.* xxix. 17, etc.

342. *Sequestration.* Separation, rupture. Cf. *Hen. V.* i. 1. 58:

> "Any retirement, any sequestration
> From open haunts and popularity."

Sequester is used in the same sense in iii. 4. 39 below.

344. *Locusts.* Perhaps here called *luscious* from their association with *honey* in *Matt.* iii. 4 (Schmidt).

345. *Coloquintida.* Colocynth, or "bitter apple." Bullein, in his *Bulwark of Defence*, 1579, speaks of it as "most bitter, white like a baule, full of seedes, leaves like to cucumbers," etc.

351. *Erring.* Erratic, wandering; as in *Ham.* i. 1. 154: "The extravagant and erring spirit," etc.

Supersubtle. Used by S. nowhere else. Cf. *superdainty* (*T. of S.* ii. 1. 189), *superfinical* (*Lear*, ii. 2. 19), etc.

354. *Clean.* Entirely. Cf. *J. C.* i. 3. 35: "clean from the purpose," etc. See also *Josh.* iii. 17, *Ps.* lxxvii. 8, etc.

357. *If I depend on the issue.* Omitted in 1st quarto.

361. *Hearted.* Seated or fixed in the heart. Cf. iii. 3. 436 below: "hearted throne."

362. *Conjunctive.* Conjoined, united. Cf. *Ham.* iv. 7. 14: "conjunctive to my life and soul." The 1st quarto has "communicative."

365. *Traverse.* A military word of command=march, go on (Schmidt). Cf. *2 Hen. IV.* iii. 2. 291: "Hold, Wart, traverse."

370–374. *Go to . . . purse.* The reading of the 2d and 3d quartos. The 1st folio reads thus:

> "*Iago.* Go too, farewell, Do you heare, *Rodorigo?*
> "*Rod.* Ile sell all my Land. *Exit.*
> "*Iago.* Thus do I euer make my Foole, my purse:"

Some modern eds. follow the folio.

376. *Snipe.* "*Woodcock* is the term generally used by S. to denote an insignificant fellow [see *Ham.* p. 191]; but Iago is more sarcastic, and compares his dupe to a smaller and meaner bird" (Steevens).

378. *It is thought*, etc. Snider (*System of Shakespeare's Dramas*, vol. i. p. 112 fol.) endeavours to show that Iago is really jealous of Othello, and that the latter has been guilty of adultery with Emilia, but it does not seem to us that he makes out his case.

381. *Will do*, etc. "That is, I will act as if I were certain of the fact" (Mason).

Holds me well. Thinks well of me. See *Much Ado*, p. 144.

383. *Proper.* Comely, handsome. See *Mer.* p. 132 or *A. Y. L.* p. 143.

384. *To plume up my will*, etc. "This, in Iago's mouth, has most characteristic effect; as if any project that involved reduplication of knavery were a feather in the cap of his depraved will—a thing to plume himself upon as a feat of intellectual volition. The words S. chooses are so significant, so inclusive, that they suggest a crowd of images in their expressive conciseness" (Clarke). For *plume* the 1st quarto has "make."

386. *Abuse.* Deceive, delude. See on i. 1. 163 above.

388. *Dispose.* Disposition, temper. Cf. *T. and C.* ii. 3. 174:

> "He doth rely on none,
> But carries on the stream of his dispose
> Without observance or respect of any," etc.

ACT II.

SCENE I.—*A Seaport in Cyprus.* Undoubtedly Famagusta, which was the chief port of the island at that time. See p. 154 above.

2. *High-wrought.* S. is fond of compounds with *high*; as *high-battled*, *high-judging*, *high-reared*, *high-resolved*, *high-sighted*, *high-stomached*, etc.

3. *Heaven.* Sky. The 1st quarto has "haven."

5. *At land.* We still say *at sea*, but not *at land.* In Florio's *Montaigne* we find "at shore." Cf. Gr. 143, 144.

7. *Ruffian'd.* Played the ruffian, been boisterous; the only instance of the verb in S. Cf. 2 *Hen. IV.* iii. 1. 22: "the ruffian billows;" and *T. and C.* i. 3. 38: "the ruffian Boreas."

8. *Mountains melt.* Perhaps suggested by *Judges*, v. 5: "The mountains melted from before the Lord" (Steevens).

10. *Segregation.* Separation, dispersion; used by S. only here.

12. *The chidden billow.* The quartos have "chiding." S. often uses *chide* in the sense of "to make an incessant noise." Cf. *A. Y. L.* ii. 1. 7: "And churlish chiding of the winter's wind;" *Hen. VIII.* iii. 2. 197: "As doth a rock against the chiding flood," etc. In *M. N. D.* iv. 1. 120, it is used of the baying of hounds.

13. *Wind-shak'd.* We have *wind-shaken* in *Cor.* v. 2. 117: "the oak not to be wind-shaken." S. uses *shaked*, *shook*, and *shaken* as the participle.

Mane. The quartos have "mayne," the folios "maine," or "main." Most of the modern eds. give "main" (=force, as in "might and main"), which is quite as likely to be right.

15. *The guards*, etc. Johnson says, "alluding to the star *Arctophylax*." The *constellation* now known as *Bootes* was originally called *Arctophylax*, or *Arcturus*, both of which names mean the *guard* or *keeper of the bear*. The name *Arcturus* was afterwards given to the principal star in the constellation. We have no doubt that the *guards of the pole* here are the two stars commonly called *the Pointers*. The 1st quarto reads "ever-fired."

16. *Molestation.* Disturbance; used nowhere else by S.

17. *Enchafed* =chafed (see *J. C.* p. 131), enraged. Cf. *Cymb.* iv. 2. 174: "Their royal blood enchaf'd."

18. *Embay'd.* Land-locked. For these words with the prefix *en-*, see Gr. 440.

22. *Designment.* Design, enterprise. Cf. *Cor.* v. 6. 35: "serv'd his designments."

23. *Sufferance.* Disaster.

25, 26. The early eds. put a colon after *in*, and a comma after *Veronese*, which the quartos spell "Veronessa," and the 1st folio "Verennessa." Theo. changed the pointing to "in, A Veronessa; Michael," etc., and is followed by some of the recent editors, who take the ship to be "one fitted out by the people of Verona, a city of the Venetian state." This is a rather forced explanation; and, as a choice of difficulties, it seems better to suppose that S. forgot for the moment that he had made Cassio a Florentine, or that he chose to let the speaker call him a Veronese. *Veronese* may be metrically a quadrisyllable; some print it "Veronesé."

30. *On 't.* Of it. See Gr. 181. For *'t is*, cf. *Macb.* i. 4. 58: "It is a peerless kinsman;" *T. of A.* iii. 1. 23: "a noble gentleman 't is," etc. Oftener it is used contemptuously; as in *M. of V.* iii. 3. 18, *Hen. V.* iii. 6. 70, *A. and C.* iii. 2. 6, etc.

34. *With.* By. See Gr. 193.

36. *Full.* Complete, perfect. Cf. *A. and C.* iii. 13. 87: "the fullest man."

39, 40. *Even till . . . regard.* Omitted in 1st quarto. *Regard*= view; as in *L. C.* 213: "The deep-green emerald, in whose fresh regard," etc.

42. *Arrivance.* Arrival. The 1st folio has "Arriuancie." Clarke notes that there is an unusual number of words in *-ce* in this play.

49. *Expert and approv'd allowance.* That is, allowed and proved expertness. See *Ham.* p. 271, note on *Excellent differences.*

50. *My hopes*, etc. "My hopes, not having been utterly destroyed by reiterated false excitement and successive defeat, remain in confident expectation of being fulfilled" (Clarke). Malone compares *T. N.* i. 1. 2:

> "Give me excess of it, that, surfeiting,
> The appetite may sicken and so die;"

and *T. G. of V.* iii. 1. 220:

"O, I have fed upon this woe already,
And now excess of it will make me surfeit."

Henley cites *Prov.* xiii. 12: "Hope deferred maketh the heart sick."

60. *Wiv'd.* Cf. *M. of V.* i. 2. 145: "I had rather he should shrive me than wive me;" 2 *Hen. IV.* i. 2. 61: "manned, horsed, and wived," etc.

61. *Achiev'd.* Won; as in *M. of V.* iii. 2. 210: "Achiev'd her mistress," etc.

Coleridge remarks: "Here is Cassio's warm-hearted, yet perfectly disengaged, praise of Desdemona, and sympathy with the 'most fortunately' wived Othello; and yet Cassio is an enthusiastic admirer, almost a worshipper, of Desdemona. O, that detestable code that excellence cannot be loved in any form that is female but it must needs be selfish! Observe Othello's 'honest,' and Cassio's 'bold' Iago, and Cassio's full guileless-hearted wishes for the safety and love-raptures of Othello and 'the divine Desdemona.' And also note the exquisite circumstance of Cassio's kissing Iago's wife, as if it ought to be impossible that the dullest auditor should not feel Cassio's religious love of Desdemona's purity. Iago's answers are the sneers which a proud, bad intellect feels towards women, and expresses to a wife. Surely it ought to be considered a very exalted compliment to women, that all the sarcasms on them in Shakspeare are put in the mouths of villains."

63. *Quirks.* Conceits; as in *Much Ado*, ii. 3. 245: "odd quirks and remnants of wit," etc. *Blazoning*=praising, extolling; as in *R. and J.* ii. 6. 26: "and that thy skill be more To blazon it," etc.

64. *The essential vesture of creation.* "The real qualities with which creation has invested her" (Johnson). S. uses *essential* nowhere else.

65. *Does tire the engineer.* Wearies out the inventor (Schmidt); or tires whoever attempts to devise eulogies worthy of her. The 1st quarto has "Does beare all excellency;" the 1st folio, "Do's tyre the Ingeniuer." Steevens reads "ingener"=ingenious person, or artist; and cites B. J. *Sejanus*, i. 1:

"No, Silius, we are no good ingeners,
We want the fine arts," etc.

Johnson suggests "th' ingenious verse," Capell gives "tire the inventer," and Jervis conjectures "tire the imaginer." The reading in the text is doubtful, but it is preferable to the tame phrase of the quarto.

70. *Ensteep'd.* The reading of the folios and 2d and 3d quartos. The 1st quarto has "enscerped," which W. takes to be a misprint of "enscarp'd." Boswell explains *traitors ensteep'd* as "traitors concealed under the water;" and Schmidt defines *ensteeped* as "steeped, lying under water."

72. *Mortal.* Deadly, destructive. See *Rich. II.* p. 189 or *Macb.* p. 171.

74. *Captain's captain.* Cf. *Rich. III.* iv. 4. 336; "And she shall be sole victress, Cæsar's Cæsar."

77. *Se'nnight's.* See *A. Y. L.* p. 177. We have *seven-night* in *Much Ado*, ii. 1. 375 and *W. T.* i. 2. 17.

Jove. "For this absurdity I have not the smallest doubt that the Master of the Revels, and not our poet, is answerable" (Malone).

Clarke remarks: "Far from thinking that there is either 'absurdity' in the word, or that it was a substitution for any other, we believe it to have been the author's own word, characteristically put into Cassio's mouth here. To this day Italians use mythological adjurations in common with Christian appeals; and in Shakespeare's time the custom was almost universal."

80. *Extincted.* Used by S. only here; but we have *extinct* in *Rich. II.* i. 3. 222 and *Ham.* i. 3. 118, and *extincture* in *L. C.* 294.

81. *And bring*, etc. This line is found only in the quartos.

82. *Riches.* Singular, as in iii. 3. 173 below. Cf. *Sonn.* 87. 6: "for that riches," etc.

86. *Enwheel.* Encompass. Gr. 440.

103. *List.* Desire, inclination; the reading of 1st quarto. The folios and later quartos have "leave," and the Coll. MS. "lust."

106. *Chides.* Scolds; as in *A. Y. L.* iii. 5. 64, 65, etc.

110. *Saints in your injuries.* Sanctimonious when doing injuries.

111. *Housewives.* Often used contemptuously=hussies. Cf. iv. 1. 87 below, and see *Hen. V.* p. 183.

118. *Critical.* Censorious; as in *M. N. D.* v. 1. 54: "some satire, keen and critical." S. uses the word only twice; but he has *critic* in the same sense in *L. L. L.* iv. 3. 170: "critic Timon." The noun also is always=censurer, carper; as in *Sonn.* 112. 10, *T. and C.* v. 2. 131, etc.

121. *I am not merry*, etc. "The struggle of courtesy in Desdemona to abstract her attention" (Coleridge).

125. *Birdlime.* For the allusion, see *Ham.* p. 233, note on *Limed. Frize* is a coarse woollen cloth, mentioned again in *M. W.* v. 5. 146. Steevens quotes *The Puritan:* "The excuse stuck upon my tongue, like ship-pitch upon a mariner's gown."

132. *White.* There is a play on *white* and *wight* (Schmidt); and in 135 just below, one on *folly*, which was often=wantonness. See on v. 2. 132 below.

137. *Fond.* Foolish; as in i. 3. 317 above.

142. *Heavy.* Dull. Cf. *K. John*, iv. 1. 47: "cheer'd up the heavy time," etc.

144. *One that*, etc. One who, in the consciousness of her own merit, dare challenge the testimony of malice itself in her behalf.

153. *To change*, etc. *As* (Gr. 281) to change a choice bit for one less esteemed. Steevens cites *Queen Elizabeth's Household Book:* "Item, the Master Cookes have to fee all the salmon's tailes."

155. *See suitors*, etc. This line is not in the 1st quarto.

156. *Wight.* Originally=person, and applied to both sexes. Cf. Drayton, *Muses' Elys.:*

> "These sprightly gallants lov'd a lass,
> Call'd Lirope the bright;
> In the whole world there scarcely was
> So delicate a wight."

158. *Chronicle small beer.* That is, keep petty household accounts.

161. *Profane and liberal counsellor.* Coarse and wanton talker. For *profane*, cf. 2 *Hen. IV.* v. 5. 54; and for *liberal*, see *Ham.* p. 258.

163. *Home.* That is, without reserve (Schmidt). Cf. *Ham.* iii. 3. 29: "she 'll tax him home" (reprove him soundly); *Id.* iii. 4. 1: "Look you lay home to him;" *M. for M.* iv. 3. 148: "Accuse him home and home," etc.

165. *Well said.* Well done; as in iv. 1. 107 and v. 1. 98 below.

167. *Gyve.* Fetter, shackle; the only instance of the verb in S. *Courtship*=courtesy; as in *L. L. L.* v. 2. 363: "Trim gallants, full of courtship and of state," etc.

171. *Play the sir.* Play the fine gentleman. For the ironical use, cf. *W. T.* i. 2. 212: "this great sir;" *Cymb.* i. 1. 166: "To draw upon an exile! O brave sir!" etc.

172. *Courtesy.* It is doubtful whether this refers to Cassio or Desdemona, as the word in the sense of an act of salutation was used of both sexes. See *Much Ado*, p. 159, note on *Courtesies;* and cf. *R. of L.* 1338: "The homely villain court'sies to her low."

178. *Warrior.* In playful allusion to her having followed him to the wars; and perhaps Desdemona has the present address in mind in iii. 4. 150 below. Steevens gives sundry quotations to show that English imitators of the French sonneteers often called their mistresses "warriors" (*guerrières*); but, as Schmidt remarks, these passages from *Othello* do not prove that S. was among them.

My dear Othello! "Exquisitely true to such a nature as Desdemona's, her having no more words than this simple exclamation in which to express her full-hearted happiness; while equally true to the glowing ardour of such a nature as Othello's is his giving way to that burst of eloquent tenderness which describes the overflow of his manly delight" (Clarke).

179. *Content.* Happiness, joy; as in 187 and 192 just below. Cf. *Hen. VIII.* i. 4. 3:

> "this night he dedicates
> To fair content and you," etc.

197. *Set.* Changed by Pope to "let;" but, as Malone suggests, *set down the pegs* may have been the musical technicality of the time.

201. *Honey.* See *R. and J.* p. 177, note on *Honey nurse.*

Steevens explains *well desir'd* as "much solicited by invitations," but it seems to be simply=well beloved, a favourite. Othello adds, "*I* have found great love amongst them."

203. *Out of fashion.* "Out of conventional method" (Clarke). Cf. *Hen V.* iv. 1. 85.

206. *Master.* That is, the *captain* (as we still use the term), not the *pilot*, as Johnson explains it. Cf. *Temp.* i. 1. 2, 8, 11, 13, ii. 2. 48, v. 1. 99, *Macb.* i. 3. 7, etc.

211. *Base men*, etc. "The insolent contempt with which Iago treats Roderigo, not even caring to conceal the disdain he feels for his inferiority of intellect and weak credulity, is one of the peculiarities of his tact in swaying this poor dupe. It coolly assumes his own superiority as an incontrovertible fact, which imposes upon his victim, and tames him into unquestioning submission" (Clarke).

212. *A nobility*, etc. Malone quotes *Ham.* iv. 5. 161: "Nature is fine in

love;" and Steevens adds from Dryden: "Why love does all that 's noble here below."

214. *The court of guard.* The place where the guard musters. Cf. B. and F., *The Beggar's Bush*: "Visit your courts of guard, view your munition."

217. *Thus.* That is, on thy lips, while thou art listening to a wiser man (Johnson).

224. *Favour.* Personal appearance. See on i. 3. 337 above.

226. *Conveniences.* Attractions.

227. *Heave the gorge.* Cf. *Ham.* v. 1. 207: "my gorge rises at it."

230. *Pregnant.* Probable, plausible; as in *M. for M.* ii. 1. 23: "'T is very pregnant," etc.

232. *Conscionable.* Conscientious; used by S. only here.

234. *Salt.* Lustful, licentious; as in *M. for M.* v. 1. 406, *A. and C.* ii. 1. 21, etc.

235. *Slipper.* "Slippery" (the reading of the later folios). The quartos have "subtle slippery."

239. *Green.* Inexperienced; as in *K. John*, ii. 1. 472, *Ham.* i. 3. 101, etc.

243. *Condition.* Disposition, qualities. Cf. *M. of V.* i. 2. 143: "the condition of a saint."

246. *Blessed pudding!* Omitted in the quartos.

249. *Index.* Prologue. The index was formerly placed at the beginning of books. See *Ham.* p. 236.

256. *Tainting.* Discrediting, impugning. Cf. *Hen. VIII.* iii. 1. 55, etc.

257. *Course.* The 1st quarto has "cause," which the Coll. MS. also gives.

260. *Sudden.* Hasty, impetuous. See *A. Y. L.* p. 167.

262. *Whose qualification*, etc. "Whose resentment shall not be so *qualified* or *tempered* as to be *well* tasted, as not to retain *some bitterness*" (Johnson). Cf. the use of *qualified* in ii. 3. 30 below.

265. *Prefer.* Advance, promote. Cf. *Hen. VIII.* iv. 1. 102: "Newly preferr'd from the king's secretary," etc.

267. *Prosperity.* Success; as in *L. L. L.* v. 2. 871: "A jest's prosperity," etc.

271. *His.* "Even the word *his* here in reference to Othello, without naming him or giving him his title, has characteristic effect in Iago's mouth as a piece of cool, off-hand, slighting mention; and is therefore calculated to confirm the impression he wishes to produce upon Roderigo of hatred towards the Moor" (Clarke).

274. *Apt*, etc. Natural and very credible. Cf. v. 2. 176 below: "apt and true."

282. *I do suspect*, etc. See on i. 3. 378 above. For *lusty* the quartos have "lustful."

Coleridge observes here: "This thought, originally by Iago's own confession a mere suspicion, is now ripening, and gnaws his base nature as his own 'poisonous mineral' is about to gnaw the noble heart of his general."

290. *Whom I trash*, etc. For *trash* the 1st quarto has "crush," and the other early eds. "trace." The emendation is Steevens's, and is gen-

erally adopted. The repetition is quite in Shakespeare's manner. For *trash*, a hunter's term=check, keep back, see *Temp.* p. 113. Iago means that he restrains Roderigo like a hound for his too impatient pursuit of Desdemona.

For the first *trash* Warb. substituted "brach" (=a worthless hound), which Coll. adopts.

291. *The putting on.* This refers to his picking a quarrel with Cassio, not to his "quick hunting" of Desdemona.

292. *On the hip.* A term in wrestling, meaning to "have the advantage of." Cf. *M. of V.* i. 3. 47: "If I can catch him once upon the hip;" and *Id.* iv. 1. 334: "Now, infidel, I have you on the hip."

293. *In the rank garb.* In the coarsest fashion. For *garb*, cf. *Ham.* ii. 2. 390: "comply with you in this garb," etc.

299. *Knavery's plain face*, etc. The full design of knavery is never visible until the moment comes for its being put in practice. "Iago's complacent contemplation of his own villany, his willing self-admission of scoundrelism, are thoroughly those of a man whose pride of intellect is all-engrossing, and who has no one perception of moral beauty or dignity. He can even afford to allow that 'the Moor is of a free and open nature,' that he 'is of a constant, loving, noble nature,' even though he hates him, because he holds these as very poor and contemptible characteristics; he carelessly admits the possibility of his having an adulterous liking for Desdemona, but chooses to ascribe it quite as much to desire of 'revenge' as preference; and remorselessly plans the ruin of Cassio from no stronger motive than bare suspicion and professional envy; his sovereign thought, through all, being his own superiority of intellect, which can crush these simple good people from out his path at will, as if they were so many miserable worms" (Clarke).

SCENE II.—3. *Mere perdition.* Absolute destruction. See *J. C.* p. 129, note on *Merely upon myself.*

3. *Put himself into triumph.* Give himself up to exultation. Cf. *Per.* i. 3. 24: "puts himself unto the shipman's toil," etc.

5. *Addiction.* Inclination; as in *Hen. V.* i. 1. 54: "Since his addiction was to courses vain."

7. *Nuptial.* The quartos have "nuptialls." See *Temp.* p. 143.

8. *Offices.* The rooms in the castle where food and drink were prepared and kept. See *Rich. II.* p. 159.

SCENE III.—1. *Good Michael*, etc. "These few words, introduced at this juncture, are illustrative of Shakespeare's peculiar skill in dramatic art. They seem insignificant; but they give augmented effect to Othello's subsequent anger at Cassio's having been betrayed not only into neglect of duty in preserving order, but into breach of order himself. They also serve to set well before the mind Othello's trust and confidence in Cassio as his chosen officer, and his liking for him as a personal friend; calling him by his Christian name *Michael*, which, after the one final impressive appeal to him, 'How comes it, Michael, you are thus forgot?' he never again uses" (Clarke).

12. *Cast.* Dismissed, sent off. See on i. 1. 139 above.

17. *Right modest.* "It is worthy of observation how wonderfully this brief morsel of dialogue is made to serve the dramatist's purpose in development of character. It shows the hard intellectual calculator, Iago, dallying with unhallowed suggestions, and presenting them to the thought of the man whom he hopes to corrupt and sway to his purpose; while the imagination of even the sensualist, Cassio, is held within bounds by the more potent influence of Desdemona's pure immaculacy. It is the counteracting power of virtue against vice; the might of innocence over guilt; and, while depicting forcibly the natures of the two men, indirectly denotes that of the woman" (Clarke).

21. *Stoup.* Cup, flagon. See *Ham.* p. 260.

30. *Craftily qualified.* Slyly diluted (that is, by Cassio himself).

31. *Here.* That is, in my head; as a gesture shows.

37. *Dislikes.* Displeases, is distasteful to. For the impersonal use, see *R. and J.* p. 165. Cf. Gr. 297.

43. *Carous'd.* Drunk. Cf. *Ham.* v. 2. 300: "The queen carouses to thy fortune, Hamlet," etc.

44. *Pottle-deep.* To the bottom of the *pottle* or tankard (originally a measure of two quarts). Cf. *M. W.* ii. 1. 223 and iii. 5. 30. We find *pottle-pot* in 2 *Hen. IV.* ii. 2. 83 and v. 3. 68.

45. *Swelling.* Cf. *Hen. V.* v. 1. 15: "here he comes, swelling like a turkey-cock."

46. *That hold*, etc. That is, are sensitive with regard to their honour, or quick to take offence at a supposed insult.

47. *The very elements.* "As quarrelsome as the *discordia semina rerum;* as quick in opposition as fire and water" (Johnson). Cf. *Rich. II.* iii. 3. 55:

> "Methinks King Richard and myself should meet
> With no less terror than the elements
> Of fire and water, when their thundering shock
> At meeting tears the cloudy cheeks of heaven."

Schmidt makes *elements* = "a pure extract, as it were, the very quintessence of the isle."

52. *If consequence*, etc. If the result do but justify my expectation. "Every scheme subsisting only in the imagination may be termed a *dream*" (Johnson).

54. *Fore.* Not '*fore.* See *Hen. V.* p. 155.

A rouse. A bumper, or too deep a draught. See *Ham.* p. 181.

58. *Canakin.* A diminutive of *can;* used by S. only here. Steevens cites Barclay, *Ship of Fools:* "some quafes ye canakin halfe full."

69. *Exquisite.* The 1st quarto and some modern eds. have "expert." Cf. B. and F., *The Captain:*

> "*Lod.* Are the Englishmen
> Such stubborn drinkers?
> "*Piso.* —— not a leak at sea
> Can suck more liquor; you shall have their children
> Christen'd in mull'd sack, and at five years old
> Able to knock a Dane down."

On the intemperance of the Danes, see *Ham.* pp. 182, 193.

72. *Almain.* German (Fr. *Allemand*). Cf. Drayton, *Polyolbion:* "Of Almains, and to them for their stout captain gave," etc. We find also the forms *Aleman* and *Alman.* Cf. Holland, *Ammianus Marcellinus:* "Chonodomarius and Vestralpus, Aleman kings;" and Owen, *Epigrams:*

"'T is good to be and have, a Greek, I think,
Once said; an Alman added, and to drink."

So Germany was called *Almany;* as in Harrington's *Ariosto:* "And dwelt in Almany."

77. *King Stephen*, etc. These stanzas are from an old song, "Take thy old cloak about thee," which may be found in Percy's *Reliques.* Cf. *Temp.* iv. 1. 221: "O King Stephano! O peer!"

80. *Lown.* Lout, stupid fellow." Cf. *Per.* iv. 6. 19: "both lord and lown." *Loon* (see *Macb.* v. 3. 11) is the same word.

111. *Equinox.* Equal, counterpart; the only instance of the word in S.

114. *On.* See Gr. 180.

117. *He 'll watch*, etc. That is, he will keep awake while the clock strikes two rounds, or twenty-four hours. S. uses *horologe* nowhere else. Cf. Drayton, *Moses:* "The cock, the country horologe," etc.

127. *Ingraft.* Ingrafted, inveterate. Cf. *J. C.* ii. 1. 184: "the ingrafted love he bears to Cæsar," etc.

128. *Action.* Metrically a trisyllable. Cf. *patience* in 345 below.

134. *Twiggen.* Covered with twigs, or wicker-work. The quartos have "wicker."

137. *Mazzard.* Head. See *Ham.* p. 261.

143. *Diablo!* The devil! "Appropriately put into the mouth of the *Italian* Iago" (Clarke).

149. *All sense of place.* Hanmer's correction of the "all place of sense" of the early eds.

152. *Turn'd Turks.* See *Ham.* p. 228.

155. *For.* The 1st quarto has "forth," which some editors prefer. Cf. *Ham.* i. 3. 20: "He may not . . . Carve for himself" (that is, indulge himself, do as he pleases).

158. *From her propriety.* That is, out of herself. Cf. *T. N.* v. 1. 150: "That makes thee strangle thy propriety" (disavow thy individuality).

162. *In quarter.* In peace, or concord (Schmidt). Cf. *C. of E.* ii. 1. 108: "keep fair quarter with his bed;" and *K. John*, v. 5. 20: "keep good quarter and good care to-night." Some make it = on our station, at our posts.

163. *Devesting.* Undressing.

164. *Planet.* For the supposed planetary influence, cf. *Ham.* i. 1. 162: "no planets strike;" and see note in our ed. p. 177.

167. *Peevish odds.* Silly quarrel. For *peevish*, see *Hen. V.* p. 171.

170. *Are thus forgot.* Have thus forgotten yourself. See Gr. 295.

172. *Were wont be civil.* For the omission of *to*, see Gr. 349.

173. *Stillness.* Cf. *Hen. V.* iii. 1. 4: "As modest stillness and humility."

175. *Censure.* Judgment. See *Ham.* p. 190 or *Macb.* p. 251.

176. *Unlace.* Slacken, or loosen; or, perhaps, strip off its ornaments (Johnson). Schmidt gives the latter explanation (= disgrace).

177. *Spend your rich opinion.* Throw away or squander your valuable reputation.

179. *Hurt to danger.* Dangerously wounded.

181. *Something now offends.* Now somewhat pains. For the adverbial use of *something*, see Gr. 68.

184. *Self-charity.* Charity to one's self, care of one's self.

187. *My blood*, etc. "My angry impulse begins to prevail over my steadier sense and judgment" (Clarke).

188. *Collied.* Obscured; literally, blackened as with *coal* or smut. See *M. N. D.* p. 129.

193. *Approv'd in this offence.* Proved to have been engaged in this offence. Cf. *M. of V.* iii. 2. 79: "approve it with a text," etc.

197. *Manage.* Bring about, set on foot. Cf. the use of the noun in *R. and J.* iii. 1. 148: "The unlucky manage of this fatal brawl."

198. *The court and guard of safety.* "The very spot and guarding-place of safety" (Clarke). Theo. plausibly reads "of guard," as in ii. 1. 214 above.

199. *Monstrous.* A trisyllable, as in *Mach.* iii. 6. 8. Gr. 477.

200. *Affin'd.* Influenced by any tie or affinity. See on i. 1. 39 above. *Leagu'd* is Pope's correction of the "league" of the early eds.

201. *Deliver.* Speak. See on i. 3. 90 above.

210. *Execute upon him.* "Wreak his anger upon him" (Schmidt).

211. *Entreats his pause.* Begs him to stop. Cf. *Ham.* iii. 1. 68: "Must give us pause," etc.

212. *Myself*, etc. "Iago's thoroughly lying account of the incidents that occurred, with his art in seeming to 'mince' the 'matter' and make 'it light to Cassio,' while in fact contriving to give all possible heightening touches of his misdeed, is most skilfully managed in this speech. It will be remembered that far from *pursuing* Roderigo and *returning* to the scene of the conflict, Iago never stirs from the spot, but remains to direct the movements of his puppets, and prompt them in the parts which he has previously designed that they should perform; and that instead of Cassio's having been 'high in oath,' he has given vent to nothing more offensive in speech than the threats, 'I 'll beat the knave into a twiggen bottle' and 'I 'll knock you o'er the mazzard'" (Clarke).

216. *For that.* Because. See on i. 3. 267 above.

234. *Sweeting.* Cf. *T. of S.* iv. 3. 36: "What, sweeting, all amort?" *T. N.* ii. 3. 43: "Trip no further, pretty sweeting," etc.

236. *Lead him off.* Malone may be right in thinking this a stage-direction that has got into the text. W. remarks that Othello would have been more likely to say, "Lead him *away*." Cf. 2 *Hen. VI.* v. 3. 9: "thrice I led him off."

249. *Sense.* Sensibility, feeling. The quartos have "offence."

254. *Cast.* Dismissed, cashiered. See on i. 1. 139 above.

259. *Slight.* The folio reading; the quartos have "light."

260. *Speak parrot.* Talk nonsense; like *discourse fustian* just below.

264. *What.* Who; as in *Hen. V.* iv. 3. 18: "What 's he that wishes so?" Gr. 254.

271. *Pleasance.* "Pleasure" (the quarto reading). Cf. *P. P.* 158: "Youth is full of pleasance, age is full of care."

276. *Unperfectness.* Imperfection; used by S. only here. Cf. *unperfect* in *Sonn.* 23. 1 and *Ps.* cxxxix. 16.

278. *Moraler.* Moralizer. Gr. 443. Cf. *moral*=moralize in *A. Y. L.* ii. 7. 29.

283. *Hydra.* For the allusion, cf. 1 *Hen. IV.* v. 4. 25 and *Cor.* iii. 1. 93. The word is an adjective in 2 *Hen. IV.* iv. 2. 38: "this Hydra son of war."

285. *By and by.* Presently; as often. See *Hen. V.* p. 155. So *presently*=immediately; as in v. 2. 52 below. See *Much Ado*, p. 121.

286. *Unblest.* Accursed; as in v. 1. 34 below.

290. *Approved.* Proved. Cf. 193 above.

291. *A time.* The quartos have "some time;" and W. conjectures "one time." *A* is sometimes=one. See *Ham.* p. 274, or *R. and J.* p. 177.

295. *Denotement.* Denoting, indication. The early eds. have "deuotement" or "devotement." Theo. made the change, "blunderingly" in Schmidt's opinion; but it is improbable that S. should have written "devoted himself to the devotement." We find *denote* (=mark, indicate) in iii. 3. 416 and iv. 1. 265 below.

Parts. Qualities. Cf. i. 3. 252 above.

300. *Splinter.* Bind up with *splints;* the only sense in which S. uses the verb. Cf. *Rich. III.* ii. 2. 118:

> "The broken rancour of your high-swoln hearts,
> But lately splinter'd, knit, and join'd together."

301. *Lay.* Wager, stake; as in 2 *Hen. VI.* v. 2. 27 and *Cymb.* i. 4. 159.

Crack. Breach. Cf. *L. L. L.* v. 2. 415: "My love to thee is sound, sans crack or flaw."

312. *What 's.* Who is. See on 264 above.

313. *Free.* Innocent, harmless. See *Ham.* p. 213, and cf. iii. 3. 255 below: "hold her free."

314. *Probal.* A word found nowhere else. It may be an abbreviation of *probable* or *provable.* Coll. compares *miseral* for *miserable* (Paynter) and *varial* for *variable* (Barnaby Rich).

316. *Inclining.* Ready, favourably disposed.

317. *Fruitful.* Bountiful, generous. Cf. *Hen. VIII.* i. 3. 56: "A hand as fruitful as the land that feeds us."

318. *As the free elements.* Out of which all things are produced. See *Hen. V.* p. 169.

324. *Function.* "Operation of the mental faculties" (Schmidt); as in *Macb.* i. 3. 140: "function Is smother'd in surmise."

325. *Parallel.* Coinciding with his wish or purpose.

327. *Put on.* Instigate. Cf. ii. 1. 291 above, and see *Ham.* p. 257.

328. *Suggest.* Tempt. See *Rich. II.* pp. 153, 198.

332. *Pestilence.* Poison.

333. *Repeals.* Strives to restore him to his place; literally, recalls. See *J. C.* p. 157, note on *The repealing of my banish'd brother.*

340. *Cry.* Pack. Cf. *Cor.* iii. 3. 120: "You common cry of curs!"

345. *Patience.* A trisyllable. Gr. 479.

351. *Though other things*, etc. "'Although our other plans are growing to maturity, yet the fruits of our scheme for the removal of Cassio, as it first bore promising blossom, will naturally first ripen.' Iago is trying to inspire Roderigo with patience for the ripening of his plan against Desdemona by bidding him remember that meanwhile his plan against Cassio is succeeding" (Clarke). Johnson explains the passage thus: "Of many different things, all planned with the same art and promoted with the same diligence, some must succeed sooner than others, by the order of nature. Everything cannot be done at once; we must proceed by the necessary gradation. We are not to *despair* of slow events any *more* than of tardy fruits, while the causes are in regular progress, and the fruits *grow fair against the sun.*"

353. *By the mass.* Changed in the folio to "In troth." See p. 11 above.

360. *Apart.* Aside. See *Ham.* p. 242, and cf. iv. 1. 67 below.

361. *Jump.* Just, exactly. Cf. *Ham.* i. 1. 65: "jump ("just" in folio) at this dead hour;" and *Id.* v. 2. 386: "jump upon this bloody question." Cf. the use of the verb *jump* in i. 3. 5 above.

ACT III.

SCENE I.—1. *Content.* Reward, pay. Cf. *Rich. III.* iii. 2. 113: "Come the next Sabbath, and I will content you," etc.

2. *Bid good morrow.* It was the custom for friends to serenade a new-married couple on the morning after their marriage, or to bid them *good morrow* by a morning song. See *R. and J.* p. 193, note on *Hunts-up.* Cf. Milton, *L'All.* 45 (referring to the lark):

> "Then to come, in spite of sorrow,
> And at my window bid good morrow."

3. *Naples.* "The Neapolitans have a singularly drawling nasal twang in the utterance of their dialect; and Shylock tells of 'when the bagpipe sings i' the nose'" (Clarke). For *speak* the Coll. MS. has "squeak."

10. *For love's sake.* The 1st quarto has "of all loves," for which see *M. N. D.* p. 154.

20. *Quillets.* Quibbles, subtleties. See *Ham.* p. 262.

25. *Seem to.* A colloquial periphrasis. Cf. *M. N. D.* iii. 1. 19: "let the prologue seem to say;" *M. of V.* ii. 4. 11: "it shall seem to signify," etc.

26. *Good my friend.* Cf. i. 3. 52 above: "Good your grace," etc. Gr. 13.

In happy time. Just in time. See *R. and J.* p. 195.

32. *Access.* Accented by S. on the last syllable, except in *Ham.* ii. 1. 110. Gr. 490.

33. *Mean.* Often used by S. in the singular, though oftener in the plural. Cf. *W. T.* iv. 4. 89, *R. and J.* iii. 3. 45, v. 3. 240, etc.

34. *Converse.* Conversation; as in *Ham.* ii. 1. 42: "your party in converse," etc.

37. *A Florentine.* That is, even a Florentine. Iago was a Venetian; as is evident from iii. 3. 201, 202 and v. 1. 89 fol.

39. *Your displeasure.* That is, the displeasure you have incurred from Othello (Steevens). For *sure* the quartos have "soone."

43. *Affinity.* Family connection; used by S. only here.

Wholesome. Sound, reasonable. See *Ham.* p. 230.

46. *To take*, etc. This line is not in the folios.

50. *Desdemona.* The folios have "Desdemon" here, as in five other passages. K. takes the ground that the contraction is one of familiar tenderness; but, if so, S. would not have put it in Cassio's mouth. It is probably a mere transcriber's or printer's error.*

51. *Bestow you.* Conduct you to a place. See *Ham.* pp. 212, 240.

52. *I am*, etc. Omitted in 1st quarto.

SCENE II.—2. *Senate.* The quartos have "state."

3. *Works.* See on i. 1. 1 (p. 154) above.

6. *We'll.* The reading of the 3d folio. The 1st has "Well," the 2d "Weel," and the quartos "We."

SCENE III.—3. *Warrant.* The quartos have "know."

4. *Case.* The quarto reading; the folios have "cause."

10. *I know't.* As in the folios; the quartos read "O, sir, I thank you."

12. *Strangeness.* Distant behaviour. The quartos have "strangest." Cf. *V. and A.* 310: "She puts on outward strangeness, seems unkind," etc.

14. *That policy*, etc. "He may either of himself think it politic to keep me out of office so long, or he may be satisfied with such slight reasons, or so many accidents may make him think my readmission at that time improper, that I may be quite forgotten" (Johnson). Clarke's explanation of 15, 16 is perhaps better: "Or be sustained by such trivial occurrences, or be renewed by such unforeseen circumstances."

19. *Doubt.* Suspect, fear. See *Ham.* pp. 187, 202, 220.

20. *Assure thee.* Assure thyself, be assured. Cf. iv. 2. 198 below.

23. *Watch him tame.* Alluding to the practice of taming hawks by keeping them from sleep. Cf. *T. and C.* iii. 2. 46: "you must be watched ere you be made tame, must you?" Steevens cites Cartwright, *Lady Errant:*

> "we 'll keep you,
> As they do hawks, watching until you leave
> Your wildness;"

Monsieur D'Olive: "your only way to deal with women and parrots is to keep them waking;" and Sir W. Davenant, *Just Italian:* "They 've watch'd my hardy violence so tame."

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* K. strangely overlooks this passage in his note on iii. 3. 55. He says that *Desdemon* is used in five passages (iii. 3. 55, iv. 2. 40, v. 2. 25. 203, 281), four times by Othello and once by Gratiano. In all these his theory is plausible enough, but the present passage is fatal to it. The error is not corrected in his 2d ed.

24. *Shrift.* Confessional. Cf. *R. and J.* ii. 4. 192, ii. 5. 68, etc.

28. *Give thy cause away.* That is, give it up.

39. *Steal.* The 1st quarto has "sneake."

47. *His present reconciliation take.* "Accept the submission which he makes in order to be reconciled" (Johnson). Warb. would read "make." Schmidt explains *reconciliation* as "restoration to favour."

49. *Cunning.* "Knowledge, forethought" (Schmidt). Cf. *T. and C.* v. 5. 41 and *T. of A.* v. 4. 28. Cf. also the use of the adjective=knowing; as in *T. of S.* ii. 1. 56: "Cunning in music and the mathematics," etc.

52. *Sooth.* In sooth, truly. See *M. N. D.* p. 153, note on *Good troth.*

54. *To suffer.* The 1st quarto has "I suffer."

66. *Their.* Rowe's emendation for the "her" of the early eds. The Coll. MS. has "our," and Sr. (2d ed.) "the."

67. *Check.* Rebuke. See on i. 1. 138 above.

70. *Mammering.* Hesitating; used by S. nowhere else. The 1st quarto has "muttering." Steevens cites the comedy of *Acolastus*, 1540: "I stand in doubt, or in a mamorynge between hope and fear;" and Drant, *Horace*, sat. ii. 3: "then mameryng he doth doute." Malone adds from Lyly, *Euphues*: "neither stand in a mamering, whether it be best to depart or not."

71. *That came*, etc. See on i. 2. 52 above.

72. *Spoke.* For this form, see Gr. 343.

77. *As.* "The *if* is implied in the subjunctive" (Gr. 107). For the omission of *to* with *wear*, see Gr. 349.

79. *Peculiar.* Private, one's own; as in iv. 1. 62 below.

82. *Poise.* Weight. Cf. *Lear*, ii. 1. 122: "Occasions, noble Gloucester, of some poise," etc. Clarke thinks it also includes the idea of "nice balance, careful adjustment, as by scales."

90. *Wretch.* Sometimes used as a term of tenderness blended with pity. "It expresses the utmost degree of amiableness, joined with an idea which perhaps all tenderness includes, of feebleness, softness, and want of protection" (Johnson). Cf. *R. and J.* i. 3. 44: "The pretty wretch left crying," etc. Theo. changed the word to "wench."

106. *By heaven*, etc. The folio reads "Alas, thou ecchos't me." The "alas" was of course put in to fill the gap made by the omission of the oath.

113. *Purse.* Wrinkle. In *M. of V.* i. 3. 175 it means to put in a purse; and in *A. and C.* ii. 2. 192, *pursed up*=gained possession of.

115. *Conceit.* Conception, idea. Cf. the use of the verb (=conceives, imagines) in 149 below.

118. *For.* Because. See on i. 3. 267 above.

123. *Delations.* The 1st quarto has "denotements;" the 1st folio and 2d and 3d quartos, "dilations;" the later folios, "cold delations." *Close delations*=secret accusations, hidden intimations. For *close*, see *Macb.* pp. 223, 246. *Delations* is not found elsewhere in S. Sir Henry Wotton, in his *Reliquiæ Wottonianæ*, 1651, speaking of the *Inquisitori di Stati* at Venice, says that they "receive all secret delations in matter of practice against the Republick."

Working from the heart, etc. "Either 'working from the heart that

cannot control its passion of generous indignation,' or 'working from the heart that passionate impulse cannot move to speak out unadvisedly'" (Clarke).

124. *For.* As for, with respect to. See Gr. 149.

127. *Seem none.* That is, not seem honest men; as Malone and Clarke explain it. Johnson makes it="no longer seem, or bear the shape of *men.*"

130. *Yet there 's more.* There 's yet more. Cf. "yet not"=not yet, and see *R. and J.* p. 165. Gr. 76.

135. *To that all slaves are free to.* That is, to that which all slaves are free to do or not to do; or we may say that *free* is=*not bound.* Cf. *Cymb.* v. 1. 7:

> "Every good servant does not all commands:
> No bond but to do just ones."

139. *But some uncleanly apprehensions*, etc. "That some injurious suspicions will not occasionally enter into it, keep court there for judging others, and sit side by side, as on a law bench, with more legitimate meditations" (Clarke). *Leets* and *law-days* mean the same. Steevens quotes Jacob, *Law Dict.:* "*Leet* is otherwise called a *law-day.*" In the only other instance of the word in S. (*T. of S.* ind. 2. 89: "present her at the leet") it means a court-leet. Cf. Bullokar, *English Expositor*, 1616: "A *leet* is a court or law-day, holden commonly every half year." On this passage cf. *R. of L.* 853:

> "But no perfection is so absolute
> That some impurity doth not intrude."

For the legal image Malone compares *Sonn.* 30. 1:

> "When to the sessions of sweet silent thought
> I summon up remembrance of things past."

145. *Though I perchance*, etc. "Though I perhaps am mistaken, led into an error by my natural disposition, which is apt to shape faults that have no existence" (Malone). Clarke believes that *though* is here="inasmuch as, since;" but this is not absolutely necessary. As he himself remarks, "the confused and imperfect construction in this speech is wonderfully managed, to give the effect of Iago's adoption of a hesitating, unwilling manner; half expressing, half suppressing his suggestions, and whetting his victim's anxiety to hear more by bidding him desire to hear no more." Malone observes: "The adversative particle *though* does not indeed appear very proper; but in an abrupt and studiously clouded sentence like the present, where more is meant to be conveyed than meets the ear, strict propriety may well be dispensed with. The word *perchance*, if strongly marked in speaking, would sufficiently show that the speaker did not suppose himself *vicious in his guess.*" For *that your wisdom yet* the 1st quarto has "I intreate you then," which perhaps better suits the broken character of the sentence. Possibly, in revising the play, S. made the change to the more logical form of the folio, and overlooked the *though*, which does not suit that form so well.

149. *Conceits.* See on 115 above. The first quarto has "coniects," and Warb. reads "conjects."

151. *Scattering and unsure observance.* Random and uncertain observation. Cf. *T. N.* ii. 3. 50: "What 's to come is still unsure," etc.

155. *Good name*, etc. Malone suggests that S. may have had in mind *Proverbs*, xxii. 1.

158. *'T was mine*, etc. The same editor cites Horace, *Sat.* ii. 2:

> "Nunc ager Umbreni sub nomine, nuper Ofelli
> Dictus, erit nulli proprius, sed cedet in usum
> Nunc mihi, nunc alii;"

thus translated by Drant, 1567:

> "Now Umbrens grounde, of late Ofells,
> (A thing not very stable)
> Now myne, now thine, so muste we take
> The worlde as variable."

160. *Not enriches.* Cf. *Temp.* ii. 1. 121: "I not doubt;" *Id.* v. 1. 38: "Whereof the ewe not bites," etc. Gr. 305. W. conjectures "naught" for *not.*

162. *Thoughts.* The first quarto has "thought."

166. *Green-eyed.* Cf. *M. of V.* iii. 2. 110: "green-eyed jealousy." For *green* applied to eyes in a complimentary sense, see *R. and J.* p. 198.

Mock. Changed by Hanmer to "make," which Schmidt thinks "may be right." Clarke says: "Here *mock* bears the sense of disdain, spurn, tear wrathfully, even while feeding on. . . . Jealousy, even while greedily devouring scraps of evidence, and stray tokens of supposed guilt, bitterly scorns them, and stands self-contemned for feeding on them." Mason cites in confirmation of "make" iii. 4. 160 below:

> "'t is a monster
> Begot upon itself, born on itself;"

and Massinger, *The Picture:*

> "why should I nourish
> A fury here, and with *imagin'd food,*
> Holding no real ground on which to raise
> A building of suspicion she was ever
> Or can be false?"

Steevens remarks: "It is known that the *tiger* kind have *green* eyes, and always play with the victim to their hunger before they devour it. Cf. *R. and L.* 554:

> 'Yet, foul, night-waking *cat*, he doth but *dally,*
> While in his hold-fast foot the weak mouse panteth.'

Thus a jealous husband, who discovers no certain cause why he may be divorced, continues to sport with the woman whom he suspects, and, on more certain evidence, determines to punish."

170. *Strongly.* The folios have "soundly," and the Coll. MS. has "fondly."

172. *Poor and content*, etc. Malone quotes *Dorastus and Fawnia* (the novel on which *W. T.* is founded), 1592: "We are rich, in that we are poor with content."

173. *Fineless.* Infinite, boundless; the only instance of the word in S. For *fine*=end, see *Ham.* p. 262. Pope substituted "endless" here.

182. *Exsufflicate.* "Probably synonymous to *blown*=empty, unsubstantial, frivolous" (Schmidt). This seems better than to make it=contemptible, abominable (from Low Latin, *exsufflare*, to spit upon), as Nares does. Malone says: "Whether our poet had any authority for the word, which I think is used in the sense of *swollen*, and appears to have been formed from *sufflatus*, I am unable to ascertain." The early eds. have "exufflicate" ("exufflicated" in 4th folio).

183. *Matching thy inference.* That is, such as you have described (in 169, 170 above).

186. *Where virtue is*, etc. "An action in itself indifferent grows *virtuous* by its end and application" (Johnson). The 2d and later folios have "most virtuous."

188. *Doubt.* Suspicion; as in 417 below: "a shrewd doubt," etc. *Revolt* is often used of inconstancy in love; as in *K. John*, iii. 1. 322, *R. and J.* iv. 1. 58, *Cymb.* i. 6. 112, iii. 4. 57, etc.

200. *Self-bounty.* Inherent generosity (Warb.).

204. *Leave 't.* The reading of the 1st quarto and the folios; the 2d and 3d quartos have "leave." On the other hand, the 2d and 3d quartos have *keep 't* (or "keepe 't"), the folios "kept," and the 1st quarto "keepe."

206. *She did deceive her father*, etc. "This and the following argument of Iago ought to be deeply impressed on every reader. Deceit and falsehood, whatever conveniences they may for a time promise or produce, are in the sum of life obstacles to happiness. Those who profit by the cheat distrust the deceiver, and the act by which kindness is sought puts an end to confidence" (Johnson). Cf. Clarke's note on *And so she did:* "In this little speech of four monosyllabic words is contained the moral of Desdemona's fate. Had Othello been able to refute as a foul calumny this insinuated truth of Iago's, the villain's scheme must have come to naught at once. But, unhappily, Desdemona's timidity has led her to conceal from her father her love for the Moor by affecting to dread him; and this former deviation from strict honesty is now enabling a traitor to undermine her husband's faith in her honour. O, just and wise, and most moral Shakespeare!" See also p. 29 above.

210. *Seel.* See on i. 3. 268 above. *Close as oak*=close as the grain of oak (Steevens).

212. *Beseech you of your pardon.* Cf. *M. N. D.* iii. 1. 185: "I shall desire you of more acquaintance;" *Hen. V.* iii. 3. 45: "whom of succours we entreated;" Spenser, *F. Q.* ii. 9. 42: "If it be I, of pardon I you pray," etc. Gr. 174.

219. *Issues.* Conclusions. On *reach*, cf. *T. and C.* iv. 4. 110:

> "the moral of my wit
> Is 'plain and true;' there 's all the reach of it."

222. *Success.* Consequence; that which *succeeds* or follows. Cf. "bad success" in 3 *Hen. VI.* ii. 2. 46 and *T. and C.* ii. 2. 117. See also *J. C.* p. 151.

223. *Worthy.* The 1st quarto has "trusty."

224. *I see you are mov'd.* "The art with which this wretch contrives

to exasperate the pangs of the wound he is inflicting, affecting to commiserate while he is stabbing deeper and deeper, torturing the brave nature by noticing its ill-concealed anguish, together with the efforts made by the courageous man to repress the writhings of his pierced soul, are surely unsurpassed in passionate composition" (Clarke).

227. *Erring.* Straying, wandering. See i. 3. 351 above: "an erring barbarian;" and cf. i. 3. 62, 100.

230. *Complexion.* Alluding to the fair skin of Desdemona in contrast with the dark Moorish skin of Othello, and perhaps also, as Clarke suggests, to the temperament of the Italians in comparison with that of the Moors. Cf. *Ham.* p. 193.

232. *Foh!* The quartos have "Fie."

Rank. "Morbid" (Schmidt). Johnson says: "A *rank will* is *self-will* overgrown and exuberant."

234. *Position.* Assertion. Cf. ii. 1. 230 above, and *T. and C.* iii. 3. 112.

236. *Recoiling.* Going back, reverting. Cf. *W. T.* i. 2. 154: "methoughts I did recoil Twenty-three years," etc.

237. *Fall to.* Come to, begin. Cf. *Ham.* v. 2. 216: "before you fall to play," etc. *Match*=compare; as in *T. and C.* i. 3. 194, *R. and J.* ii. prol. 4.

238. *Happily.* Haply; as often. See *Ham.* pp. 175, 208.

240. *Set on thy wife*, etc. "In this brief speech of Othello's the dramatist has wonderfully combined the native nobleness of the speaker with the meanness inevitably supervening from jealousy. The nature of the man revolts from having the probabilities of his chosen wife's fall discussed by the gross lips of Iago, and he abruptly dismisses him; but the vitiating poison of jealousy having once been instilled, the moral dignity that has already taken one step in degradation condescends to desire him to watch, and to *set on* his *wife to observe*" (Clarke).

246. *Though it be fit.* The reading of the 1st quarto; the folios have "Although 'tis fit," and the other quartos "And though tis fit."

247. *For, sure*, etc. "Observe again how the liar can treacherously eulogize when it may serve his purpose [cf. ii. 3. 109 above]. In the present instance, he knows that at this particular juncture praise of Cassio would be specially calculated to injure instead of benefit him with Othello; and, moreover, the mention of Cassio's *place* serves to suggest the idea that Iago himself may fill it—a suggestion adopted and acted upon, as is seen by Othello's words at the close of this scene, 'Now art thou my lieutenant'" (Clarke).

249. *His means.* That is, "whether he thinks his best *means*, his most powerful *interest*, is by the solicitation of your lady" (Johnson).

250. *Strain his entertainment.* Urge his reinstatement; "press hard his readmission to his office" (Johnson). For *entertainment* as a military term (=service), cf. *A. W.* iii. 6. 13, iv. 1. 17, *Cor.* iv. 3. 49, and *A. and C.* iv. 6. 16.

251. *Importunity.* The Var. of 1821 has "opportunity."

255. *Free.* Free from guilt. See *A. Y. L.* p. 165.

256. *Government.* Self-control; as in *R. of L.* 1400, *1 Hen. IV.* i. 2. 31, iii. 1. 184, etc.

259. *Learned.* Experienced (Warb.); intelligent (Schmidt).

260. *Haggard.* A *haggard* was a wild, untrained hawk. See *Much Ado*, p. 140. S. uses the word adjectively nowhere else.

261. *Jesses.* Leathern or silken straps attached to the foot of the hawk, by which the falconer held her. Cf. Spenser, *F. Q.* vi. 4. 19:

> "That like an Hauke, which feeling her selfe freed
> From bels and jesses which did let her flight"

(where *let*=hinder).

262. *Let her down the wind.* "The falconers always let the hawk fly against the wind; if she flies with the wind behind her, she seldom returns. If therefore a hawk was for any reason to be dismissed, she was *let down the wind*, and from that time shifted for herself and *preyed at fortune*" (Johnson). Percy quotes Burton, *Anat. of Melan.:* "As a long-winged hawke, when he is first *whistled off* the fist, mounts aloft," etc. Cf. B. and F., *Bonduca:*

> "he that basely
> Whistled his honour off to the wind."

263. *For.* Because. See on i. 3. 267 above.

Black. Not to be taken too literally. It is often opposed to *fair*. Cf. *T. G. of V.* v. 2. 12: "Black men are pearls in beauteous ladies' eyes." See also *Much Ado*, iii. 1. 63, etc.

264. *Parts.* Gifts. See *M. N. D.* p. 164. Cf. i. 3. 252 above.

265. *Chamberers.* "Men of intrigue," according to Steevens; but more likely, as Schmidt defines it="men conversant with the arts of peace, opposed to *soldiers*," like *carpet-monger* in *Much Ado*, v. 2. 32. Cf. the Countess of Pembroke's *Antonius*, 1590: "Fal'n from a souldier to a chamberer."

274. *Prerogativ'd.* "Privileged, exempt from certain evils" (Schmidt). Malone wished to read "more" for *less*.

276. *This forked plague.* The *horns* of the cuckold. Cf. *W. T.* i. 2. 186 and *T. and C.* i. 2. 178. Malone cites one of Sir John Harrington's *Epigrams:*

> "Actæon guiltless unawares espying
> Naked Diana bathing in her bowre,
> Was plagu'd with *hornes;* his dogs did him devoure;
> Wherefore take heed, ye that are curious, prying,
> With some such *forked plague* you be not smitten,
> And in your foreheads see your faults be written."

277. *Quicken.* That is, begin to live. Cf. iv. 2. 66 below: "That quicken even with blowing," etc.

Desdemona comes. The quarto reading; the folios have "Looke where she comes."

280. *Generous.* Noble; as in *M. for M.* iv. 6. 13: "The generous and gravest citizens;" *Ham.* i. 3. 74: "most select and generous," etc. Cf. the Latin *generosus*.

281. *Attend.* Await. Cf. *M. W.* i. 1. 279: "The dinner attends you, sir," etc.

287. *Napkin.* Handkerchief. Cf. 306 below, and see *A. Y. L.* p. 190.

292. *A hundred times.* This is apparently inconsistent with the brief

time that has elapsed since the beginning of the drama; but it is really an illustration of what Furness (*Hamlet*, vol. i. p. xv.) calls the poet's "two series of times, the one suggestive and illusory, and the other visible and explicitly indicated." Halpin calls them the *protractive* series and the *accelerating* series; and Christopher North describes them as Shakespeare's "two clocks." Clarke remarks here: "In hardly any play is our dramatist's system of simultaneously indicated long time and short time more visibly and skilfully sustained than in *Othello*. He had to give the brief effect of recent marriage, consequent upon the elopement and secret espousals which occur in the opening of the play; and he had also to give the lengthened effect of conjugal union, in order to add to the tragic impression of broken wedded faith and destroyed wedded happiness. To produce the former effect, he has made but one night elapse since the arrival of the wedded pair in Cyprus and the celebration of their nuptials; to produce the latter effect, he throws in occasional touches that indicate a longer period."

294. *Should.* The Var. of 1821 has "would."

295. *Reserves.* Preserves, keeps. Cf. *Sonn.* 32. 7: "Reserve them for my love, not for their rhyme;" *Per.* iv. 1. 40: "reserve That excellent complexion," etc.

296. *Tu'en out.* Copied; as in iii. 4. 179, iv. 1. 141 fol. below. Cf. Holland's *Pliny:* "Nicophanes [a famous painter] gave his mind wholly to antique pictures, partly to exemplifie and take out their patterns;" and Middleton, *Women Beware*, etc.:

> "she intends
> To take out other works in a new sampler."

299. *Fantasy.* Fancy, whim. For the different senses of the word in S., see *Ham.* pp. 171, 246. The 1st quarto reads here: "I nothing know, but for his," etc.

312. *To the advantage.* Opportunely (Johnson).

313. *Wench.* Cf. v. 2. 271 below, and see *Temp.* p. 115.

316. *Import.* Importance; as in *T. of S.* iii. 2. 104, 1 *Hen. VI.* i. 1. 91, etc.

318. *Lack.* Miss. See *A. Y. L.* p. 187.

319. *Acknown.* The reading of the folios and the 2d quarto; the 1st and 3d quartos have "not you known on 't. The meaning is, "do not confess to the knowledge of it" (Schmidt). Cf. *acknowledge.* Steevens cites Golding's *Ovid:* "Howbeit I durst not be so bolde of hope acknowne to be;" and Puttenham, *Arte of English Poesie*, 1589: "so would I not have a translatour be ashamed to be acknowen of his translation." In the *Life of Ariosto* appended to Sir John Harrington's *Orlando Furioso*, we read: "Some say he was married to her privilie, but durst not be acknowne of it."

325. *The Moor*, etc. This line is not in the 1st quarto.

326. *Conceits.* Conceptions. See on 115 above.

327. *Distaste.* To be distasteful or unsavoury. Cf. *T. and C.* iv. 4. 50: "Distasting with the salt of broken tears" ("distasted" in the quartos). It is used transitively (=embitter) in *T. and C.* ii. 2. 123: "Cannot distaste the goodness;" and (=dislike) in *Id.* ii. 2. 66: "Although my will distaste what it elected."

328. *Act.* Action, operation; as in i. 1. 62 above.

329. *I did say so.* Referring to what he has just said. He sees by Othello's looks that the "poison" is burning his blood.

330. *Mandragora.* Mandrake. For the various superstitions connected with the plant, see *R. and J.* p. 206, note on *Mandrakes'*. Cf. *A. and C.* i. 5. 4 fol.

331. *Syrups.* Used by S. only here and in *C. of E.* v. 1. 104: "With wholesome syrups, drugs, and holy prayers."

332. *Medicine.* Used again as a verb in *Cymb.* iv. 2. 243: "Great griefs, I see, medicine the less."

333. *Ow'dst.* Ownedst, hadst; as in i. 1. 66 above.

338. *What sense,* etc. Steevens quotes Middleton, *The Witch* (see *Macb.* p. 11):

> "I feele no ease; the burthen's not yet off,
> So long as the abuse sticks in my knowledge.
> Oh, tis a paine of hell to know ones shame!
> Had it byn hid and don, it had byn don happy,
> For he that 's ignorant lives long and merry;"

and again:

> "Hadst thou byn secret, then had I byn happy,
> And had a hope (like man) of joies to come.
> Now here I stand a stayne to my creation;
> And, which is heavier than all torments to me,
> The understanding of this base adultery," etc.

340. *The next night.* Indication of long time; as if many nights had elapsed. The folio reads, "the next night well, fed well, was free," etc.

346. *Pioners.* Spelt "Pyoners" in the quartos and 1st and 2d folios, "Pioneers" in the later folios. See *Ham.* p. 198. The word is here = the vilest of the camp. Pioneers were generally degraded soldiers, appointed to that office as a punishment. Cf. Davies, *The Art of War*, 1619: "Such a one is to be dismissed with punishment, or to be made some abject pioner."

347. *So.* Provided that, if. Gr. 133. *O now,* etc. See p. 33 above.

352. *The ear-piercing fife.* Warb. wanted to change this most expressive epithet to "fear-'spersing!" Cf. *M. of V.* ii. 5. 30:

> "when you hear the drum
> And the vile squealing of the wry-neck'd fife;"

and see note in our edition, p. 142.

According to Warton, the fife and drum were used together in the European armies, especially in the German, as early as the first quarter of the 16th century. The fife was subsequently given up in the English service, and we find no mention of it until 1747, when it was used by the order of the Duke of Cumberland in the camp at Maestricht. It is unknown to the French even now; and M. Alfred de Vigny, in translating this passage of *Othello*, gives us only the drum:

> "Adieu donc, le coursier que la trompette anime,
> Et ses hennissements et les bruits du tambour,
> L'étendard qu'on déploie avec des cris d'amour!"

354. *Circumstance.* S. uses the singular and the plural indifferently. Cf. *R. of L.* 1262 and 1703, etc.

355. *Whose rude throats.* Steevens quotes Milton, *P. L.* vi. 586: "From those deep-throated engines belch'd, whose roar," etc. The quartos have "wide throats."

356. *Clamours.* Applied by S. to the sound of cannon (*K. John*, ii. 1. 383), of drums and trumpets (*Id.* v. 2. 168), of tempests (2 *Hen. IV.* iii. 1. 24, *T. and C.* v. 2. 174), etc.

361. *Man's.* The 1st quarto has "mans," the folios "mine" (which some editors prefer), the later quartos "my." Steevens suggests that "S. might have designed an opposition between *man* and *dog*."

362. *Hadst been better have been.* See *Much Ado*, p. 132, note on *Have made Hercules have turned*, or Gr. 360.

365. *Probation.* Proof; as the context shows. Cf. *Ham.* i. 1. 156:

> "and of the truth herein
> This present object made probation," etc.

369. *Remorse.* Pity, compunction. See *Macb.* p. 171.

371. *Do deeds*, etc. Cf. *M. for M.* ii. 2. 121:

> "Plays such fantastic tricks before high heaven
> As make the angels weep."

379. *This profit.* This good lesson (Schmidt). Cf. *Cymb.* iii. 3. 18:

> "to apprehend thus
> Draws us a profit from all things we see."

380. *Sith.* Since. It is the folio reading, the quartos having "since." See *Ham.* p. 201.

381. *Shouldst.* Cf. *Macb.* i. 2. 46: "You should be women; And yet your beards," etc. Gr. 323. Iago plays upon the word in his reply.

384. *Be . . . is.* The change from the subjunctive to the indicative is very significant (Gr. 299).

386. *Her name.* The reading of 2d and 3d quartos; the folios have "My name," which K. defends.

388. *If there be cords*, etc. Cf. *Per.* iv. 2. 160: "If fires be hot, knives sharp, or waters deep," etc.

398. *Living.* "That has the life of truth and fact in it, not founded on mere surmise" (Clarke). For *she's* the quartos have "that she 's."

401. *Prick'd.* Spurred, incited. Cf. *T. of S.* iii. 2. 75, *Rich. II.* ii. 1. 207, etc.

406. *Sleeps.* Cf. *Ham.* iv. 7. 30: "Break not your sleeps for that," etc. See *Macb.* p. 209, note on *Loves*, or *Rich. II.* p. 206, note on *Sights*.

414. *Cursed fate*, etc. "The effect of long time is conveyed throughout this speech" (Clarke).

417. *A shrewd doubt.* Ground for evil suspicion. For *doubt*, see on 188 above; and for *shrewd*, see *Hen. VIII.* p. 202 and *J. C.* p. 145. The 1st quarto gives this line to Iago.

420. *Yet.* As yet. See on 130 above.

428. *Any that was.* The quartos and 1st folio have "any, it was;" the later folios, "any, if 't was." The correction is Malone's.

432. *True.* The 1st quarto has "time."

433. *Fond.* Foolish. See on i. 3. 317 above.

435. *The hollow hell.* The folio reading ; the quartos have "thy hollow cell," which most editors prefer ; but we are inclined to agree with K. that *hell* was intended to be antithetical to the preceding *heaven.* Cf. Milton, *P. L.* i. 314 :

> "He call'd so loud that all the hollow deep
> Of hell resounded ;"

and *Id.* i. 542 : "A shout that tore hell's concave."

436. *Hearted.* See on i. 3. 361 above. *Hearted throne* = "the *heart* on which thou wast *enthroned*" (Johnson). Cf. *T. N.* ii. 4. 22 :

> "It gives a very echo to the seat
> Where Love is thron'd."

437. *Fraught.* Freight, load. It is used literally in *T. N.* v. 1. 64 : "the Phœnix and her fraught from Candy ;" and *T. A.* i. 1. 71 : "the bark that hath discharg'd her fraught." Cf. *fraughtage* in *C. of E.* iv. 1. 87 and *T. and C.* prol. 13.

441–448. These lines are not in the 1st quarto. Steevens suggests that S. took the simile from Holland's *Pliny :* "And the sea Pontus ever more floweth and runneth out into Propontis, but the sea never retireth backe againe within Pontus."

442. *Compulsive.* Used again in *Ham.* iii. 4. 86. Cf. *compulsative* in *Ham.* i. 1. 103.

443. *Feels.* The folios have "keepes" or "keeps." The Coll. MS. has "knows," which W. adopts.

447. *Capable.* Capacious, ample. For another peculiar use of the word, see *A. Y. L.* p. 182.

448. *Yond.* Not to be printed "'yond," as it often is. See *Temp.* p. 121, or *J. C.* p. 134.

Marble. Probably = everlasting (Schmidt). Cf. *Cymb.* v. 4. 87 : "Peep through thy marble mansion ;" *Id.* v. 4. 120 : "The marble pavement closes ;" and *T. of A.* iv. 3. 191 : "the marbled mansion all above."

450. *Engage.* Pledge. Cf. *A. Y. L.* v. 5. 172 : "I do engage my life," etc.

451. *Witness,* etc. This apostrophe proves that S. intended this scene should be in the open air.

452. *Clip.* Embrace, surround. Cf. *K. John,* v. 2. 34 : "Neptune's arms, who clippeth thee about ;" *Cymb.* ii. 3. 139 :

> "His meanest garment,
> That ever hath but clipp'd his body," etc.

454. *Execution.* Exercise, employment. Cf. 3 *Hen. VI.* ii. 3. 111 : "The execution of my big-sworn heart," etc. Cf. the use of *execute* in *T. and C.* v. 7. 6 : "In fellest manner execute your arms," etc.

456. *Remorse.* Pity ; as in 369 above. "It shall be an act, not of cruelty, but *of tenderness to obey him ;* not of malice to others, but of *tenderness* for him" (Johnson). Steevens compares *Cymb.* iv. 2. 168 :

> "I 'd let a parish of such Clotens blood,
> And praise myself for charity."

457. *Business ever.* The quartos have "worke so ever."

SCENE IV.—2. *Lies.* Lodges, resides. Cf. *T. G. of V.* iv. 2. 137: "Where lies Sir Proteus?" 2 *Hen. IV.* iii. 2. 299: "when I lay at Clement's inn," etc. See also Milton, *L'All.* 79: "Where perhaps some beauty lies," etc.

17. *By them answer.* That is, by them be enabled to answer, or get the information to use in my answer.

22. *Should.* Could. Cf. *Hen. VIII.* iii. 2. 160: "What should this mean?" Gr. 325.

For *handkerchief* the 1st quarto has "handkercher." See *Hen. V.* p. 163.

23. *I know not.* A direct lie. "Emilia is one of those who think that a lie is the easiest means of evading a difficulty; and the dramatist has made her a coarse type of such women; while he has made the delicate, the gentle, the innocent Desdemona a refined type of them. Fine moral harmony in even two such dissimilar characters!" (Clarke).

24. *Had rather.* See *A. Y. L.* p. 139, note on *Had as lief.*

25. *Crusadoes.* Portuguese gold coins current in England in the time of S. They were so called from the *cross* stamped upon them.

36. For *yet* (cf. iii. 3. 420 above), see Gr. 76; and for the double negative, Gr. 406.

39. *Sequester.* Sequestration, separation. See *A. Y. L.* p. 152, note on *Sequester'd.*

40. *Exercise.* Performance of religious duties. Cf. *W. T.* iii. 2. 242, *Rich. III.* iii. 2. 112, iii. 7. 64, etc.

46. *Our new heraldry*, etc. This was thought by Warb., Chalmers, Douce, and others, to refer to the arms of the order of Baronets, instituted by King James in 1611, and was used by them in fixing the date of the play (see p. 11 above); but if the passage contains any such allusion, it must have been inserted some years after the play was written. Steevens considered it "only a figurative expression, without the least reference to King James's creation of baronets;" and we are inclined to agree with him.

48. *Chuck.* Equivalent to *chick.* See *Macb.* p. 212.

50. *Sorry.* "Sore, painful" (Schmidt); the folio reading. The quartos have "sullen," and the Coll. MS. "sudden." For the ellipsis of the relative, see Gr. 244.

56. *Charmer.* Enchantress. Cf. *Deut.* xviii. 11: "Let none be found among you that is a charmer." Perkins, in his *Discourse of the damned Art of Witchcraft*, 1610, speaks of "diviners, charmers, jugglers," etc.

61. *Loathed.* The 1st quarto has "loathly," which is found in *Temp.* iv. 1. 20 and 2 *Hen. IV.* iv. 4. 122.

63. *Wive.* See on ii. 1. 60 above.

64. *Her.* The antecedent is implied in *wive.*

68. *'T is true*, etc. See pp. 17 and 29 above.

69. *A sibyl*, etc. Cf. *T. of S.* i. 2. 70: "As old as Sibyl;" and *M. of V.* i. 2. 116: "as old as Sibylla."

Had number'd, etc. "*Numbered* the sun *to course*, to run *two hundred compasses*, two hundred annual circuits" (Johnson).

73. *Dyed in mummy.* The balsamic liquor that oozed from mummies

was supposed to have medicinal properties. Steevens says that in his day it was still sold in the principal apothecaries' shops. See *Macb.* p. 228.

74. *Conserv'd.* Prepared as a conserve. The 1st quarto has "Conserues," and "with" for *which* in 73.

78. *Startingly.* Abruptly. *Rash* = *rashly* = vehemently, violently (Johnson). Cf. *M. for M.* v. 1. 36: "most bitterly and strange." For other examples of this and similar ellipses, see Gr. 397, or Schmidt, Appendix, p. 1419.

91. *Talk me.* Cf. *T. of S.* i. 2. 190: "No, say'st me so, friend?" etc. Gr. 220.

102. *'T is not*, etc. This, like *I ne'er saw this before* just above, helps to give the effect of long time. "They are indefinite expressions, and the present one applies to experience of marriage in the abstract; but they tend to do away with the effect of Desdemona's recent nuptials, and to substitute that of her having been some time wedded" (Clarke).

104. *Hungerly.* Hungrily. Cf. *T. of A.* i. 1. 262: "I feed Most hungerly on your sight." It is an adjective in *T. of S.* iii. 2. 177. Gr. 447.

107. *Happiness.* Good luck. For the accent of *importune*, see *R. and J.* p. 143, or *Ham.* p. 190.

110. *Virtuous.* Powerful; as in *M. N. D.* iii. 2. 267: "this virtuous property." See *M. N. D.* p. 169.

112. *Office.* The 1st quarto has "duty," which means the same.

118. *My benefit.* An act of kindness to me.

120. *Shut myself up in.* The 1st quarto has "shoote my selfe up in:" and the Coll. MS. "shift myself upon." Capell reads "shoot myself upon." S. elsewhere uses *shut up in* = confine. Cf. *T. and C.* i. 3. 58, *T. of A.* iv. 3. 279, and *Macb.* ii. 1. 16. The meaning here seems to be, "confine myself to some other course, awaiting whatever fortune may bestow upon me" (Steevens and Clarke).

122. *Advocation.* Advocacy, pleading; used by S. only here.

124. *Favour.* Aspect, personal appearance; as in i. 3. 337 above.

127. *Within the blank*, etc. "Within the *shot* of his anger" (Johnson). Cf. *Ham.* iv. 1. 42: "As level as the cannon to his blank;" and see note in our ed. p. 243.

136. *Puff'd his own brother.* "And yet he was cool and unruffled" is understood (Malone).

140. *Unhatch'd practice.* Undeveloped treason. For *unhatch'd*, cf. *Ham.* i. 3. 65; and for *practice* = plotting, see *Ham.* p. 255, or *Much Ado*, p. 156.

141. *Demonstrable.* Used by S. only here. For the accent, see Gr. 492.

142. *Puddled.* Muddied, disturbed, or the Yankee "riled." Cf. *C. of E.* v. 1. 173: "pails of puddled mire."

145. *It indues*, etc. "It imparts to the other limbs the faculty of feeling the same pain" (Schmidt). Cf. *Ham.* iv. 7. 180: "native and indued Unto that element." Johnson conjectured "subdues."

148. *Observancy.* Devotion, homage. The 1st folio has "obseruancie" (and "fits"), the quartos "obseruances," the later folios "observ-

ance." S. does not use *observancy* elsewhere. For *observance* in the same sense, see *M. W.* ii. 2. 203: "a doting observance;" *A. Y. L.* v. 2. 102: "duty and observance," etc. W. has "observancy" and "fit," the latter being probably a misprint.

149. *As fits*, etc. Another suggestion of "long time." For *beshrew*, see *M. N. D.* p. 152.

150. *Unhandsome warrior.* "Unfair assailant" (Johnson). "A lovely reminiscence of her husband's calling her *my fair warrior* in the joy of his first meeting with her on arrival" (Clarke). See ii. 1. 184 above.

155. *Toy.* Whim, fancy. See *Ham.* pp. 187, 195, and cf. note on i. 3. 267 above.

160. *For.* Because; as in i. 3. 267, iii. 3. 263, etc.

161. *Upon.* The 3d quarto has "unto."

168. *Make.* Do. See on i. 2. 49 above. The 4th folio and the Var. of 1821 have "makes."

177. *Continuate.* Uninterrupted, unbroken by other business. The 1st quarto has "convenient." Cf. *T. of A.* i. 1. 11: "continuate goodness."

179. *Take out.* Copy (cf. 189 just below). See on iii. 3. 296 above.

186. *In good troth.* The 1st quarto has "by my faith."

193. *Addition.* Credit. For *woman'd*, see Gr. 290.

194. *Why . . . not.* Not in the 1st quarto.

196. *Bring me*, etc. Accompany me. See *Hen. V.* p. 158.

200. *Circumstanc'd.* That is, I must yield to circumstances.

ACT IV.

SCENE I.—2. *Unauthoriz'd.* So *authorize* is accented by S. on the penult. See *Macb.* p. 218.

3. *Against the devil.* Johnson makes this = "to cheat the devil;" Schmidt explains *against* as "towards, to."

5. *The devil*, etc. "*The devil tempts their virtue* by stirring up their passions, and *they tempt heaven* by placing themselves in such a situation as makes it scarcely possible to avoid falling by the gratification of them" (Henley). Cf. *Matt.* iv. 7.

18. *The raven.* It was believed that the raven hovered near a house in which sickness or infection existed. Malone quotes Marlowe, *Jew of Malta*, ii. 1:

> "Thus like the sad presaging raven, that tolls
> The sick man's passport in her hollow beak,
> And in the shadow of the silent night,
> Does shake contagion from her sable wings."

Cf. Davenant, *Love and Honour:*

> "So ravens croke
> When they fly o'er the mansions of the sick,
> Boding their death."

24. *Dotage of.* Doting upon, doting affection for. See *M. N. D.* p. 174.

25. *Supplied.* "Gratified the desire of" (Schmidt). Cf. *M. for M.* v. 1. 212.

31. *To confess and be hanged.* An old proverb. Cf. *T. of A.* i. 2. 22: "Ho, ho! confess'd it! hang'd it, have you not?" and Marlowe, *Jew of Malta* (quoted by Steevens): "Blame us not, but the proverb—Confess, and be hang'd."

33. *Shadowing.* "Full of shapes and images of things" (Schmidt). Johnson explains the passage thus: "This passion, which spreads its clouds over me, is the effect of some agency more than the operation of words; it is one of those notices which men have of unseen calamities." Sir J. Reynolds says: "Othello alludes only to Cassio's dream, which had been invented and told him by Iago." Hanmer adopted Warburton's conjecture of "induction" (cf. *Rich. III.* iv. 4. 5) for *instruction*. The Coll. MS. has "shuddering" for *shadowing*.

35. *Noses, ears, and lips.* Steevens compares *W. T.* i. 2. 285 (omitted under *nose* in Mrs. Clarke's *Concordance*):

> "Is whispering nothing?
> Is leaning cheek to cheek? is meeting noses?
> Kissing with inside lip?" etc.

Clarke remarks: "This speech, composed entirely of abrupt and incoherent words, disjointed phrases, and unconnected exclamations, wrung from the depths of a soul immersed in images of the most revolting and poignantly distressing kind, affords a notable instance of Shakespeare's might in producing powerful impressions through imperfect expression."

44. *He had one yesterday.* Iago is a liar, and may lie here; but, as Clarke remarks, it helps to give the effect of "long time."

46. *His.* Its. Gr. 228.

47. *By and by.* Presently. See on ii. 3. 285 above.

55. *A horned man.* A cuckold. Cf. *Much Ado*, i. 1. 266, ii. 1. 47, v. 1. 184, v. 4. 44, etc. See on iii. 3. 276 above.

57. *Civil.* Civilized. Cf. *Cymb.* iii. 6. 23:

> "Ho, who 's here?
> If any thing that 's civil, speak; if savage,
> Take or lend."

61. *Unproper.* Not exclusively their own; with perhaps a play on the other sense. Cf. *proper* = one's own, in i. 3. 69 above. S. uses *unproper* only here, *improper* (= not becoming) only in *Lear*, v. 3. 221.

62. *Peculiar.* Private, one's own; as in i. 1. 60 and iii. 3. 79 above.

63. *The spite of hell.* Schmidt makes *spite* = "mortification, vexation" (cf. *V. and A.* 1133); but it seems rather to be = malice. *The spite of hell* is explained by *the fiend's arch-mock*. The man is not *mortified*, for he does not know his disgrace.

64. *Secure.* Free from care or suspicion (Latin *securus*). See *Ham.* p. 196. For *lip* = kiss, cf. *A. and C.* ii. 5. 30.

68. *In a patient list.* Within the bounds of patience. For *list* = boundary, see *Ham.* p. 249.

69. *O'erwhelmed.* The 1st quarto has "erewhile mad;" probably the compositor's misreading of the MS.

71. *Shifted him away.* Contrived to get rid of him. Cf. *Mach.* ii. 3. 151:

> "And let us not be dainty of leave-taking,
> But shift away"

(that is, contrive to get away).

72. *Ecstasy.* Here = swoon; elsewhere = any state of being beside one's self (rapture, madness, etc.). See *Ham.* p. 201, or *Mach.* p. 211.

74. *Encave.* Conceal; used by S. only here. Cf. Gr. 440.

75. *Fleers.* Mocks; the only instance of the noun in S. For the verb, see *Much Ado*, p. 162. *Scorns* = expressions of scorn. Cf. 1 *Hen. VI.* i. 4. 39: "With scoffs, and scorns, and contumelious taunts," etc.

76. *Region.* Part. Cf. *Hen. VIII.* ii. 4. 184: "The region of my breast;" and *Lear*, i. 1. 147: "The region of my heart."

79. *He hath, and is again to cope.* He hath met and is again to meet. For the ellipsis, cf. Gr. 383; and for *cope* = meet, encounter, see *A. Y. L.* p. 155.

81. *All in all in spleen.* Wholly given up to anger. Cf. 1 *Hen. IV.* v. 2. 19: "A hair-brain'd Hotspur, govern'd by a spleen."

87. *Housewife.* Hussy. See on ii. 1. 111 above.

88. *It is.* Used contemptuously; as in *R. and J.* iv. 2. 14, etc. See on ii. 1. 30 above.

94. *Unbookish.* Ignorant, unskilled.

97. *Worser.* Cf. i. 1. 93 above.

Addition. Title. See *Ham.* p. 193.

101. *Caitiff.* Formerly used of both sexes. Cf. *A. W.* iii. 2. 117: "I [Helena] am the caitiff that do hold him to it;" *Rich. III.* iv. 4. 100: "For queen, a very caitiff crown'd with care," etc. Here the word is used half playfully, half fondly; like *fool* (see *A. Y. L.* p. 151), *wretch* (iii. 3. 90 above), etc.

107. *Well said.* Well done. See on ii. 1. 165 above.

111. *Do you triumph, Roman? Roman* is ironical, suggested by the *triumph.*

112. *Customer.* A harlot (cf. 87 above); as in *A. W.* v. 3. 287: "some common customer."

Bear some charity. As we still say "bear malice," "bear ill-will," etc. Cf. *Hen. VIII.* iii. 1. 63: "Zeal and obedience he still bore your grace," etc.

119. *Scored me.* Johnson (so Schmidt) explains this as = "made my reckoning, settled the term of my life;" Steevens and Clarke take it to mean "branded me." The 1st quarto has "stor'd me well."

125. *The other day.* A "long-time" hint.

126. *Bauble.* Contemptuously = plaything; or perhaps = fool. The fool's club or staff was called a *bauble;* as in *A. W.* iv. 5. 32 and *R. and J.* ii. 4. 97.

127. *Me.* "Ethical dative." Gr. 220. Cf. i. 1. 49 above. The 1st quarto has "by this hand she fals thus," etc.

130. *Hales.* Hauls, draws. See *Much Ado*, p. 137.

137. *Fitchew.* Literally, pole-cat; here used contemptuously. Cf. *T. and C.* v. 1. 67 and *Lear*, iv. 6. 124. For the idiomatic use of *such another*, cf. *M. W.* i. 4. 160, *T. and C.* i. 2. 282, 296, etc.

144. *Hobby-horse.* For the contemptuous use of the word, see *Much Ado*, p. 144. It was applied to both sexes.

154. *Very fain.* We should not use this expression now, though we say "very gladly," etc. Cf. *Much Ado*, p. 118, note on *Very much glad.*

169. *To-night.* "It is this necessity for *prompt vengeance* on the part of Othello that makes the dramatist throw in occasional touches of short time; as it is the need for effect of destruction to *established wedded faith and happiness* that makes S. introduce denotements of long time" (Clarke).

171. *It hurts my hand.* Steevens quotes *A. and C.* iv. 9. 16:

> "throw my heart
> Against the flint and hardness of my fault;
> Which, being dried with grief, will break to powder," etc.

176. *She will sing*, etc. Cf. *V. and A.* 1096:

> "To recreate himself when he hath sung,
> The tiger would be tame and gently hear him."

178. *Invention.* Mental activity in general (Schmidt). See *Much Ado*, p. 156.

181. *Condition.* Disposition. See on ii. 1. 243 above.

185. *Patent.* Privilege, formal permission. Malone compares *King Edward III.*, 1596: "Why then give sin a passport to offend."

192. *Unprovide.* Unfit, deprive of resolution; used by S. only here.

197. *Let me be his undertaker.* Let me take care of him. *Undertaker* occurs again in *T. N.* iii. 4. 349, where it is = a meddler, or one who undertakes other people's business.

203. *Save you*, etc. The 1st quarto has "God save the worthy general!" The change, like others of the kind, was probably made on account of the statute against using the Divine name on the stage. See p. 11 above.

With all my heart. The phrase is used both as a reply to a salutation (= I thank you with all my heart) and as a salutation (= I greet you with all my heart). For an example of the former, see *Lear*, iv. 6. 32; and for one of the latter, *T. of A.* iii. 6. 27 (Clarke).

219. *Atone them.* Bring them *at one*, reconcile them. Cf. *Rich. II.* 1. 1. 202: "Since we cannot atone you," etc. For other meanings of *atone*, see *A. Y. L.* p. 199.

223. *Deputing.* Substituting; as in iv. 2. 217 below.

225. *I am glad*, etc. Clarke thinks it possible that S. wrote "*mad* to see you *glad*." The speech is probably ironical.

231. *If that*, etc. "If woman's tears could impregnate the earth. By the doctrine of equivocal generation, new animals were supposed producible by new combinations of matter" (Johnson). For *teem*, see *Mach.* p. 243.

232. *Falls.* Lets fall. See *J. C.* p. 169, note on *They fall their crests.*

Malone says: "S. here alludes to the fabulous accounts of crocodiles. Each tear, says Othello, which falls from the false Desdemona would generate a crocodile, the most deceitful of all animals, and whose own tears are proverbially fallacious." Bullokar, in his *English Expositor*, says: "It is written that he will weep over a man's head when he hath

devoured the body, and then will eat up the head too. Wherefore in Latin there is a proverbe, *crocodili lachrymæ*, crocodile's tears, to signifie such tears as are fained, and spent only with intent to deceive, or doe harm." According to the same writer, a dead crocodile, "but in perfect forme," about nine feet long, had been exhibited in London in the poet's time.

255. *Safe.* Sound. Cf. *J. C.* i. 1. 14: "a safe conscience," etc.

256. *Censure.* Opinion, judgment; as in ii. 3. 175 above. See another example in the preface to the 1st quarto, quoted on p. 11.

260. *Use.* Custom, habit. Cf. *M. of V.* iv. 1. 268: "it is still her use;" *Ham.* iii. 4. 168: "For use almost can change the stamp of nature," etc.

262. *New-create.* For the compound, cf. *Temp.* i. 2. 81 and *Hen. VIII.* v. 5. 42. The hyphen is not in the early eds.

263. *Honesty.* What is becoming or proper. Cf. *Ham.* ii. 2. 204: "I hold it not honesty to have it thus set down," etc.

SCENE II.—2. *Nor ever heard*, etc. A suggestion of "long time."

3. *And she.* Cf. *A. and C.* iii. 13. 98: "So saucy with the hand of she here;" *T. and C.* ii. 3. 25: "Praise him that got thee, she that gave thee suck," etc.

12. *Durst to wager.* See Gr. 349.

13. *Other.* For the singular use, cf. *L. L. L.* iii. 1. 83: "Do the wise think them other?" See also Gr. 12.

14. *Remove.* Banish, put away. Cf. *R. of L.* 243; "My will is strong, past reason's weak removing;" *Id.* 614: "thy will remove," etc.

29. *Mystery.* Like *function* in 27 = trade, occupation. Cf. *M. for M.* iv. 2. 30 fol. and *T. of A.* iv. 1. 18. "Othello taunts Emilia with having made a traffic in connivance at stolen meetings between Cassio and Desdemona, and now bids her give a specimen of proficiency in her avocation; afterwards following up his insult by flinging her money for her 'pains'" (Clarke).

35. *Being like one of heaven.* "How exquisitely these few words serve to paint to us Desdemona's look of angelic purity and innocence, together with the impression it exercises upon even her husband's jaundiced sight!" (Clarke).

47. *They.* For *heaven* as a plural, cf. *Rich. II.* i. 2. 6, *Macb.* ii. 1. 4, and *Ham.* iii. 4. 173. See *Rich. II.* p. 157.

53, 54. *A fixed figure*, etc. A much disputed passage. The 1st quarto has:

> "A fixed figure, for the time of scorne,
> To point his slow vnmouing fingers at—oh, oh,"

The 1st folio reads:

> "The fixed Figure for the time of Scorne,
> To point his slow, and mouing finger at."

The Coll. MS. has "slowly moving," which was also a conjecture of Mason's. St. adopts Hunter's conjecture:

> "The fixed figure of the time, for scorn
> To point his slow and moving finger at,—"

The reading in the text is that of the 2d quarto, and is adopted by W., the Camb. editors, Clarke, and others.

The time of scorn="the scornful world" (Schmidt), or "the scornful spirit of the epoch" (Clarke). *Slow* (=slow to change its direction) prepares the way for *unmoving*, which both explains and emphasizes it. That S. should be supposed to have written "slow and moving" shows what a poet may suffer at the hands of a prosaic critic. The mistake in the folio was doubtless one of the ear in transcribing the manuscript.

56. *Garner'd.* Johnson says: "The *garner* and the *fountain* are improperly conjoined;" but a *succession* of metaphors is not a fault, like the *mixing* of them.

60. *Cistern.* Steevens quotes *A. and C.* ii. 5. 95:

> "So half my Egypt were submerg'd, and made
> A cistern for scal'd snakes."

61. *Turn thy complexion*, etc. "At such an object do thou, *Patience*, thyself *change colour;* at this do thou, even thou, *rosy cherub* as thou art, *look as grim as hell*" (Johnson).

62. *Rose-lipp'd cherubin.* Cf. *T. A.* ii. 4. 24: "thy rosed lips." For *cherubin*, see *Temp.* p. 115.

67. *Lovely.* For the adverbial use, cf. 1 *Hen. IV.* iii. 1. 124:

> "I framed to the harp
> Many an English ditty lovely well."

70. *Book.* For the metaphor, cf. *K. John*, ii. 1. 485, *R. and J.* i. 3. 87, iii. 2. 83, *R. of L.* 615, 1253, etc.

72. *Commoner.* Harlot; as in *A. W.* v. 3. 194.

77. *The bawdy wind.* Cf. *M. of V.* ii. 6. 16: "the strumpet wind;" *M. N. D.* ii. 1. 129: "the wanton wind," etc.

82. *This vessel.* This body of mine. Cf. *T. of A.* v. 1. 204 and *Per.* iv. 4. 30. It is sometimes=a person; as in *W. T.* iii. 3. 21, *J. C.* v. 5. 13, etc. The Biblical phrase "the weaker vessel" (=woman) is used in *L. L. L.* i. 2. 276, *A. Y. L.* ii. 4. 6, etc.

89. *Married with.* Cf. *M. N. D.* i. 1. 40: "to marry with Demetrius." See also *Much Ado*, v. 4. 37, *R. and J.* iii. 5. 219, *Ham.* i. 2. 151, etc. So the transitive verb sometimes; as in *A. and C.* i. 2. 29: "to marry me with Octavius Cæsar;" but *to* is oftener used.

90. *To Saint Peter.* To *that of* Saint Peter. For the ellipsis, cf. *J. C.* ii. 1. 125:

> "What need we any spur but our own cause
> To prick us to redress? What other bond
> Than [that of] secret Romans, that have spoke the word,
> And will not palter?"

98. *With who?* See on i. 2. 52 above.

107. *How have I been behav'd?* Cf. *Ham.* iii. 1. 35: "as he is behav'd." See Gr. 295.

108. *Least misuse.* The 1st quarto has "greatest abuse;" and the Coll. MS. "least misdeed." Clarke explains the passage thus: "How can I have behaved, that even my least misconduct should have subjected me to the smallest misconstruction on his part?" It may be a case

like those explained by Schmidt in his Appendix, p. 1420, and referred to in *A. Y. L.* p. 156, note on *No more do yours*. See also *R. and J.* p. 199, note on *And I am nothing slow to slack his haste.*

115. *Thrown such despite*, etc. "This shows that Emilia, among her other objectionable characteristics, is a listener—a mean listener at doors" (Clarke).

118. *Such as she says*, etc. See p. 19 above.

120. *Callat.* A coarse or lewd woman, a drab. Cf. *W. T.* ii. 3. 90, *2 Hen. VI.* i. 3. 86, and *3 Hen. VI.* ii. 2. 145. Malone quotes Harrington, *Ariosto*, 1591: "And thus this old, ill-favour'd spiteful callet."

129. *Eternal.* For the use of the word here, see *Ham.* p. 195, note on *Eternal blazon.*

131. *Cogging.* Deceiving, lying. Cf. *M. W.* iii. 1. 123: "this same scall, scurvy, cogging companion;" *T. and C.* v. 6. 11: "you cogging Greeks," etc. See also *Much Ado*, p. 164.

As Clarke notes, actresses often make the mistake of delivering this speech in a manner to indicate that Emilia suspects her husband; but clearly this is not the case. Her suspicion never for an instant falls upon Iago.

139. *Notorious.* Notable, egregious; as in v. 2. 238 below. Cf. *C. of E.* iv. 1. 84, *T. of S.* v. 1. 54, etc.

140. *Companions.* Contemptuous, as *fellow* now is. See another example in note on 131 just above. Cf. *Temp.* p. 131, note on *Your fellow.*

142. *Rascals.* For the original meaning of the word, see *A. Y. L.* p. 179.

143. *Speak within door.* That is, not so loud as to be heard outside the house (Johnson).

144. *Squire.* For the contemptuous use of the word, see *Much Ado*, p. 127.

145. *The seamy side without.* Cf. ii. 3. 42 above: "Whom love hath turn'd almost the wrong side out."

152. *Discourse of thought.* "Discursive range of thought" (Clarke). See *Ham.* p. 183, note on *Discourse of reason.* The 2d and 3d quartos have "discourse or thought."

153. *Or that.* For *that* as a "conjunctional affix," see Gr. 287.

159. *Defeat.* Destroy. Cf. *Sonn.* 61. 11: "Mine own true love that doth my rest defeat." So the noun=ruin, destruction. See *Ham.* p. 214.

161. *It doth abhor me.* It is abhorrent to me, it fills me with horror; the only instance of this sense in S.

162. *Addition.* Name, title; as in iv. 1. 97 above.

166. *Chide with.* Quarrel with. Cf. *Sonn.* 111. 1: "O, for my sake do you with Fortune chide;" *Cymb.* v. 4. 32: "With Mars fall out, with Juno chide," etc.

169. *Stay the meat.* Are waiting for supper. For *stay*, see *Ham.* p. 268. The 1st quarto reads: "And the great messengers of Venice stay."

173. *In the contrary.* Cf. *Hen. VIII.* iii. 2. 182: "as, i' the contrary," etc.

174. *Every day.* They have been in Cyprus only one day, but this gives the impression of "long time."

Daffest me. Dost put me off. All the early eds. except the 1st folio have "dofftst" or "dofts." *Daff* is only another form of *doff*=*do off*. See *Much Ado*, p. 138.

178. *Put up in peace what*, etc. We now say "put up *with*." Cf. *T. A.* i. 1. 433: "And basely put it up without revenge."

188. *Respect.* Attention, notice (Schmidt); as in 1 *Hen. IV.* iv. 3. 31: "If you vouchsafe me hearing and respect," etc.

193. *Fobbed.* Cheated, tricked. It is Rowe's correction of the "fopt" of the early eds. Cf. 1 *Hen. IV.* i. 2. 68: "And resolution thus fobbed as it is with the rusty curb of old father antic the law;" *Cor.* i. 1. 97: "you must not think to fob off our disgrace with a tale," etc.

199. *You have said.* "Well said, quite right" (Schmidt); as in *T. G. of V.* ii. 4. 29, *T. N.* iii. 1. 12, etc.

200. *Intendment.* Intention. See *A. Y. L.* p. 139.

202. *Mettle.* The early eds. make no distinction between *mettle* and *metal*. See *Rich. II.* p. 157, note on *That metal.*

206. *Directly.* Honestly, in a straightforward manner. Cf. *Cymb.* iii. 5. 113: "directly and truly," etc.

214. *Engines.* Ritson and Clarke explain this as=instruments of torture. Cf. *Lear*, i. 4. 290: "That, like an engine, wrench'd my frame of nature." But it may simply mean "device or contrivance," as Schmidt gives it. Cf. *A. W.* iii. 5. 21: "their promises, enticements, oaths, tokens, and all these engines of lust," etc.

221. *Lingered.* Prolonged, protracted. For the transitive use, see *M. N. D.* p. 124, or Gr. 290.

222. *Determinate.* Decisive; as in *Hen. VIII.* ii. 4. 176: "a determinate resolution," etc. It is=limited, fixed, in *Sonn.* 87. 4 and *T. N.* ii. 1. 11.

225. *Uncapable.* Cf. *M. of V.* iv. 1. 5: "Uncapable of pity." Elsewhere S. uses *incapable*. See Gr. 442.

229. *Harlotry.* See *R. and J.* p. 204. The 1st quarto has "harlot."

234. *Amazed.* In a maze, bewildered; as in *K. John*, ii. 1. 356: "Why stand these royal fronts amazed thus?" *R. and J.* iii. 1. 139: "Stand not amaz'd," etc.

236, 237. *High supper-time.* High time for supper. Mason wanted to read "nigh."

237. *Grows to waste.* Is wasting away. Malone says that "perhaps we ought to print *waist*." See *Ham.* p. 186, note on *Vast.*

SCENE III.—2. *'T will do me good to walk.* "One of Shakespeare's subtle indications of physical condition; it perfectly shows the restlessness, the mal-ease, the fret of limb and frame accompanying fever of the mind" (Clarke).

10. *He looks gentler*, etc. "This also serves to denote the present state of Othello with perfect truth to natural course in emotional disturbance. His look and manner are calmer, because he has come to a resolved conclusion. . . . His mind being once made up as to the course

he must pursue and the punishment he will inflict, it can suffer him to speak and look more gently than he did" (Clarke).

11. *Incontinent.* Immediately. See on i. 3. 304 above, and cf. *A. Y. L.* p. 194.

15. *Wearing.* Clothes; as in *W. T.* iv. 4. 9: "With a swain's wearing."

19. *Checks.* See on i. 1. 138 above.

22. *All 's one.* All the same, very well. Cf. *Much Ado*, v. 1. 49: "Well, all is one," etc.

Faith. The reading of the 1st quarto; the other early eds. have "father."

23. *If I do die*, etc. "The touch of superstitious foreboding, the touch of tender sentiment, the touch of self-chiding for being weak enough to indulge them, are all perfectly womanly; and make one marvel how a man could so intuitively have conceived the passage. But then the man is SHAKESPEARE; whose knowledge of womanhood, in all its intensest depths, is a miracle in itself" (Clarke). On the poet's fondness for presentiments, see *Ham.* p. 273, note on *But thou wouldst not think*, etc., and *R. and J.* p. 157, note on *My mind misgives*, etc.

24. *Talk.* That is, talk idly, talk nonsense. Cf. *Much Ado*, iii. 3. 37: "to babble and to talk;" *Macb.* iv. 2. 64: "Poor prattler, how thou talk'st!" etc.

26. *Mad.* Some of the editors would have this mean "wild" or "inconstant," but we see no reason for not taking it in the common sense of insane. *Prov'd mad* = turned out to be deranged, as Clarke and others explain it.

30. *To do.* Pope needlessly changed this to "ado." *To-do* is sometimes used for *ado* (see *Ham.* p. 207); but in the present passage the verb may have its ordinary meaning: *I have to do much*, that is, to make a great effort.

34. *Proper.* Comely, handsome. See on i. 3. 383 above, and cf. *Heb.* xi. 23.

39. *The poor soul*, etc. S. has here "adapted" an old ballad, which may be found in Percy's *Reliques*. The original is a man's song, entitled "A Lover's Complaint, being forsaken of his Love;" and in making it a woman's song the poet has varied its diction somewhat.

Sighing. This is the reading of the original and of the 2d quarto ("singhing" in 3d quarto). The folios have "singing," which may possibly be one of the changes made by S.

55. *Moe.* More. See *A. Y. L.* p. 176. For *couch* = lie, cf. *Much Ado*, iii. 1. 46, *M. of V.* v. 1. 305, etc.

59. *Dost thou*, etc. "Just one of Shakespeare's natural touches of abrupt reference and introduction of subject. Desdemona asks this question, and Emilia answers it, using the word *such*, although there has been no mention of unfaithfulness during this scene; but it has been the subject of their thought, it has lain at the root of their dread that Othello is jealous, and they now show that it is perfectly present to their mind by this unushered allusion" (Clarke).

63. *No, by this heavenly light!* "The contrast throughout the present

brief dialogue, of the innately pure woman and the ingrained coarse woman, the white-souled Desdemona and the gross-thoughted, mercenary, lax-principled Emilia, with her threadbare sophisms, her shallow excuses, and her palterings with right and wrong, forms a fine climax to the light and dark characteristic difference between these two principal female figures in the tragedy picture, even while the dramatic harmony is maintained by the single point of moral fallibility which they have in common" (Clarke).

70. *Joint-ring.* A common lover's token in the olden time. Its construction is well explained in Dryden's *Don Sebastian:*

> "a curious artist wrought them
> With joints so close as not to be perceiv'd,
> Yet are they both each other's counterpart;
> Her part had *Juan* inscrib'd, and his had *Zayda*
> (You know these names are theirs), and in the midst
> A heart divided in two halves was plac'd.
> Now, if the rivets of those rings inclos'd
> Fit not each other, I have forg'd this lye;
> But if they join, you must for ever part."

72. *Exhibition.* See on i. 3. 236 above, and cf. also *Lear*, i. 2. 25:

> "And the king gone to-night! subscrib'd his power!
> Confin'd to exhibition!"

81. *To the vantage.* "To boot, over and above" (Steevens).

83–100. *But I . . . us so.* Omitted in the 1st quarto.

85. *And pour*, etc. Malone compares *Sonn.* 142. 8: "Robb'd others' beds' revenues of their rent." For *foreign*, cf. *Per.* iv. 1. 34: "With more than foreign heart."

86. *Peevish.* Foolish. Cf. ii. 3. 167 above.

88. *Having.* "Allowance, pin-money" (Schmidt). Cf. *A. Y. L.* p. 178.

In despite. Out of malice; as in *Hen. V.* iii. 5. 17, etc.

89. *Galls.* Bitter feelings. Cf. *T. and C.* i. 3. 237: "they have galls," etc.

91. *Sense.* "Senses, sensation" (Schmidt). Malone explains it as "sensual appetite." Cf. *M. for M.* i. 4. 59, etc.

100. *So.* The later folios have "to."

101. *Uses.* "Manners, ways" (Schmidt). The 1st quarto has "usage," which some modern editors prefer.

ACT V.

SCENE I.—1. *Bulk.* "A part of a building jutting out" (Schmidt); as in *Cor.* ii. 1. 226: "stalls, bulks, windows," etc. The 1st and 2d folios have "barke."

5. *Resolution.* Metrically equivalent to five syllables. Gr. 479.

11. *Quat.* Literally, a pustule or pimple. Cf. the contemptuous use of *scab* in *T. N.* ii. 5. 82, *T. and C.* ii. 1. 31, *Cor.* i. 1. 169, etc. See also *Much Ado*, p. 146. The 1st quarto has "gnat." Steevens quotes Dek-

ker, *Gul's Hornbook*, 1609: "a yong quat of the first yeeres revennew;" and *The Devil's Law Case*, 1623: "O young quat!"

To the sense = to the quick.

16. *Bobb'd from him.* Fooled him out of. Cf. *T. and C.* iii. 1. 75: "You shall not bob us out of our melody." In *T. and C.* ii. 1. 76 and *Rich. III.* v. 3. 334, *bob* = beat, drub.

22. *But so.* The folio reading = "But, soft!" (*M. N. D.* iv. 1. 124, etc.). The quartos have "be 't so." which may be what S. wrote.

25. *Coat.* That is, "coat of proof" or shirt of mail, worn beneath his outer garments. Hearing this, Iago wounds him "in the leg."

26. *Proof.* Trial; as in i. 1. 28 above.

34. *Unblest.* Accurst; as in ii. 3. 286 above.

35. *Forth of.* Out of. See *Rich. II.* p. 192.

37. *No passage.* No passers-by. Cf. *C. of E.* iii. 1. 99: "the stirring passage of the day."

42. *A heavy night.* "A thick cloudy night, in which an ambush may be commodiously laid" (Johnson). Steevens cites *M. for M.* iv. 1. 35: "the heavy middle of the night;" where, however, it may be = drowsy, sleepy, as Schmidt explains it.

48. *Cries on.* Cries out; as in *Ham.* v. 2. 375: "cries on havoc." Malone quotes *Eastward Hoe*, 1605: "Who cries on murder?" Johnson makes it = exclaims against. See *Ham.* p. 276.

58. *Make away.* Get away. Cf. *make after* (i. 1. 68 above), *make for* (i. 3. 14), etc. The transitive *make away* = make away with, kill; as in *A. Y. L.* v. 1. 58, *Rich. III.* iv. 4. 281, etc.

69. *Cry you mercy.* Beg your pardon. See *M. N. D.* p. 159. Cf. 93 below.

71. *Brother.* That is, brother officer.

78. *May.* See Gr. 309; and for *should* in the next line, Gr. 325.

85. *Trash.* Worthless creature. Cf. ii. 1. 290 above.

98. *Well said.* Well done; as in ii. 1. 165 and iv. 1. 107 above.

105. *Gentlemen.* The quartos have "gentlewoman."

106. *Gastness.* Ghastliness, haggard look. The quartos have "ieastures" or "jestures." We find *gasted* (or *ghasted*) in *Lear*, ii. 1. 57.

117. *Know of.* Find out from. For *of* = from, see Gr. 165 fol.

129. *Fordoes.* Undoes, destroys. See *Ham.* p. 201.

SCENE II.—1. *It is the cause*, etc. "Othello, full of horror at the cruel action which he is about to perpetrate, seems at this instant to be seeking his justification from representing to himself the *cause*, that is, the greatness of the provocation he had received" (Steevens).

4. *Whiter skin of hers than snow.* Cf. *Mach.* v. 8. 7: "Thou bloodier villain than terms can give thee out;" and see on i. 3. 285 above.

7. *Put out the light*, etc. Warb. pointed the line "Put out the light, and then—Put out the light!" and explained it thus: "The meaning is, I will put out the light, and *then* proceed to the execution of my purpose. But the expression of *putting out the light* bringing to mind the effects of the extinction of the light of life, he breaks short, and questions himself about the effects of this metaphorical extinction, introduced by a repeti-

tion of his first words, as much as to say, But hold, let me first weigh the reflections which this expression so naturally excites." But, as Malone suggests, it probably means, I will now put out the light, and then put out the light of life. This introduces the following reflections as aptly as the other explanation, and seems simpler and more natural. The metaphor is a common one in S. Cf. 3 *Hen. VI.* ii. 6. 1, *Macb.* v. 5. 23, *R. of L.* 191, etc.

11. *Cunning'st.* For this contraction of superlatives, cf. *Macb.* ii. 1. 24, ii. 2. 4, iii. 4. 126, etc. See Gr. 473.

12. *Promethean heat.* Cf. *L. L. L.* iv. 3. 304, 351: "Promethean fire."

13. *Relume.* The folios have "re-Lume" or "re-lume;" the 1st quarto, "returne;" the other quartos, "relumine."

The rose. The folios have "thy rose," and in the next line but one "smell thee."

21. *This sorrow's heavenly.* "This tenderness, with which I lament the punishment which justice compels me to inflict, is a holy passion" (Johnson). Steevens remarks that the *cruel tears* "seems adopted from the fabulous history of the crocodile"!

30. *By.* Aside. Cf. *Much Ado*, iv. 1. 24: "Stand thee by, friar," etc. Gr. 36.

32. *Forefend.* Forbid; as in 185 below. Cf. *W. T.* iv. 4. 541, *Rich. II.* iv. 1. 129 ("forbid" in the folios), *Cymb.* v. 5. 287, etc.

42. *That death's unnatural*, etc. Cf. *Rich. III.* i. 2. 134:

> "It is a quarrel most unnatural,
> To be reveng'd on him that loveth you."

46. *Point on.* Cf. *T. and C.* i. 3. 331: "find Hector's purpose Pointing on him;" *J. C.* i. 3. 32: "the climate that they point upon," etc.

63. *Thou dost stone my heart*, etc. "Thou dost harden my heart by denying thy guilt, and causest me to kill thee from wrath at thy perjury, when I intended thy death to be a sacrifice made to justice" (Clarke).

Johnson remarks here: "I am glad that I have ended my revisal of this dreadful scene. It is not to be endured."

72. *Ta'en order.* Taken measures. Cf. *Rich. III.* i. 4. 288: "Until the duke take ("give" in the folios) order for his burial;" *Id.* iv. 2. 53: "I will take order for her keeping close," etc.

82. *Being done*, etc. "My deed of retribution being once put into execution, there must be no pause in completing it" (Clarke).

83. *It is too late.* Here the 1st quarto inserts, "*Des.* O Lord, Lord, Lord." Tollet and Malone believe that it was omitted in the folio on account of the statute of 1606 (see p. 11 above).

91. *By and by.* Presently; as in ii. 1. 270 above.

92. *Like.* Likely; as often. See *Ham.* p. 186.

101. *At alteration.* At the change.

106. *Murther.* The early eds. have "murthers."

109. *Error.* Aberration. On *more nearer* in 110, see Gr. 11.

124. *Nobody*, etc. See p. 30 above.

132. *Folly.* Wantonness, unchastity; as often. Cf. *R. of L.* 556, 851, *M. W.* ii. 2. 253, iii. 2. 35, *T. and C.* v. 2. 18, etc. There is a play upon this sense in ii. 1. 135 above. See also *Deut.* xxii. 21.

134. *False as water.* Cf. *W. T.* i. 2. 132:

> "but they were false
> As o'er-dyed blacks, as wind, as waters."

See also *T. and C.* iii. 2. 199, *T. of A.* iii. 6. 99, and *Hen. VIII.* ii. 1. 130. Cf. *Gen.* xlix. 4.

139. *My husband!* Emilia's astonishment here is sufficient proof that she did not before suspect Iago of being the "eternal villain" that had "devised this slander." See on iv. 2. 131 above.

149. *Iterance.* The quartos have "iteration," which means the same. So in 208 below the quartos have "reprobation," the folios "reprobance."

150. *Villany hath made mocks*, etc. "*Villany* has taken advantage to *play upon* the weakness of passion" (Johnson).

160. *You were best.* See on i. 2. 30 above.

162. *As I have to be hurt.* That is, to endure being hurt. Cf. *Hen. VIII.* iii. 2. 387:

> "I am able now, methinks,
> Out of a fortitude of soul I feel,
> To endure more miseries and greater far
> Than my weak-hearted enemies dare offer;"

and 2 *Hen. VI.* iv. 1. 130: "More can I bear than you dare execute."

176. *Apt.* Natural; as in ii. 1. 274 above.

182. *Charm.* Check or restrain, as with a charm or spell. Cf. *T. of S.* i. 1. 214: "I will charm him first to keep his tongue;" *Id.* iv. 2. 58: "To tame a shrew and charm her chattering tongue;" 2 *Hen. VI.* iv. 1. 64: "And therefore shall it charm thy riotous tongue;" and 3 *Hen. VI.* v. 5. 31: "Peace, wilful boy, or I will charm your tongue." Steevens cites examples of the phrase from Ben Jonson, Spenser, Chapman, and others.

184–192. *My mistress . . . villany.* These lines are not in the 1st quarto.

191. *I thought so then.* Referring to the suspicions she had expressed in iv. 2. 129 fol. "She seems to us about to say, 'I thought then that there was villany going on, but little thought my husband was its author.' The very thought that Iago could be capable of such villany causes her to interrupt her half-uttered sentence with 'I 'll kill myself for grief'" (Clarke).

205. *Shore.* The past tense of *shear*=cut, as with shears. The participle is *shorn* (as in *Sonn.* 68. 6), but *shore* for the sake of the rhyme in *M. N. D.* v. 1. 347.

207. *Curse his better angel*, etc. Cf. *Sonn.* 144. 6: "Tempteth my better angel from my side."

208. *Reprobance.* "Perdition, eternal damnation" (Schmidt). See on 149 above.

211. *A thousand times.* An indefinite phrase, but used here to give the effect of "long time." Cf. "a hundred times" in iii. 3. 292 above.

213. *Recognizance.* Token. The word is used by S. only here and in *Ham.* v. 1. 113, where it has its legal sense.

215. *Antique.* For the accent, see *Macb.* p. 130.

216. *My father gave my mother.* This is not consistent with iii. 4. 55 fol. and has been criticised as an oversight in the poet; but, as Steevens remarks, it is only a fresh proof of his art. Othello tells the truth here, while there he was frightening Desdemona with a fictitious history of the handkerchief. Clarke remarks: "Even this slight deviation from truth on the part of Othello works its own retribution. Had he not over-excited the gentle lady's fears by this description of the handkerchief, and startled her by his peremptoriness in demanding it, she might not have been tempted to prevaricate and tell a falsehood in reply to his divergence from absolute fact. Thus subtly does the greatest of dramatic moralists draw his ethical lessons."

219. *As liberal as the north.* As freely as the north wind blows. The 1st quarto reads: "I 'le be in speaking, liberall as the ayre;" the other quartos: "Ile be in speaking, liberall as the north." Cf. *Rich. II.* ii. 1. 229: "a liberal tongue;" and *Cymb.* i. 3. 36: "the tyrannous breathing of the north."

230. *Filth.* For the personal use, cf. *Temp.* i. 2. 346, *Lear*, iv. 2. 39, etc.

232. *Coxcomb.* Equivalent here to *fool* in its strongest sense.

233. *Are there no stones in heaven*, etc. Cf. *J. C.* i. 3. 49: "Have bar'd my bosom to the thunder-stone;" and see note in our ed. p. 138.

234. *Precious.* For the ironical use, cf. *Cymb.* iii. 5. 81 and iv. 2. 83.

238. *Notorious.* Egregious; as in iv. 2. 139 above. Iago was not a *notorious* villain in the modern sense of the word, for his villany had but just then become known.

246. *I will play the swan*, etc. Cf. *R. of L.* 1611:

> "And now this pale swan in her watery nest
> Begins the sad dirge of her certain ending."

See also *K. John*, v. 7. 21, *M. of V.* iii. 2. 44, and *Phœnix and Turtle*, 15.

252. *A sword of Spain*, etc. "Spanish blades" (*R. and J.* i. 4. 84) were famous for their quality. Steel is *tempered* by plunging it red-hot into cold water.

263. *Your stop.* What you can do to stop me. Cf. *R. and J.* ii. 2. 69: "thy kinsmen are no stop to me," etc. Steevens quotes *Cor.* i. 1. 72:

> "Cracking ten thousand curbs
> Of more strong link asunder than can ever
> Appear in your impediment."

265. *Weapon'd.* For participles formed from nouns, see Gr. 294, and cf. *woman'd* in iii. 4. 194 above. Lines 265–271 are not in the 1st quarto.

266. *Butt.* Goal, bound.

268. *Lost.* Wasted, groundless.

269. *A rush.* Often used as the symbol of weakness and inefficiency. Cf. *K. John*, iv. 3. 129, *Cor.* i. 1. 185, i. 4. 18, etc.

271. *Wench.* See on iii. 3. 313 above.

272. *Compt.* The last reckoning-day. The 1st quarto spells the word "count."

281, 282. *O Desdemona*, etc. The reading of the quartos, where, however, the two lines form but one. The 1st folio has "Oh. *Desdemon!*

dead *Desdemon:* dead. Oh, oh!" For the variations in the later folios and the modern editions, the curious reader may refer to the Camb. ed.

286. *His feet.* To see if they are cloven.

292. *In the practice.* Into the snare. For *practice* = plot, cf. i. 3. 102 and iii. 4. 140 above. For *in*, see Gr. 159.

295. *All in honour.* See p. 27 above.

296. *Part.* For the adverbial use, cf. *Sonn.* 113. 3, *T. N.* iii. 4. 337, etc.

297. *Consent in.* Plan together, conspire with each other for.

301. *Demand.* Ask, question. See *Ham.* p. 243.

314. *Discontented.* "Full of dissatisfaction" (Schmidt).

317. *Belike.* Probably. See *Ham.* p. 225.

327. *Cast.* Dismissed, cashiered. Cf. i. 1. 139 and ii. 3. 12 above.

Spake. Said. Cf. *M. for M.* v. 1. 366: "What you have spoke I pardon," etc.

331. *Taken off.* Taken away; as in *A. W.* ii. 1. 92: "May spend our wonder too, or take off thine," etc.

337. *Bring him away.* The quarto reading; the folio has "bring away," and the Coll. MS. "bring them away."

345. *Wrought.* That is, wrought upon. Cf. *W. T.* v. 3. 58:

> "If I had thought the sight of my poor image
> Would thus have wrought you," etc.

See on i. 2. 6 above.

347. *Indian.* The reading of all the early eds. except the 1st folio, which has "Iudean." Theo. (followed by Warb. and Malone) maintained that "Judean" was correct, and that it referred to Herod, who, in a fit of blind jealousy, threw away Mariamne, his "jewel" of a wife. On the other hand, Boswell cites in favour of *Indian* Habington's *Castara:*

> "So the unskilfull Indian those bright gems
> Which might adde majestie to diadems
> 'Mong the waves scatters;"

and Sir Edward Howard, *The Woman's Conquest:*

> "Behold my queen—
> Who with no more concern I 'le cast away
> Than Indians do a pearl that ne're did know
> Its value."

Coleridge remarks on Warburton's note as follows: "Thus it is for no-poets to comment on the greatest of poets! To make Othello say that he, who had killed his wife, was like Herod who had killed Mariamne! Oh, how many beauties, in this one line, were impenetrable to the ever thought-swarming Warburton! Othello wishes to excuse himself on the score of ignorance, and yet not to excuse himself—to excuse himself by accusing. This struggle of feeling is finely conveyed in the word *base*, which is applied to the rude Indian, not in his own character, but as the momentary representative of Othello's. *Indian*—for I retain the old reading—means American, a savage *in genere.*"

350. *Drop tears.* "The sudden deviation from past tense to present tense here has impressive effect; it tends to make the weeping of the noble-natured man and brave soldier the more vividly actual and intense to the imagination of reader or spectator" (Clarke).

351. *Medicinable.* Medicinal. S. has the word in four other passages (*Much Ado*, ii. 2. 5, *T. and C.* i. 3. 91, iii. 3. 44, and *Cymb.* iii. 2. 33), in all = medicinal, and in all pronounced *med'cinable*, as here. Some editors adopt the "medicinal" of the 1st quarto, but that word, in the only instance in which S. uses it (*W. T.* ii. 3. 37: "Do come with words as medicinal as true"), is pronounced *med'cinal*, which would not suit the measure here.

352. *Aleppo.* Steevens says: "I am told that it is immediate death for a Christian to strike a Turk in Aleppo. Othello is boasting of his own audacity."

357. *Period.* Ending. Cf. *R. of L.* 380: "the period of their ill," etc. In the present passage there is a kind of play upon the word, to which Gratiano refers in the next speech.

362. *Spartan dog.* The dogs of Spartan breed were especially fierce and savage (Hanmer). Cf. *M. N. D.* iv. 1. 124: "My hounds are bred out of the Spartan kind;" and see note in our ed. p. 175.

369. *Censure.* Sentence, condemnation. Cf. *Cor.* iii. 3. 46: "To suffer lawful censure for such faults," etc. The word is often = opinion, judgment; as in ii. 3. 175 and iv. 1. 256 above.

ADDENDUM.

The Sagittary (p. 158). We cannot find any evidence that the Arsenal at Venice was ever called "the Sagittary;" probably this is a mere conjecture of Knight's. His note, abbreviated on page 158, reads thus:

"This is generally taken to be an inn. It was the residence at the arsenal of the commanding officers of the navy and army of the republic. The figure of an archer, with his drawn bow, over the gates, still indicates the place. Probably Shakspere had looked upon that sculpture."

The figure mentioned by K. is not "over the gates," but is one of four statues standing in front of the structure. It represents a man holding a bow (not "drawn") in his hand, but is in no respect more conspicuous than its three companions. If S. was ever in Venice he probably saw the statue (if it is as old as the gateway, which was built in 1460), but we cannot imagine why it should suggest to him to call the place *the Sagittary*. That word means, not an ordinary archer, but a *Centaur* with a bow, as in the familiar representations of the zodiacal sign Sagittarius. This is its sense in the only other passage in which S. uses it, *T. and C.* v. 5. 14:

"the dreadful Sagittary
Appals our numbers."

That *the Sagittary* in the present passage cannot be the Arsenal is, however, sufficiently clear from i. 3. 121. The Arsenal was by far the largest and most prominent public building, or collection of buildings, in all Venice, its outer walls being nearly two miles in circuit. To suppose that anybody in the employ of the government would need the help of Iago in finding the place is absurd.

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WITH NOTES BY WM. J. ROLFE, A.M.

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THE TEMPEST.	*RICHARD THE SECOND.*
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